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A SCHOLARLY EDITION OF THREE THACKERAY CHRISTMAS BOOKS: MRS. PERKINS'S BALL, OUR STREET, DOCTOR BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

BY

GAIL D. SORENSEN ©

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Edmonton, Alberta
SPRING 1994

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Thank you.

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ABSTRACT

Between 1846 and 1855, William Makepeace Thackeray published six Christmas books, all of which enjoyed at least modest success, yet most of which are unavailable in modern editions. Working within the guidelines of the Thackeray Edition Project, which is currently publishing new scholarly editions of the author's works, I have produced an edition of Thackeray's first three Christmas books: Mrs. Perkins's Ball, Our Street, and Doctor Birch and his Young Friends. In a general introduction I discuss these three stories, written as Thackeray's popularity was on the rise, and showing marked similarities not only to each other, but also to Thackeray's major novels. All are lavishly illustrated by the author and reflect Thackeray's views on what constitutes a good Christmas book: they are fresh and original, realistic in their choice of characters and milieu, genuinely humorous, and they end happily, as befits the spirit of the season. All share a common narrator, Michael Angelo Titmarsh, and are set in the world of the aspiring middle classes (and, in the case of Doctor Birch, its sons), whose petty snobbery and moral shortcomings Titmarsh exposes with wit and satire.

Because the Thackeray Edition Project as a whole aims to reveal the author's development throughout his career, I used the earliest complete version of each book as copy-text, emending it to correct scribal and typographical errors. The accompanying illustrations are reproduced from first editions. I also collated the copy-texts with other authorial versions published in Thackeray's lifetime; the resulting list of variants, or alterations, reveals how--through editorial or authorial

intervention--the texts changed over time. Although manuscripts and pre-publication materials for Mrs. Perkins and Doctor Birch have virtually disappeared, I did examine the manuscript for seven chapters of Our Street and provide a record of Thackeray's revisions to the manuscript as well as differences between the MS and first edition texts. For each book, I also include a textual introduction detailing what is known about the its writing, publication, and critical and popular reception.

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I could never have finished this project without a substantial amount of help from my friends, especially Pamela Farvolden and Jill McClay, whose timely assistance was essential for the completion of this long-distance doctorate. I am also grateful to the many fine people in the Department of English who helped me throughout this project in more ways than I can enumerate. And, finally, I thank my family, whose support and encouragement ultimately made this all possible.

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A GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Thackeray's Christmas Books

Over the course of ten years, William Makepeace Thackeray had reviewed scores of Christmas books for Fraser's Magazine, and the holiday season of 1846-47, when his own first effort appeared, found him at it again. In "A Grumble about the Christmas Books" (Fraser's, January 1847),[1] Thackeray, in the familiar guise of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, offered his opinions on the competition. His comments on this handful of books reveal not only his views on holiday literature in general but also the precepts that shaped his own Christmas stories. For Thackeray sat down to write Mrs. Perkins's Ball--and the Christmas books that followed it--with definite ideas about what constituted a good Christmas book, ideas shaped and refined by years of critiquing holiday stories by other authors. Perhaps nowhere else are his views offered up as neatly as in "A Grumble about the Christmas Books," written at that watershed moment when the success of his own Christmas book, first of the works that would lead him to "the top of the tree," was just becoming apparent.

Titmarsh begins his review complaining that having "swallowed eight or nine out of the twenty-five or thirty volumes" he "finds himself surfeited with mincepies" (418). Suffering from a sort of literary indigestion, he turns a bleary eye to New

---

[1] William M. Thackeray, "A Grumble about the Christmas Books," reprinted in The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray (New York: Harper, 1910-11) 10: 418-448. All further citations for this and Thackeray's other Christmas book review articles are from this edition.

Year's Day: A Winter's Tale by Mrs. Gore and January Eve: a Tale of the Times by George Soane. Both stories hint at seasonal connections but have none: like many books on the market they have been published for the holidays in hopes of increased sales. Titmarsh finds certain of Mrs. Gore's descriptions "sparkling, easy, stylish, and so like nature" (422), even as he objects strongly to her killing off the child-hero to wring tears from her audience. "The book ought to be bound in crape and printed on black-edged paper," the reviewer declares. "*This* a Christmas book! Where's merry Christmas going?" (426) George Soane's "sky-blue story-book" is at least "pretty and graceful" with "many pleasant pastoral descriptions and kindly ballet groups and dances," and by its conclusion "the criminals are reformed, [and] the dead come to life again" (428). January Eve wins Titmarsh's approval: it is "your proper, pleasant, rouged, grinning, junketting, pantomimic business" with the requisite happy ending (431).

Titmarsh reviews three fairy tales or fantasy stories. The Good Genius that Turned Everything into Gold by the Brothers Mayhew is "a work of prodigious benevolence" marred by the fact that it is "an homage to specie" (432). Not only does it present a defective moral but also "under the pretence of giving him a fairy story, the authors . . . inveigle the reader into a sermon" (435). In contrast, Wonderful Stories for Children by Hans Christian Andersen receives accolades:

> Heaven bless Hans Christian! Here *are* fairies! This *is* fancy, and graceful wit, and delicate humour, and sweet naive kindness, flowing from the heart! Here is frolic without any labour! Here is admirable fooling without any consciousness or degradation! (445).

But for The Yule Log for Everybody's Christmas Hearth by Mr. A. Chamerovzow (author of The Chronicles of the Bastille), Titmarsh has nothing but scorn. The story relies too heavily on the clichéd formulae of holiday tales: "Take your rustic, your fairies, your nightmare, finish off with a plum-pudding and a dance under the holly-bush, and a benign invocation to Christmas, kind hearts, and what not." Exasperated, the reviewer asks, "will people never get tired of reading what they know, and authors weary of inventing what everybody has been going on inventing for ages past?" (438). The Yule Log also contains dreadful examples of the "personification-mania," or anthropomorphising, à la Dickens in The Cricket on the Hearth. The hapless Mr. Chamerovzow's aged Beech tree whose foot "grew gouty" while "it wheezed asthmatically when the Wind blew" (439) catches Titmarsh's eye. Such stuff is "the easiest and silliest kind of composition in which any poetaster can indulge . . . . so to treat and degrade, with clumsy joking, anything natural or supernatural." Jokes "should come from a humourist's heart, or they are but acts of dishonesty on his part" (440). Thus The Yule Log is flung into the fire.

Much as he might dislike the personification-mania Dickens initiated, Titmarsh deals far more kindly with that author's Christmas offering for 1846, The Battle of Life. This, the critic decides, is not "a prose tale of mingled fun and sadness, and a close imitation of life, but a prose poem, designed to awaken emotions tender, mirthful, pastoral, wonderful" (446). Titmarsh re-evaluates Dickens's previous Christmas book, The Cricket on the Hearth, and decides it was inappropriate to criticize Dickens's anthropomorphized objects, when "the poet does not want you to believe him, he wants to provoke your mirth and wonder" and appeals not to "reason and feelings as in a prose narrative, but to your fancy and feelings" (446). This change in perspective brought the critic in line with most of the reading public at a time when it would not have hurt to be on Dickens's good side.[2]

Only on the lone annual he reviews are Titmarsh's comments uncharacteristically subdued. The annuals, those attractively-packaged collections of poems, short stories and essays prized for their illustrative embellishments, had long been a favorite target. For years Titmarsh had railed against the gilded gift-books, with their uninspired sameness, their unnatural art and insipid verses. Not that his criticisms affected sales dramatically: as Donald Hawes explains, "the Annuals continued unflaggingly throughout the eighteen-forties" perhaps because the "people who liked them were no more interested in literature and painting than many today who give 'coffee-table' books as Christmas presents" (27-28). Despite their widespread popularity, Titmarsh did not hesitate to castigate them in "A Word on the Annuals," published in Fraser's for December, 1837:

> Is every year to bring more nonsense like this, for foolish parents to give to their foolish children; for dull people to dawdle over till the dinner-bell rings; to add something to the trash on my lady's drawing-room table, or in Miss's bookcase? (25)

If a verse here or a print there wins an admiring word, the annuals as a whole are without hope. "Copy Nature," he repeatedly admonishes the annuals' young artists, who, he asserts, produce female figures "no more like a real woman than the verses which accompany the plate are like real poetry" (25).

---

[2] Dickens was well-established as the pre-eminent author of Christmas books when Thackeray entered the field. For a detailed treatment of the two authors'--as well as several lesser-known authors'--Christmas works, see Selma Muresianu's The History of the Victorian Christmas Book (NY: Garland, 1987).

Compared to his venomous attacks on annuals in the past, Titmarsh's review of Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book for Christmas 1846 is surprisingly mild. He does point out that many of the prints have been recycled from earlier volumes, a practice he repeatedly condemned, as in a 1838 review for the Times:

> the prints of ancient annuals, numbered with the dead (so complete is the forgetfulness of the public, and so fleeting the reputation of these works of art), appear years afterwards, resuscitated, in works with a different binding and title and have . . . all the air of novelty (470).

But here he describes them as "old prints with wonderful subjects marvelously gathered together from all quarters" (441). While he might chide other journalists for "puffing" Christmas books, Thackeray was not above such a thing himself when the editor of the volume was the beautiful and witty Hon. Mrs. Caroline Norton.[3]

Not until the conclusion of the article does Titmarsh draw his readers' attention to one last book: "Ha! what have we here?--M. A. Titmarsh's Christmas book--'Mrs. Perkins's Ball.'" He immediately goes on the defensive to forestall anticipated criticism.

> "What, *you* too, Mr. Titmarsh? You, you sneering wretch, setting up a Christmas-book of your own? . . .You, who in the columns of this very Magazine, have sneered at the works of so many painters, look at your own performances! Some of your folks have scarcely

---

[3] In Thackeray: The Age of Wisdom, Gordon Ray writes that "early in 1847 . . . [Thackeray] was taken up by Lord Holland and Mrs. Caroline Norton among others, and by July his acquaintance with the great world had been much extended" (34).

> more legs than Miss Biffin; they have fins instead of hands,--
> they squint almost every one of them! (447).

Titmarsh wisely concludes before he can, like the Clown in a holiday pantomime, "cut his own head off." But Thackeray need not have feared that his writing a Christmas book could be construed as hypocrisy. Mrs. Perkins's Ball, and the five Christmas books that came after it (Our Street [1848], Doctor Birch and his Young Friends [1849], The Kickleburys on the Rhine [1850], Rebecca and Rowena [1850], and The Rose and the Ring [1854]) are the antithesis of the bad holiday literature he so often reviewed. With countless examples of how-not-to-do-it, Thackeray wrote Christmas stories that showed how it should be done.

His principles, although Thackeray never identified or probably even thought of them as such, were simple. A Christmas book, be it fantasy or realistic prose, should be true to form and not a mish-mash of the two. If fantasy, it should contain the requisite dazzling magic, happy lovers, and vanquished villains, with preferably as many elements of the traditional holiday pantomime as could be crammed in. If realistic, its setting should be familiar rather than exotic, its characters believable rather than clichéd romantic figures. The humor should ring true; the story should be fresh and original; the illustrations, especially those of people, should copy nature rather than attempt to improve on her handiwork. Above all, a Christmas book should suit the spirit of the season and end happily, leaving readers as satisfied as if they had just eaten a generous helping of plum pudding.

In her introduction to The History of the Victorian Christmas Book, Selma Muresianu points to other factors shaping the genre. Often read aloud, these stories had to be suited to a family audience and comprehensible to children as well as adults. Thus tales usually had relatively simple plots and--in order to be read in the course of a winter's evening--were fairly short (6). Of Thackeray's Christmas books, Mrs. Perkins's Ball, Our Street, The Kickleburys on the Rhine, and Rebecca and Rowena would appeal to adults but could be understood by children. Both Doctor Birch and his Young Friends and Thackeray's last and best-known holiday story, The Rose and the Ring, would delight readers and listeners of all ages.

While all of Thackeray's Christmas books reveal his awareness of these unspoken tenets,[4] the first three provide the best examples of him reacting against everything he dislikes in other holiday works. The first three books are similar in other ways as well. All three are short (averaging fifty pages, they are each approximately half as long as the three later Christmas books) and lavished with full-page plates by the author that appear, on average, every third page. In all three, the pictorial and written elements of the book share narrative duties; in none are the illustrations simply embellishments. Both Ray and Saintsbury suggest that Thackeray adapted the style of the French "physiologies" for his Christmas books, and their influence is certainly most evident in the first three books (and not at all in Rebecca and Rowena and The Rose and the Ring). These short humorous sketches written in a mock-scientific style were popularized by Albert Smith and others writing for Punch in the early 1840s (Fitzsimons 41). I believe that Thackeray would also have had in mind those much-reviled holiday annuals, in which illustrations played a pre-eminent rather than supporting role, much as they do in his Christmas books.

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[4] The arguable exception would be Rebecca and Rowena, written while Thackeray was recovering from a prolonged fever and revealing "the mood of lassitude and world-weariness that often marks recovery from a serious illness" (Ray, Wisdom 103). However, Rebecca and Rowena is intended as a fantasy piece and the requisite happy ending is there, in a quiet sort of way.

All three books were first published by Chapman and Hall and share the same format, with gilt-edged pages inside the pink glazed-paper board covers which Thackeray used for all his Christmas books. They are easy on the eye, with wide margins, large (10 point) type, and heavy leading. They are small books (approximately 14-15 cm. wide and 19-21 cm. in length), in appearance very much what Gordon Ray claims Thackeray intended them to be, "agreeable trifles devised to pass an hour pleasantly" (Wisdom 98). Readers could have illustrations in the three "plain" or, for a few more shillings, "coloured."

Those extra shillings bought a copy with hand-tinted plates produced by a method no doubt similar to one described by Marjorie Plant in The English Book Trade. These colorists were

> children in their teens, who worked very rapidly. They sat round a table, each with a little pan of water-colour, a brush, a partly coloured copy as a guide, and a pile of printed sheets consisting of impressions from wooden blocks or copper-plates. No child ever painted a whole picture. One was given the task of painting the red wherever it appeared . . . . Another followed with, say, the yellow, and so on round the table until the whole was finished (313).

The "plain" plates are not uncolored but have a yellowish wash, leaving some areas white for highlights. Interestingly, the only explanation I could find for the process that produced this effect was from Thackeray himself, in his review of "The Annuals" for the Times, November 2, 1838. There he notes in passing that the

"Book of Royalty"

> has discarded the old line engravings, and substituted the new fashion of tinted lithography . . . . By printing the plates upon what we believe painters call a middle-tint, and leaving the lights white, the colourist is almost spared, and a very slight wash of colour gives to the picture a finished look (168).

Mrs. Perkins's Ball, Our Street, and Doctor Birch also share a narrator, the aforementioned Michael Angelo Titmarsh, "author" of countless magazine articles and reviews in the years preceding the Christmas books. These three stories are almost Titmarsh's last; he disappears after narrating the fourth Christmas book, The Kickleburys on the Rhine. But here he is in fine form. Ray asserts that it is the narrator's "subacid, mildly cynical commentary, rather than their slight narrative line, [that] gives the little volumes their appeal" (Wisdom 98), although Titmarsh provides more than that. Just as The Book of Snobs is authored by "One of Themselves," so too these stories of the aspiring middle classes are told by an insider, his status reinforced by his appearing in the title-page illustrations for both Mrs. Perkins and Our Street as well as in numerous plates throughout all three books. It is his perspective as much as his tone or subject matter that provides the books' humor. Titmarsh observes his fellow party-goers, neighbors, and pupils with an eye that spies every flaw and foible, an ear attuned to irony and absurdity, and a blind spot when it comes to his own defects of character. The reader laughs at what Titmarsh sees and also at what he fails to perceive.

Mrs. Perkins's Ball opens with two chapters introducing Titmarsh, The Mulligan of Ballymulligan--that disreputable Irishman who accompanies him to the ball and brings it to a disastrous conclusion--and the Perkinses, those "tip-top people" with whom the narrator is so proud to be associated. The Perkinses are snobs on the order of the "Party-Giving Snobs" in The Book of Snobs; their parties are social rituals rather than friendly entertainments. If Titmarsh is "highly flattered" by Mrs. Perkins's suggestion that he bring to the party "any *very* eligible young man" he knows, the reader is less easily fooled, for Mrs. Perkins has a daughter just out and eight unmarried nieces.

With the back drawing-room door hidden beneath Mr. Perkins's bed, the opening draped in muslin and wreathed with flowers, the stage is set for the pièce de résistance, Titmarsh's character sketches of the guests. It is as if the reader were at the narrator's elbow as he observes the company and occasionally overhears snatches of conversation. Illustrations, scarce to this point, come every page or two, and the reader sees what Titmarsh sees, or at least what Titmarsh wants the reader to see. The narrator's tongue is as sharp as his eye; he often needs little more than a sentence to define--or deflate--his subject. There is the poet-cum-drysalter, Mr. Hicks, whose "'Love-Lays'. . . were pronounced to be wonderfully precocious for a young gentleman then only thirteen, and in a commercial academy, at Tooting" (57). There is the disguised green-grocer, George Grundsell, who "can be intrusted with untold spoons; with any thing, in fact, but liquor" (86). And there is the handsome Mr. Beaumoris: "Dandy as he is, he is quite affable, and would borrow ten guineas from any man in the room, in the most jovial way possible" (72).

While most chapters are descriptive narrative, seven chapters, wholly or in part, are dramatic dialogues between characters whose own words and actions are often more damning than the narrator's comments could be. The dramas enacted in "The Ball-room Door" and "Lady Bacon, the Miss Bacons, and Mr. Flam" are wickedly funny, exposing the unchivalrous behavior of young men contemptuous of such parties and aware of their value as a commodity in the marriage-market. But commercialized courtship is not the only one of Thackeray's targets familiar to his readers. He also satirizes the affectation of the sham poets, Miss Bunion and Mr. Hicks; the xenophobic snobbery of M. Canaillard and Baron de Bobwitz; the "natural dignity" of the British that pains Bob Hely as he dances the Cavalier Seul; and the social strivings that propel Miss Trotter into the arms of that aged roué, Lord Methuselah. Even Ranville, who prides himself on his eminent respectability, is revealed as an ass.

> . . . If he ever makes a joke, it is a quotation from Horace, like Sir Robert Peel. The only relaxation he permits himself is to read Thucydides in the holidays . . . . He never dances, never sups, never drinks. He has gruel when he goes home to bed. I think it is in his brains (67).[5]

Not everyone at Mrs. Perkins's party is subjected to the narrator's scorn. Titmarsh occasionally betrays some kinder feeling toward those deserving it, although he cannot help patronizing them. In Mrs. Perkins's world it is clearly better to be a middle-aged bachelor who will not marry than a forty-seven-year-old spinster who cannot, but Miss Meggot wins the reader's sympathies precisely because she can do nothing to alter her fate. The life of Mr. Larkins may seem pathetically circumscribed, yet Titmarsh admits "I do not know whether I ought to admire him, because his enjoyments are so simple, and his disposition so kindly; or laugh at him, because he draws his life so exquisitely mild" (53).

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[5] Ranville resembles Vanity Fair's Pitt Crawley who, "never advanced any sentiment or opinion which was not perfectly trite and stale, and supported by a Latin quotation . . . [yet] failed somehow, in spite of a mediocrity which ought to have insured any man a success" (VF 75).

Mrs. Perkins's Ball is linked through theme and allusion to two of Thackeray's most important works of moral philosophy, The Book of Snobs and Vanity Fair. Mrs. Perkins's guests are the respectable snobs who "meanly admire mean things" (BS 311)[6] and whose manners and morals Titmarsh satirizes in "The Snobs of England" (re-named The Book of Snobs for book publication), appearing in Punch from late February, 1846, to February, 1847. The overlap in publication must have provided readers with a sense of the intertextuality that influences the reading of both. "Poor good-natured Mrs. Perkins" is herself alluded to in The Book of Snobs, denounced by the sister of a lady who has married beneath her "as a swindler, at whose ball the young people met for the first time" (BS 421). George Grundsell is clearly the urban equivalent of Stripes, man-of-all-work at Major Ponto's country home. And while The Mulligan may be one of a kind, he is undoubtedly kin to the Irish snobs about whom Titmarsh writes with venom.

> I think the shams of Ireland are more outrageous than those of

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[6] William Makepeace Thackeray, The Book of Snobs reprinted in The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray (London: Smith, Elder, 1899) 6: 303-464. Further citations from this edition.

> any country. A fellow shows you a hill and says, "That's the highest mountain in all Ireland;" or a gentleman tells you he is descended from Brian Boroo, and has his five-and-thirty hundred a year; or Mrs. Macmanus describes her fawther's esteet; or ould Dan rises and says the Irish women are the loveliest, the Irish men the bravest, the Irish land the most fertile in the world: and nobody believes anybody . . . but they make-believe to believe, and solemnly do honour to humbug (BS 362).

In Vanity Fair, the first serial number of which appeared on the heels of Mrs. Perkins's Ball, the author assumes his audience will be familiar with the latter when he refers to characters from it in Chapter 12. Thackeray's allusions to the world of his Christmas book establish a recognizable social framework, particularly for the Osbornes. George Osborne's sister, Maria, need only mention attending a party at "Mrs. Perkins'" to indicate her caste (VF 99).[7] And in describing Miss Osborne's determination to marry well, Thackeray recalls another young lady with similar ambitions.

> Sweet, blooming, orange flowers! The other day I saw Miss Trotter (that was), arrayed in them, trip into the travelling carriage at St. George's, Hanover Square, and Lord Methuselah hobbled in after. With what an engaging modesty she pulled down the blind of the chariot--the dear innocent! There were half the carriages of Vanity Fair at the wedding (VF 102).

In Mrs. Perkins's Ball Thackeray found a format and subject matter ideally suited to his talents as caricaturist and satirist, as a few deft strokes of pencil or pen bring the party-goers to life. Details speak volumes: the reader learns much from

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[7] William M. Thackeray, Vanity Fair: A Novel Without a Hero, ed. P. L. Shillingsburg (NY: Garland, 1989). All Vanity Fair (VF) citations from this edition.

Frederick Minchin's clogs and pointed toe, Miss Bunion's hungry leer, and Sophy Little's rag-doll posture as The Mulligan carries her off in a double shuffle jig. The drawings also reflect the narrator's biased perspective. Anthony Burton remarks that "the caricaturist, like any mimic, has a kind of power over the person he portrays" because "he is not only able to infringe that person's personality by copying it, but by introducing distortions into his copy he is able to exert a pressure upon the personality in his power" (169). Titmarsh, lacking social or financial power, clings to this power. His drawings, if not all perfectly rendered, still convey some essential truth about their subjects. In this and in the neat convergence of its visual and verbal elements lies Mrs. Perkins's greatest strength. Small wonder that this little Christmas book was Thackeray's first major success.

At Mrs. Perkins's ball the residents of Pocklington Square appear in evening clothes; in Our Street Titmarsh catches them at home. His Christmas book for 1847 is a guided tour of Titmarsh's neighborhood with insights into the lives and characters of his neighbors. It is the neighborhood itself that Titmarsh describes as the book opens, and it presents a "strange motley scene." Pocklington Square is "in a state of transition" (116), which could refer to the urbanization occurring as London spreads and as Titmarsh's street, once in the country, is being swallowed by the town. However, the forces at work here appear to be nothing as simple as a demographic shift.

Pocklington Square is going up-scale, aspiring to better things. Waddilove Street and the "venerable old district" have had to make way for Pocklington Gardens and "the splendid new white-stuccoed Doric-porticoed genteel Pocklington quarter" (116-17). The Ram and Magpie is transformed by stucco and an heraldic shield into the Pocklington Arms; the "sober, dingy, and hideous" Waddilove Chapel is overshadowed by St. Waltheof's, "a splendid Anglo-Norman edifice, vast, rich, elaborate, bran new, and intensely old" (118). The only houses and shops not altered to "suit the spirit of the times" are those owned by Titmarsh's landlord, Captain Bragg. The "high-roofed, low-roomed old tenement" in which Titmarsh resides--as well as the baker's, the iron-bedstead and feather warehouse, the little barber's, and the tripe shop--remind the Square of its humbler origins. They are not unlike old Adams, the parvenu Champignons' loyal serving man, who Miss Clapperclaw insists is actually Mrs. Champignon's father.

Our Street is the middle class in microcosm. Aided and abetted by the equally-biased Miss Clapperclaw, Titmarsh brings together the stories of its residents to create a shrewd portrait of this social milieu. This is as much about "our times" as "our street"; and Thackeray uses "The Lion of the Street" and "The Dove of Our Street" to satirize contemporary trends. In the former, Clarence Bulbul, the street's literary lion, has written what Miss Clapperclaw calls "an Eastern book of considerable merit" but, not content with that, has taken the oriental vogue a step further. "The impudent wretch has actually a room in his apartments on the ground-floor of his mother's house, which he calls his hareem" (159) and where he forces Turkish coffee and pipes on all comers. Bulbul's posturings are ludicrous, but no more so than those of the Rev. Mr. Oriel, the spiritual "dove" of the street, whose

High-Church leanings win the admiration of the young ladies at Mrs. Chauntry's. With "the immense height of his forehead, the rigid asceticism of his surplice, the twang with which he intones the service, and the namby-pamby mysticism of his sermons," he is as exotic in his own way as Clarence Bulbul and a romantic rather than a religious figure. Dramatic dialogues are less common in this book than in Mrs. Perkins but one is used here to nice effect, contrasting Oriel's histrionics ("I took a little water and a parched pea after matins. To-morrow is a flesh day, and--and I shall be better then") with the comments of the Broad-Church clergyman, Rev. Mr. Slocum, who is playing cards in the next room ("Madam, I take your heart with my small trump") (165).

In Thackeray's Cultural Frame of Reference, R. D. McMaster notes that "England's surge of commercial, industrial and imperial wealth [at mid-century] resulted not only in the growth of London but in the rise and fall of numberless individual fortunes" (134), and Our Street has its self-made men as well as its unsuccessful speculators. The Bumpshers are a "vulgar and purse-proud" family who have come up in the world via the wholesale stationery trade. Mrs. Bumpsher may be a "bald-headed stout person" at home, but she goes to Court wearing "rubies, ribbons, cameos, emeralds, gold serpents, opals, and Valenciennes lace, as if she were an immense sample out of Howell and James's shop" (169). Titmarsh shows a decided preference for the Newboys, the street's other parvenus, although his declaration that they are far better people needs be taken with a grain of salt, as he is not above a bit of toadying. Still, the Newboys have attained their fortune the fashioned way, through inheritance. But not everyone does as well as the Bumpshers and Newboys. When the ex-dragoon, Dandy Dixon, gets caught up in railway speculation his naiveté bankrupts his family, precipitating their shamefaced retreat to the continent and the sale of their house on Our Street. Thackeray, himself an unsuccessful speculator, certainly understood both the lure and the perils of railway mania.

As in Mrs. Perkins, Titmarsh succeeds in skewering a number of victims already known to Thackeray's readers. The ironic discrepancy between appearance and reality takes shape in "Some of the Servants in Our Street," where the reader meets Clarence Bulbul's man, Monsieur Sinbad, an intimidating foreigner who "does not appear to do anything earthly for Clarence Bulbul, except to smoke his cigars, and to practise on his guitar" (138). Parodying realism in art and his own insistence on fidelity to nature, Titmarsh introduces George Rumbold, A.R.A., whose larger-than-life paintings depict such grisly events as "The flaying of Marsyas;" "The smothering of the little boys in the Tower;" and "A plague scene during the great pestilence" (133). And in "What Sometimes Happens in Our Street," Titmarsh satirizes the toadying of old Hunkington's prospective heirs, who are rewarded by the old man leaving everything to "Miss Bridget Jones, a poor curate's daughter in Wales" (145).

In what Gordon Ray has called "this stronghold of the proprieties" (Wisdom, 99), the need to express one's individuality competes with the urge to conform. Few are as dramatic as Clarence Bulbul or the Rev. Mr. Oriel but, as Titmarsh explains, "everybody of any consideration in Our Street takes a line," be it homeopathy, capitalism, or classical music (177). Whatever their lines, however, the residents of Our Street are united in their thorough respectability and thus in their rejection of Mrs. Stafford Molyneux. Wealth and beauty do not suffice when respectability is lacking, and the dubious Mrs. Molyneux remains "Somebody Whom Nobody Knows" until she sneaks quietly away. How ironic that Our Street condemns Mrs. S. M. yet tacitly approves selling oneself to the highest bidder when marriage is involved. The marriage of Captain Bragg and Flora Cammysole seems hardly more acceptable than the goings-on at No. 96 Pocklington Square.

Our Street closes with a portrait of "The Happy Family." Given that Tom Fairfax has ten children and hardly the income to sustain them, the inscription might be ironic. But it is not. If it is out of keeping with the narrator's satiric perspective to this point it is entirely in line with the author's insistence on the importance of absolute moral values. The Fairfaxes lack money, power and prestige, yet they are honest, loving, and generous. They represent the antithesis of the selfishness, pretense and ostentation that have gone before. Their values, like their house, predate the current "state of transition." Tom Fairfax is a true gentleman, in every way the opposite of the middle-class snob. Of all the people on Our Street, only the Fairfaxes seem genuinely happy. Their happiness, and the moral sense underlying it, is unaffected by the opinions of their neighbors or the dictates of society. I think theirs is the image Thackeray intends his readers to carry away from Our Street. His final comment that, "rich and poor, high and low, one person is about as happy as another in Our Street" is ironic, for the Fairfaxes are more happy--and with less--

than anyone else on Our Street. They bear witness to the author's assertion at the close of The Book of Snobs: "if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all" (BS 464).

The connection between Christmas and schoolboys must have existed in Thackeray's mind long before he began Doctor Birch and his Young Friends for Christmas, 1848. As a boy, Thackeray had recoiled from the coarseness and brutality that were very much a part of his experience at Charterhouse, and his recollections suggest the profound and undiminished impact this had on him even as an adult. A review for Fraser's in December, 1845, entitled "About a Christmas Book," opens with Michael Angelo Titmarsh observing young people engaged in holiday pastimes and reminiscing about

> The holy holidays! How much better you remember those [boyhood] days than any other. How sacred their happiness is; how keen even at this minute their misery . . . . How many manly friends, hopes, cares, pleasures, have risen and died, and been forgotten! But not so the joys and pains of boyhood, the delights of the holidays are still as brilliant as ever to him, the buds of the school birch-rod still tickle bitterly the shrinking *coccygis* of memory! (371-2)

The delights of Christmas and the miseries of public school life assume the dimensions of opposing archetypes, carrying greater emotional significance than the more immediate joys and sorrows of adulthood.

Perhaps for Thackeray writing a Christmas story about "Doctor Birch" was a way of reconciling these opposing forces, of exorcising old demons and making it pay. John Carey sees such positive portrayals of school life (occurring in Thackeray's work from Men's Wives [1843] onward) as the author not only "buttering up his well-heeled readership" but also indulging in a sort of "hearty mindlessness" that exalts physical prowess and athleticism, until "in the end he persuaded himself that he hadn't been wretched at Charterhouse at all--indeed, had loved the place" (27-28). Clearly, Thackeray recognizes the public school experience as a shared one and takes advantage of the evocative power of these collective memories for a certain class of Englishmen. Doctor Birch's name is, of course, an allusion to the dreaded birch-rod used to punish errant schoolboys, an object of fascination for Thackeray.[8] His illustrations for the cover, frontispiece and title-page are images both laughable and poignant. They suggest painful experiences transformed, by the passage of time and a desire to re-create them, into suitable stuff for a family Christmas book. The transformation undoubtedly rendered them more acceptable to the author as well.

With Doctor Birch and his Young Friends, Thackeray returns to the format of Mrs. Perkins's Ball, differing little from that of Our Street but relying more heavily on the illustrative plates to supplement the written text. The narrative format is similar as well, with the opening and closing chapters providing a simple story line to surround the book's *raisons d'être*, the character sketches of Doctor Birch's pupils. Lured from Our Street by the promise of an income and a romantic infatuation, the narrator departs for Rodwell Regis, only to discover the same sorts of artifice, hypocrisy and meanness, as well as decency and heroism, found at home.

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[8] Many critics discuss Thackeray's repeated references to flogging, whipping, and caning, including John Carey, who finds in the author's countless allusions to "corporal chastisement" an element of sexual deviation that Thackeray could never admit to and indulges "in a furtive, half-hearted sort of way" (28-29).

Doctor may live like a doctor, look like a doctor, and sound like a doctor, but

> Law bless you! He never reads the books; or opens one of them, except that in which he keeps his bands--and a Dugdale's Monasticon, which looks like a book, but is in reality a cupboard, where he has his almond cakes, and decanter of port wine. He gets up his classics with translations, or what the boys call cribs (231).

Doctor Birch's sister, Zoe, is also a fake. Described in the school's prospectus as providing "(as far as may be) the absent maternal friend" (249), Miss Birch is more like the wicked stepmother of fairy tales, tormenting the boys with food they cannot stomach and early-morning doses of hot Epsom salts. She is abhorrent to Titmarsh, to the boys and would be to the reader as well, were it not for the delightful plate accompanying this chapter. In it, Titmarsh comes upon a shamefaced Miss Birch engaged in "EATING JAM WITH A SPOON OUT OF MASTER WIGGINS'S TRUNK IN THE BOX ROOM" (252).

Doctor Birch is a comedy of schoolboy manners, depending less on satire and more on incidental humor. Few of the boys display the kinds of vices or failings Titmarsh ridicules in Mrs. Perkins's Ball or Our Street, although Mr. Bullock, "A Young Fellow who is Pretty Sure to Succeed," is an exception. The son of a banker (whose father is seemingly the same Bullock who marries Maria Osborne in Vanity Fair), Bullock turns a tidy profit by preying on the weaknesses of his young school-fellows, "to whom tarts are a present necessity" (262). But most of the boys have not yet learned to dissemble. Their vices, like their virtues, are straightforward and seem generally to involve food, Thackeray's own weakness as a boy.

The schoolyard is ruled by a primitive code more akin to the law of the jungle than to middle-class mores, and Titmarsh apparently sees nothing wrong with this. The "cock" or hero of Doctor Birch's Academy is George Champion, whom Titmarsh mockingly places in the company of Louis Philippe of France, the King of Prussia, the Duke of Wellington, Goethe, and "the late benevolent Pope Gregory XVI.," all of whom arouse in him the "decent fear and trembling with which a modest spirit salutes a GREAT MAN" (232). George's supremacy lies in his strength, his heroism in the fact that "he never thrashes anybody without a cause, when woe betide the tyrant or the sneak!" (233). Despite the mockery, George Champion is clearly a hero. Following in his footsteps, his brother, Patrick, ascends through the ranks by "boxing his way up the school," successfully thrashing boys larger and stronger than he. Titmarsh also deals briefly with fagging, another hierarchical system legitimizing might equalling right. "The Dormitories" is intended as a humorous depiction of the virtual enslavement of younger students by senior boys, but even in this sanitized version it is clear that school-boy law subjugates the weak to the strong.[9]

In a book characterized by a generally light-hearted treatment of its subjects, Miss Rosa's flirtation with Plantagenet Gaunt stands out as singularly sinister. It becomes painful to read of Doctor Birch's handsome daughter contriving to win the affections of this noble "heir of a great Prince" (274), who also happens to be an idiot. Here again, Thackeray links a Christmas book to the world of Vanity Fair, for Plantagenet is the grandson of Becky Sharpe's admirer, the Marquis of Steyne. An illustration in Chapter 47 of Vanity Fair shows two little children--one of them probably Plantagenet--sitting beneath a cluster of swords and a shield mounted on the wall, oblivious to the "awful ancestral curse" that would befall them. Now the curse has come down on the eldest son and the mighty have fallen.

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[9] Catherine Peters notes that the touching scene in which Nightingale sings "Home Sweet Home" is based on an actual incident at Charterhouse involving Thackeray's friend, John Leech, then eight years old (11).

Such a fate is to be expected in Thackeray's fictional world, for as Juliet McMaster points out, while Thackeray's aristocracy of hereditary rank stand atop the social ladder, there is always "the sense that their power has been curtailed" because "they are noticeably old, survivals from a world which does not quite exist any longer" (131). Presenting Lord Steyne's heir as an idiot and hinting at the prospective match with Birch's daughter reveals the demise of the old world order. Titmarsh's satire is a two-edged sword as he spears both snobbery and status seeking:

> What a pretty match it would make! and how pleased they would be at Gaunt House, if the grandson and heir of the Marquis of Steyne, the descendant of a hundred Gaunts and Tudors, should marry Miss Birch, the schoolmaster's daughter! It is true she has the sense on her side, and poor Plantagenet is only an idiot: but there he is, a zany, with such expectations and such a pedigree! (275-76).

More powerful than the humor is the moral indictment: Miss Rosa's motives are unquestionably base and Plantagenet is defenseless against her wiles.

Doctor Birch and his Young Friends concludes before readers can learn of Plantagenet's fate. Titmarsh loses Miss Raby, returns to Pocklington Gardens and, despite his disappointment, wishes a merry Christmas "to all young and old boys."

The tone is light, the mood happy, and here the book might end, were it not for the "Epilogue" Thackeray appends. The opening of the poem signals a change in tone; "the play is done" but as the actor removes his mask he reveals "A face that's anything but gay" (286). In subsequent verses, the author likens the boyhood trials and tribulations dealt with in Doctor Birch to the struggles and sufferings of adulthood; he mourns the death of his friend, Charles Buller, and recognizes death's inevitability; and he points two morals: that the lessons of childhood ("to love and pray") must never be forgotten and that, regardless of one's lot in life, one must "bow before the Awful Will" remembering always to be a gentleman.

The moral seriousness of the "Epilogue" contrasts markedly with what has gone before. But the message of the "Epilogue"--its fatalistic emphasis on man's mortality (*vanitas vanitatum*), on the importance of love and submission to divine authority--suggests a connection between the three Christmas books. In the first two books, Thackeray depicts a middle class society filled with social-climbers and status-seekers intent on the things of this world. The boys of Doctor Birch's are both a part of and apart from this world; in their youth there is hope, for characters can still be molded before the clay has hardened, and men can be taught to turn from snobbery and petty aspirations to embrace goodness and truth. The moral indictment of Thackeray's satire and the affirmation of hope in the "Epilogue" also connect these three Christmas books to his novels, in which these ideas are central.

In addition to thematic connections, these three books are linked to Thackeray's major works by the characters who, encountered in the Christmas books, reappear in the novels. The recurrence in Vanity Fair of Miss Trotter, Lord Methuselah, Mrs. Perkins, and young Bullock has already been noted, but they are not alone. The Catholic priest from Our Street, Father Mole, surfaces in Vanity Fair as Lady Steyne's spiritual advisor. (Another clergyman from Our Street might be the "Dr. Slocum" in Pendennis who authors "Memoirs of the Poisoners," but there is no way of verifying this.) Christmas-book characters abound in Pendennis: Captain Bragg transports the future Lady Clavering to India in the Ramchunder and later finds her lodgings near "his residence in Pocklington-street." Mr. Pinkney, Mrs. Bumpsher's favorite toady, paints Lady Clavering's portrait, her son at her side. The coup de grâce is Arthur Pendennis's run-in with Miss Bunion, the sham poetess from Mrs. Perkins's ball, who comes "creaking into the room with a step as heavy as a grenadier's"[10] and ingenuously informs the company that she has ridden to the party in an omnibus. Thackeray peoples the London society of his novels with these memorable characters from the Christmas books, interweaving the threads of their stories to create the texture of real life that is an essential part of his artistry. How delightful it is for the reader to re-encounter these friends, to find them living on after the Christmas books are ended.

These three Christmas stories are not, perhaps, the author's best work. In places they show signs of hasty writing and inadequate revision: the convoluted syntax of sentences stretched beyond their grammatical limits, the repetition of adjectives a sentence, the mistakes in naming and family relations that occur routinely in Thackeray's works.[11] Some critics might argue that these are not even true Christmas stories, lacking as they do any tangible connection to the holidays. They are little more than character sketches, seen through the eyes of a biased narrator, offering little insight into the thoughts and feelings of the persons portrayed. And yet, they also represent Thackeray at his best, delighting mind and eye with witty words and pictures. From the interplay of illustrations and written text comes a cast of characters as real as any the author creates, christened with the "wittily apposite proper names" (such as Miss Joy, Captain Bragg, Jolly Newboy, Master Lurcher) that K. C. Phillips calls Thackeray's "characterization by shorthand" (177). And as well as three books can, these stories reveal the range of Thackeray's humor, from the pointed social satire of Mrs. Perkins's Ball and Our Street, with their indictments of the upwardly-striving middle classes and their false values, to the old-boy, mildly-slapstick comedy of Doctor Birch and his Young Friends.

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[10] William M. Thackeray, The History of Pendennis ed. P. L. Shillingsburg (NY: Garland, 1991) I: 341.

But these are not just Thackeray's stories, they are Thackeray's Christmas stories; although not stories about Christmas but stories to be read in the holidays and enjoyed year-round. His readers, especially those familiar with Titmarsh's acid-inked reviews, must have noticed that he practiced what he preached regarding good holiday literature. Here are pictures of women who have large waists and small eyes rather than vice versa and illustrations so specific to the text that re-using them elsewhere would be unthinkable. Here are fresh, funny vignettes to accompany them--no more stale verses and cliché-ridden prose about Turkish princes and Swiss mountainsides, no gouty Yule logs or recalcitrant teakettles. These are stories of the here and now, humorous observations on a collection of characters united by time, place and social milieu yet rendered as distinctly as real individuals. These are not sermons disguised as fairy tales; if a story purports to be about boys at school so it is, and if these tales have a moral it is well-enough disguised by the clever bits that a reader can ignore it quite easily if he or she chooses. Above all, these are stories for the holidays, imbued with the author's sense of what makes a good read at Christmas: vivid prose and lively illustrations to be laughed over by the fireside, yet with a serious (if sugar-coated) message about moral values that does not abrogate the true meaning of Christmas.

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[11] In Thackeray at Work, John Sutherland writes that "names, numbers and time-schemes were notoriously hazardous for Thackeray. Few readers will have failed to catch him out somewhere and his lapses are famous enough for a tolerant Saintsbury to call them . . . Thackeray's 'sign-manual'"(4).

About This Edition

This edition of Thackeray's first three Christmas books has been prepared using guidelines established by the new scholarly edition of the author's works currently being published by Garland. In his description of "General Textual Principles" (published in the Garland Pendennis), the series' editor, Peter Shillingsburg, identifies the goals of this edition. The first is "to present a clear reading text of each work free from unintentional or non-authorial readings" (404). To achieve this the copy-text for each book has been emended to correct scribal and typographical errors. Manuscript readings have been restored in cases where it appears the compositor may have misread the original (unless it seems likely that Thackeray himself made the change in the intervening proofs). No changes have been made to copy-text spellings, hyphenation, punctuation, and capitalization if these can be left alone. Corrections of errors supplied by subsequent versions of the text have been incorporated. Revisions from these same versions--even those which might be said to improve the text--are not adopted, for a basic premise of the Garland edition is that by choosing an early version of each work as copy-text the edition as a whole will "reveal the author's development and change throughout his career" (406).

For each of these Christmas books the copy-text was the first published edition, the earliest version of the text available in its entirety. The manuscripts for Mrs. Perkins's Ball and Doctor Birch and his Young Friends have disappeared, and less than half of the manuscript for Our Street remains. As the Our Street manuscript makes clear, Thackeray's manuscripts were not adequately punctuated and his printers supplied what they thought was needed, a practice which the author at least tolerated. This punctuation is, of course, non-authorial and, as Shillingsburg warns, "represents only a passive intention of the author." Thus, "studies of the text which rely on that punctuation as significant evidence must be wary of making statements about 'authorial' intent or achievement" (409). Illustrations are also reproduced from the first published editions, and a somewhat similar caveat applies since although Thackeray drew the originals--and the plates are supposedly faithful to them--he did not cut the wood blocks or engrave the plates that produced the illustrations for the published versions.

Although he advocates early versions as copy-texts for this edition, Shillingsburg makes no claims regarding the superiority of an early version of each work to later versions. The edition's second goal, "to present a historical record of the developing versions of the work, first as the author shaped and changed it and secondly as persons involved in production affected it substantively," reflects this lack of bias. The reading text is not meant as *the* best version but "a critically produced *best* representation of *one*" authorial version, and with it comes a textual apparatus showing how other authorial versions differ from the reading text. For all three books, the apparatus includes a record of variants between the first and subsequent editions, making clear which changes occurred in each version. For portions of Our Street the reader can also see how Thackeray revised the manuscript and how the text changed between manuscript and first published version.

Thus armed, a reader has not only a critical edition of the reading texts but also, as Philip Cohen and David Jackson suggest, a sense of each of these as a work whose existence is "temporal rather than spatial" (117). Each work rightfully includes multiple versions of the text because they are part of the process, and the work is process as well as end-product. As Cohen and Jackson point out, the advantages to moving away from an attempt to produce a single correct text toward an emphasis on the whole work are significant for both textual and literary critics. Having not one authoritative form of the text but several allows the reader to "construct the literary work of art out of the available historical texts according to the reader's own theoretical assumptions" (118), rather than having to acquiesce to the editor's textual orientation.

The third goal of the Garland edition is "to present a historical narrative of the circumstances attending the inception, composition, revision, and transmission of the work" (404). The textual introductions included here explain what is known about the planning and writing stages for each book. Publication details are scarce; as Shillingsburg notes, the records of Chapman and Hall, Thackeray's publishers for these books, seem to have been destroyed (Pegasus 10). An overview of critics' responses to the first editions, as well as comments on readers' reactions from Thackeray's own letters, provide a sense of how each book fared upon publication. The textual introductions also make reference to several annotations for this edition; complete annotations are included in the first volume of Annotations for the Selected Works of William Makepeace Thackeray, edited by Edgar Harden.

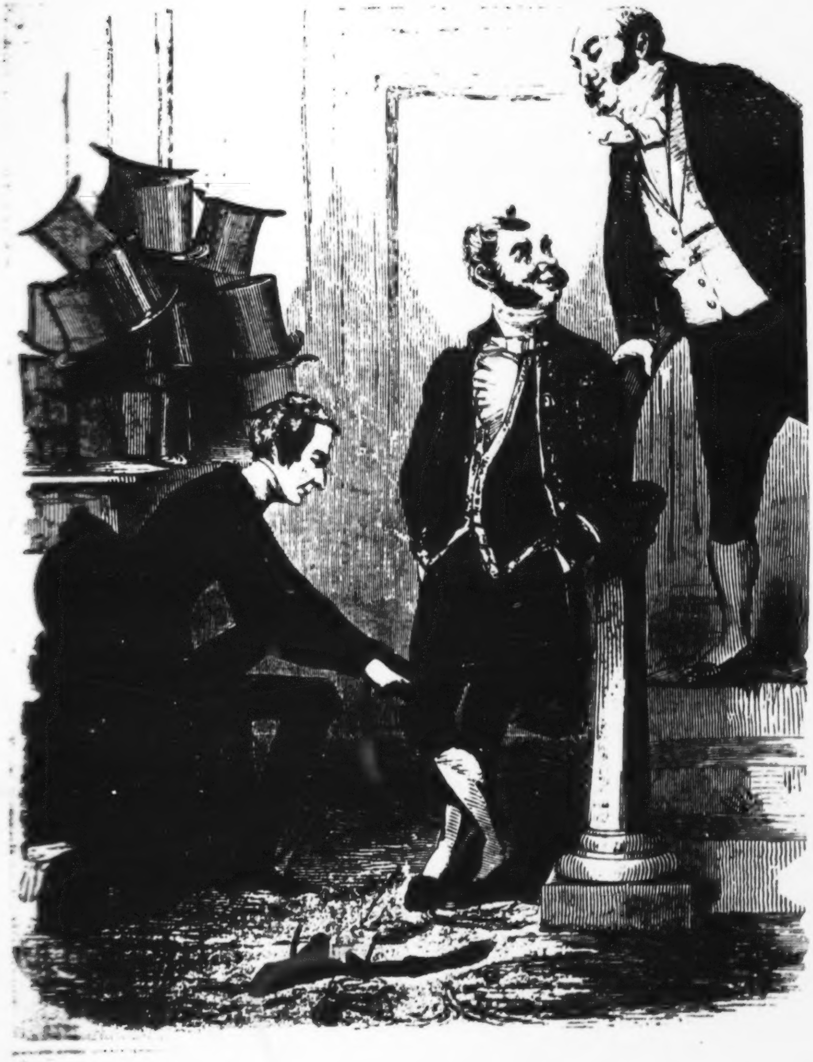
Designations of various versions of the texts are complicated by the fact that, as

Shillingsburg points out, "the terms were much more fluid in the nineteenth century" than they are now:

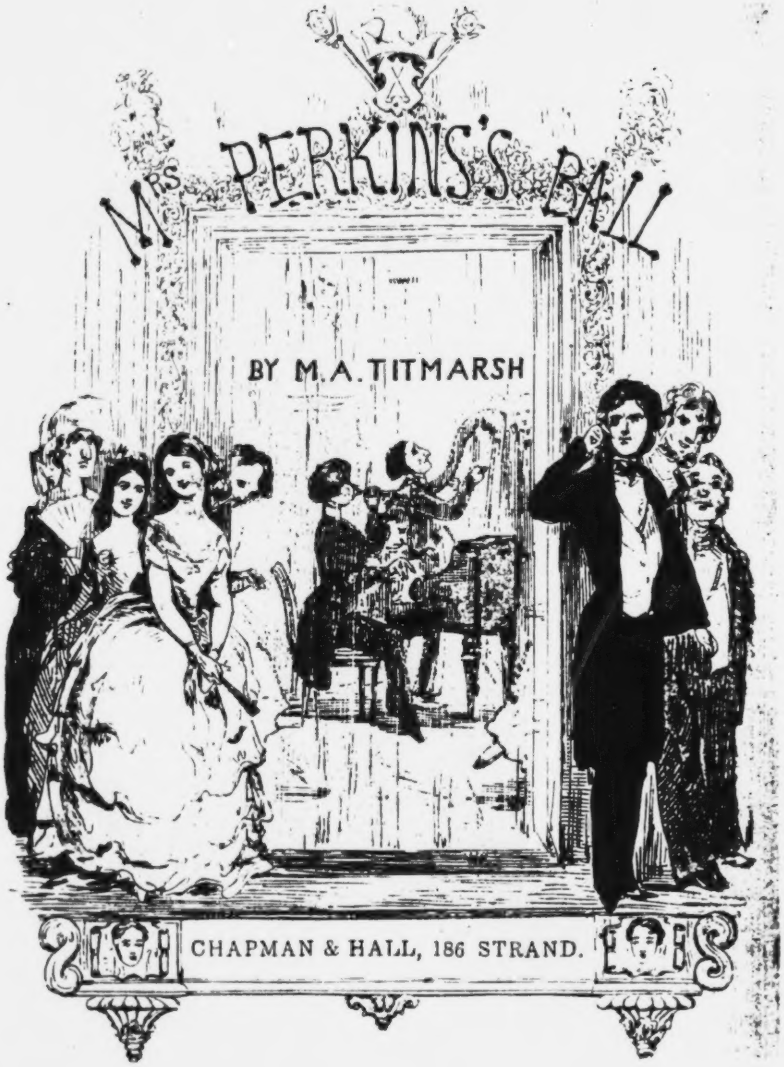
> In modern bibliographical parlance, edition refers to all copies of a book printed from a single setting of type; impression refers to all copies of a book consisting of sheets printed in a single pressrun; and issue means all copies of a book marketed as part of a single publishing or marketing drive and (usually) bearing some distinguishing mark of that publishing drive, such as tipped-in title pages, different covers, or significantly different advertisements bound into the book itself (Pegasus 194).

Rather than simply ignore the original designations of each version and impose modern nomenclature, I have retained "edition" (as in "second edition") where it was originally used but also explain whether this description is accurate according to modern definitions. For previously unidentified versions, I have adopted the twentieth-century designations.

Although I have not duplicated the typeface of the original editions here, I have attempted to replicate the look of the first editions, with their wide margins and heavy leading. Because the correspondence of text and plates is an important feature of the original published versions, I have retained, to the extent possible, the page breaks (and generally the line-breaks) of the copy-texts, allowing readers of this edition to experience the stories much as Thackeray's first readers did.



" What name shall I enounce ! "
" Don't hurry the gentleman – don't you see he ain't buttoned his strap yet ? "
" Say, Mr. FREDERICK MINCHIN." (This is spoken with much dignity.)


Mrs PERKINS'S BALL
BY M.A. TITMARSH
CHAPMAN & HALL, 186 STRAND.

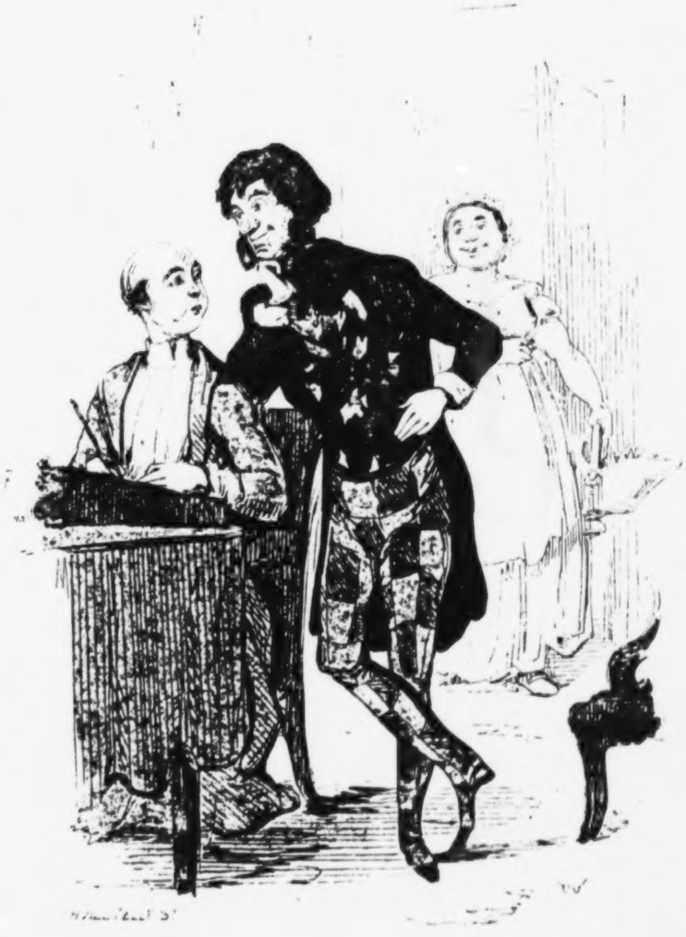
THE MULLIGAN (OF BALLYMULLIGAN,) AND HOW WE WENT TO MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.

I do not know where Ballymulligan is, and never knew any body who did. Once I asked the Mulligan the question, when that chieftain assumed a look of dignity so ferocious, and spoke of 'Saxon curiawsitee,' in a tone of such evident displeasure, that, as after all it can matter very little to me whereabouts lies the Celtic principality in question, I have never pressed the inquiry any farther.

I don't know even the Mulligan's town residence. One night, as he bade us adieu in Oxford Street,--"I live *there*," says he, pointing down towards Uxbridge, with the big stick he carries:--so his abode is in that direction, at any rate. He has his letters addressed to several of his friends' houses, and his parcels, &c., are left for him at various taverns which he frequents. That pair of checked trowsers, in which you see him attired, he did me the favour of ordering from my own tailor, who is quite as anxious as any body to know the address of the wearer. In like manner my hatter asked me, "Oo was the Hirish gent as ad ordered four 'ats and a sable boar to be sent to my lodgings?" As I did not know (however I might guess), the articles have never been sent, and the Mulligan has withdrawn his custom from the "infernal four-and-nine-penny scoundthrel," as he calls him. The hatter has not shut up shop in consequence.

I became acquainted with the Mulligan, through a distinguished countryman of his, who, strange to say, did not know the chieftain himself. But dining with my friend Fred. Clancy of the Irish bar, at Greenwich, the Mulligan came up, 'inthrojuiced' himself to Clancy as he said; claimed relationship with him on the side of Brian Boroo, and drawing his chair to our table, quickly became intimate with us. He took a great liking to me, was good enough to find out my address, and pay me a visit: since which period often and often on coming to breakfast in the morning, I have found him in my sitting-room on the sofa engaged with the rolls and morning papers: and many a time, on returning home at night, for an evening's quiet reading, I have discovered this honest fellow in the arm-chair before the fire, perfuming the apartment with my cigars, and trying the quality of such liquors as might be found in the sideboard. The way in which he pokes fun at Betsy, the maid of the lodgings, is prodigious. She begins to laugh whenever he comes; if he calls her a duck, a divvle, a darlin, it is all one. He is just as much a master of the premises as the individual who rents them at fifteen shillings a week; and as for handkerchiefs, shirt collars, and the like articles of fugitive haberdashery, the loss, since I have known him, is uncountable. I suspect he is like the cat in some houses: for, suppose the whisky, the cigars, the sugar, the tea-caddy, the pickles, and other groceries disappear, all is laid upon that *edax-rerum* of a Mulligan.

The greatest offence that can be offered to him, is to call him *Mr.* Mulligan. "Would you deprive me, Sir," says he, "of the title which was bawrun be me princelee ancestors in a hundred thousand battles? In our own green valleys and fawrests, in the American Savannahs, in the Sierras of Speen, and the Flats of Flandthers, the Saxon has quailed before me war-cry of MULLIGAN ABOO! *Mr.* Mulligan! I'll pitch any body out of the window who calls me *Mr.* Mulligan." He said this, and uttered the slogan of the Mulligans with a shriek so terrific, that my uncle (the Rev. W. Gruels, of the Independent Congregation, Bungay), who had happened to address him in the above obnoxious manner, while sitting at my apartments drinking tea after the May meetings, instantly quitted the room, and has



never taken the least notice of me since, except to state to the rest of the family that I am doomed irrevocably to perdition.

Well, one day last season I had received from my kind and most estimable friend, MRS. PERKINS, OF POCKLINGTON SQUARE (to whose amiable family I have had the honour of giving lessons in drawing, French, and the German flute), an invitation couched in the usual terms on satin gilt-edged note paper, to her evening party; or, as I call it, "Ball."

Besides the engraved note sent to all her friends, my kind patroness had addressed me privately as follows:--

> "MY DEAR MR. TITMARSH,
>
> "If you know any *very* eligible young man, we give you leave to bring him. You *gentlemen* love your *clubs* so much now, and care so little for *dancing*, that it is really quite *a scandal*. Come early, and before *every body*, and give us the benefit of all your taste and *continental skill*.
>
> "Your sincere
>
> "EMILY PERKINS."

Whom shall I bring? mused I, highly flattered by this mark of confidence; and I thought of Bob Trippett; and little Fred. Spring, of the Navy Pay Office; Hulker, who is rich, and I know took lessons in Paris; and a half score of other bachelor friends, who might be considered as *very eligible* -- when I was roused from my meditation by the slap of a hand on my shoulder; and looking up, there was the Mulligan, who began, as usual, reading the papers on my desk.

"Hwhat's this," says he, "who's Perkins? Is it a supper-ball, or only a tay-ball?"

"The Perkinses, of Pocklington Square, Mulligan, are tip-top people," says I, with a tone of dignity; "Mr. Perkins's sister is married to a baronet, Sir Giles Bacon, of Hogwash, Norfolk. Mr. Perkins's uncle, was Lord Mayor of London; and he was himself in Parliament, and *may be* again any day. The family are my most particular friends. A tay-ball indeed! why Gunter * * * " Here I stopped, I felt I was committing myself.

"Gunter?" says the Mulligan, with another confounded slap on the shoulder; "Don't say another word, *I'll* go widg you, me boy."

"*You* go, Mulligan," says I: "why, really--I--it's not my party."--

"Your hwhawt? hwhat's this letter? an't I an eligible young man?-- Is the descendant of a thousand kings unfit company for a miserable tallow-chandthlering cockney? Are ye joking wid me? for, let me tell ye, I don't like them jokes. D'ye suppose I'm not as well bawrun and bred as yourself, or any Saxon friend ye ever had?"

"I never said you weren't, Mulligan," says I.

"Ye don't mean seriously that a Mulligan is not fit company for a Perkins?"

"My dear fellow, how could you think I could so far insult you," says I. "Well then," says he, "that's a matter settled, and we go."

What the deuce was I to do? I wrote to Mrs. Perkins; and that kind lady replied, that she would receive the Mulligan, or any other of my friends, with the greatest cordiality. Fancy a party, all Mulligans! thought I, with a secret terror.

MR. AND MRS. PERKINS, THEIR HOUSE, AND THEIR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Following Mrs. Perkins's orders, the present writer made his appearance very early at Pocklington Square; where the tastiness of all the decorations elicited my warmest admiration. Supper, of course, was in the dining-room, superbly arranged by Messrs. Grigs and Spooner, the confectioners of the neighbourhood. I assisted my respected friend Mr. Perkins, and his butler, in decanting the Sherry, and saw, not without satisfaction, a large bath for wine under the sideboard, in which were already placed very many bottles of champagne.

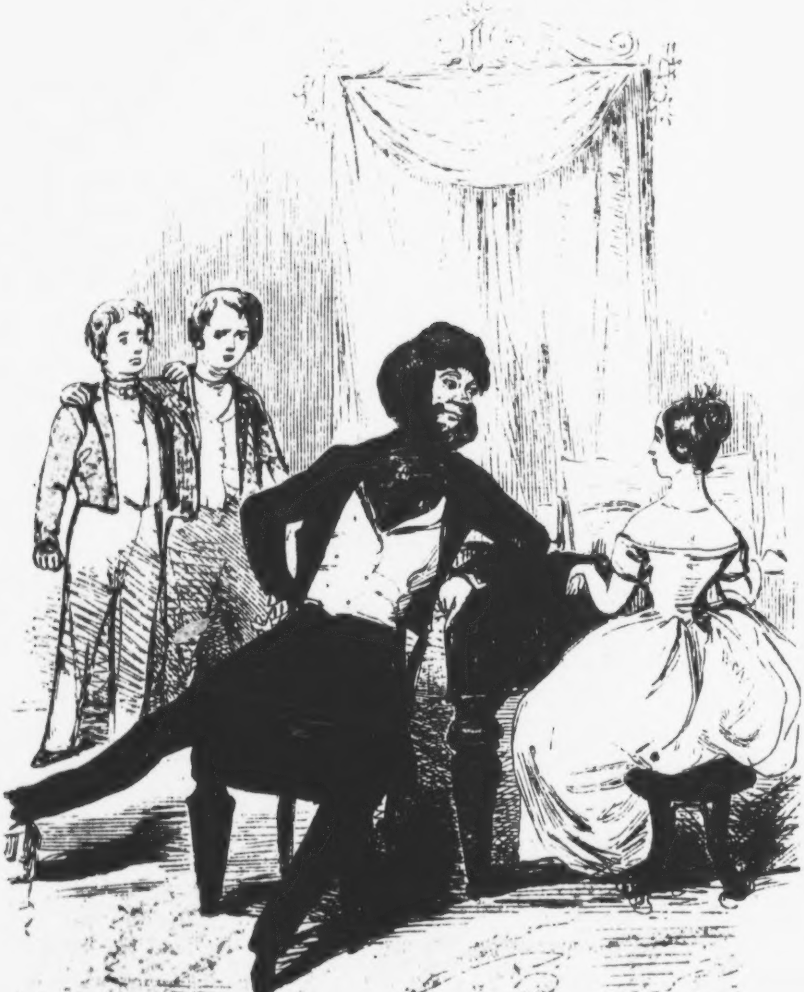
The back dining-room, Mr. P.'s study (where the venerable man goes to sleep after dinner), was arranged on this occasion as a tea-room, Mrs. Flouncy (Miss Fanny's maid) officiating in a cap and pink ribbons, which became her exceedingly. Long, long before the arrival of the company, I remarked Master Thomas Perkins and Master Giles Bacon, his cousin (son of Sir Giles Bacon, Bart.), in this apartment, busy among the macaroons.

Mr. Gregory, the butler, besides John the footman, and Sir Giles's large man in the Bacon livery, and honest Grundsell, carpet-beater and green grocer, of Little Pocklington Buildings, had, at least, half a dozen of Aides-de-camp, in black and white neckcloths, like doctors of divinity.

The back drawing-room door on the landing, being taken off the hinges (and placed up stairs under Mr. Perkins's bed), the orifice was covered with muslin, and festooned with elegant wreaths of flowers. This was the *Dancing Saloon.* A linen was spread over the carpet, and a band, consisting of Mr. Clapperton, piano, Mr. Pinch, harp, and Herr Spoff, cornet-à-piston, arrived at a pretty early hour, and were accommodated with some comfortable Negus in the tea-room, previous to the commencement of their delightful labours. The boudoir to the left was fitted up as a card-room; the drawing-room was, of course, for the reception of the company; the chandeliers and yellow damask being displayed, this night, in all their splendour; and the charming conservatory, over the landing, was ornamented by a few moon-like lamps, and the flowers arranged, so that it had the appearance of a fairy bower. And Miss Perkins (as I took the liberty of stating to her mamma) looked like the fairy *of* that bower. It is this young creature's first year in *public life*: she has been educated, regardless of expense, at Hammersmith; and a simple white muslin dress and blue ceinture set off charms, of which I beg to speak with respectful admiration.

My distinguished friend, the Mulligan of Ballymulligan, was good enough to come, the very first of the party. By the way, how awkward it is to be the first of the party! and yet you know somebody must; but for my part, being timid, I always wait at the corner of the street in the cab, and watch until some other carriage comes up.

Well, as we were arranging the Sherry, in the decanters, down the supper-tables, my friend arrived: "Hwhares me friend, Mr. Titmarsh," I



heard him bawling out to Gregory in the passage, and presently he rushed into the supper-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Perkins and myself were, and as the waiter was announcing, "Mr. Mulligan;" "THE Mulligan of Ballymulligan, ye blackguard!" roared he, and stalked into the apartment, "apologoizing," as he said, for introducing himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins did not perhaps wish to be seen in this room, which was for the present only lighted by a couple of candles; but *he* was not at all abashed by the circumstance, and grasping them both warmly by the hands, he instantly made himself at home. "As friends of my dear and talented friend, Mick," so he is pleased to call me, "I'm deloighted, Madam, to be made known to ye. Don't consider me in the light of a mere acquaintance! As for you, my dear Madam, you put me so much in moind of my own blessed mother, now resoiding at Ballymulligan Castle, that I begin to love ye at first soight." At which speech, Mr. Perkins, getting rather alarmed, asked the Mulligan, whether he would take some wine, or go up stairs.

"Faix," says Mulligan, "it's never too soon for good dthrink;" and (although he smelt very much of whiskey already) he drank a tumbler of wine, "to the improvement of an acqueentence which commínces in a manner so deloightful."

"Let's go up stairs, Mulligan," says I, and led the noble Irishman to the upper apartments, which were in a profound gloom, the candles not being yet illuminated, and where we surprised Miss Fanny, seated in the twilight at the piano, timidly trying the tunes of the Polka, which she danced so exquisitely that evening. She did not perceive the stranger at first; but how she started, when the Mulligan loomed upon her.

"Heavenlee enchanthress!" says Mulligan, "don't floy at the approach of the humblest of your sleeves! Reshewm your pleece at that insthrument, which weeps harmonious, or smoils melojious, as you charrum it! Are you acqueented with the Oirish Melodies? Can ye play, 'Who Fears to Talk of Nointy-eight;' the 'Shan Van Voght;' or the 'Dirge of Ollam Fodhlah?'"

"Who's this mad chap that Titmarsh has brought?" I heard Master Bacon exclaim to Master Perkins. "Look! how frightened Fanny looks!"

"O poo! gals are *always* frightened," Fanny's brother replied; but Giles Bacon, more violent, said, "I'll tell you what, Tom; if this goes on, we must pitch into him." And so I have no doubt they would, when another thundering knock coming, Gregory rushed into the room, and began lighting all the candles, so as to produce an amazing brilliancy. Miss Fanny sprang up, and ran to her Mamma, and the young gentlemen slid down the banisters to receive the company in the hall.

EVERYBODY BEGINS TO COME, BUT ESPECIALLY MR. MINCHIN.

"It's only Ma and my sisters," Master Bacon said; though 'only' meant eight in this instance. All the young ladies had fresh cheeks and purple elbows; all had white frocks, with hair more or less auburn; and so a party was already made of this blooming and numerous family, before the rest of the company began to arrive. The three Miss Meggots next came in their fly: Mr. Blades and his niece from 19 in the Square: Captain and Mrs. Struther, and Miss Struther: Doctor Toddy's two daughters and their mamma: but where were the gentlemen? The Mulligan, great and active as he was, could not suffice among so many beauties. At last came a brisk neat little knock, and looking into the hall, I saw a gentleman taking off his clogs there, whilst Sir Giles Bacon's big footman was looking on with rather a contemptuous air.

"What name shall I enounce?" says he, with a wink at Gregory on the stair.

The Gentleman in clogs said, with quiet dignity,--

MR. FREDERICK MINCHIN.

"Pump Court, Temple," is printed on his cards in very small type: and he is a rising barrister, of the Western Circuit. He is to be found at home of mornings: afterwards "at Westminster," as you read on his black door. "Binks and Minchin's Reports" are probably known to my legal friends: this is the Minchin in question.

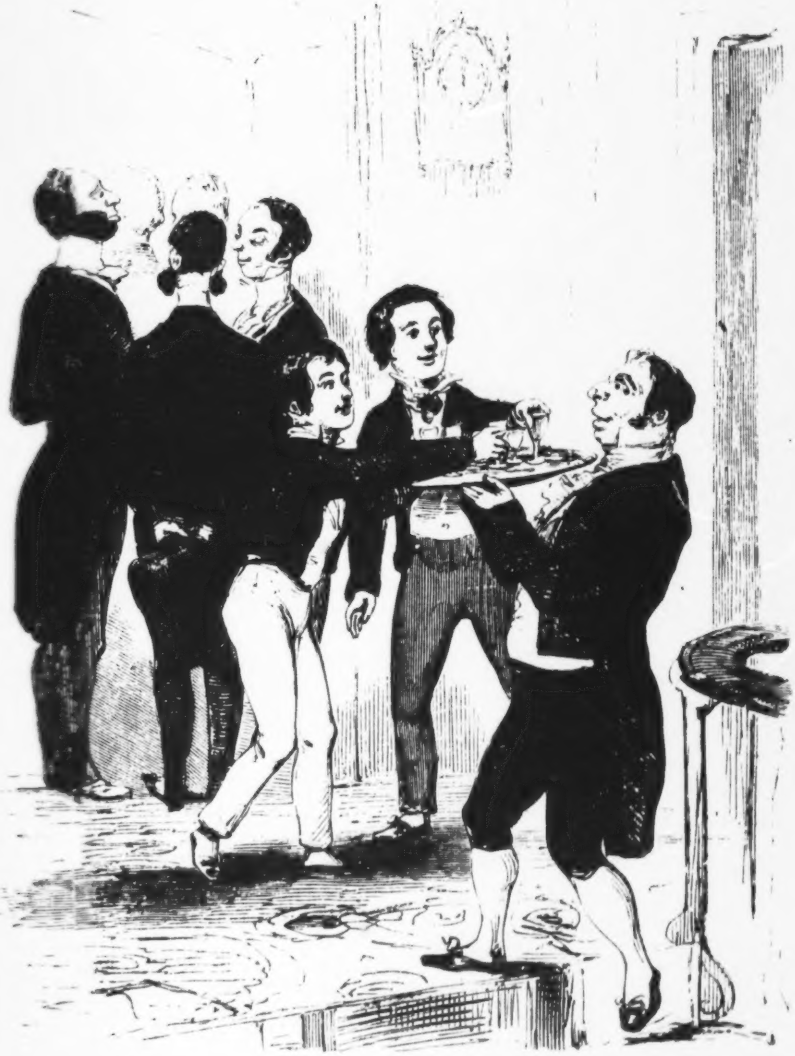
He is decidedly genteel, and is rather in request at the balls of the Judges' and Serjeants' ladies; for he dances irreproachably, and goes out to dinner as much as ever he can.

He mostly dines at the Oxford and Cambridge Clubs, of which you can easily see by his appearance that he is a member; he takes the joint and his half-pint of wine, for Minchin does everything like a Gentleman. He is rather of a literary turn; still makes Latin verses with some neatness; and before he was called, was remarkably fond of the flute.

When Mr. Minchin goes out in the evening, his clerk brings his bag to the Club, to dress; and if it is at all muddy, he turns up his trowsers so that he may come in without a speck. For such a party as this, he will have new gloves; otherwise, Frederic, his clerk, is chiefly employed in cleaning them with India-rubber.

He has a number of pleasant stories about the Circuit and the University, which he tells with a simper to his neighbour at dinner; and has always the last joke of Mr. Baron Maule. He has a private fortune of five thousand pounds; he is a dutiful son: he has a sister married, in Harley Street; and Lady Jane Ranville has the best opinion of him, and says he is a most excellent and highly-principled young man.

Her Ladyship and daughter arrived, just as Mr. Minchin had popped his clogs into the umbrella-stand, and the rank of that respected person, and dignified manner in which he led her up stairs, caused all sneering on the part of the domestics to disappear.



THE BALL-ROOM DOOR.

A hundred of knocks follow Frederick Minchin's: in half an hour Messrs. Spoff, Pinch, and Clapperton have begun their music, and Mulligan, with one of the Miss Bacons, is dancing majestically in the first quadrille. My young friends, Giles and Tom, prefer the landing-place to the Drawing-rooms, where they stop all night robbing the refreshment-trays as they come up or down. Giles has eaten fourteen ices, he will have a dreadful stomach-ache to morrow. Tom has eaten twelve, but he has had four more glasses of Negus than Giles. Grundsell, the occasional waiter, from whom Master Tom buys quantities of ginger-beer, can of course deny him nothing. That is Grundsell, in the tights, with the tray. Meanwhile direct your attention to the three gentlemen at the door, they are conversing.

1st Gent.-- Who's the man of the house--the bald man?

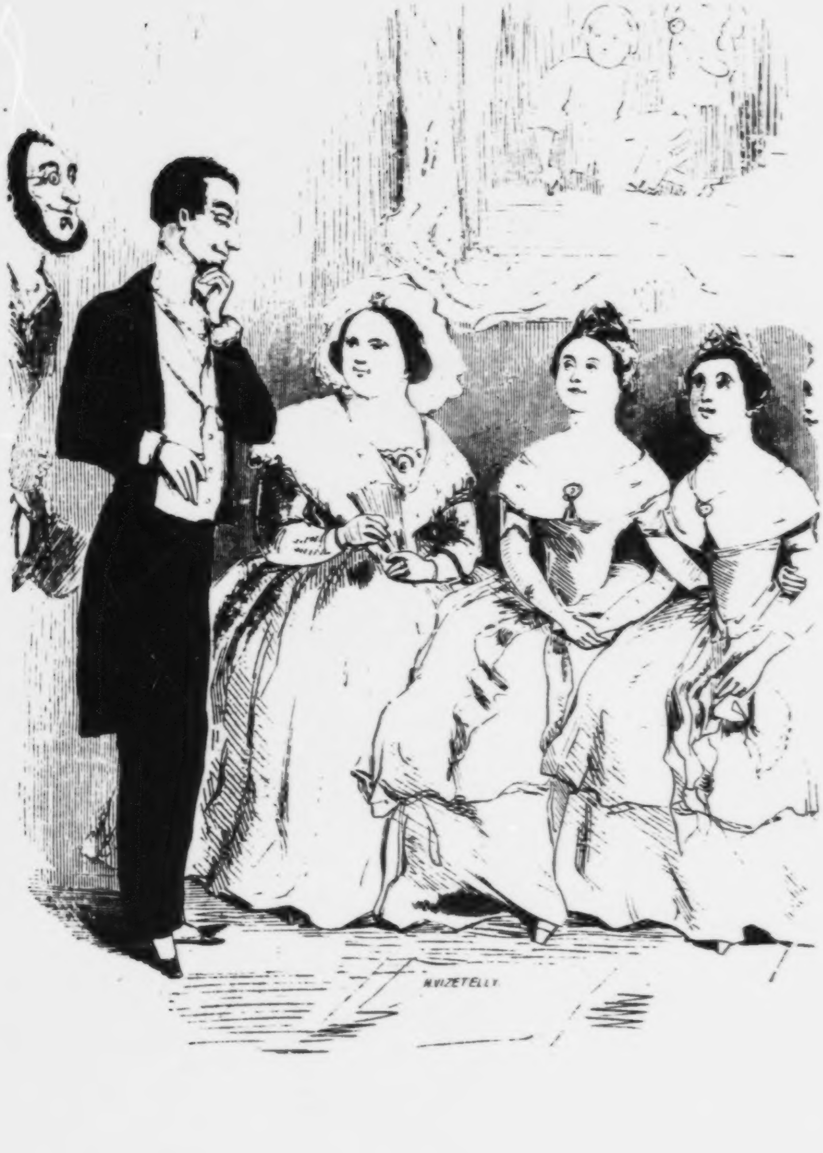
2nd Gent.-- Of course. The man of the house is always bald. He's a stockbroker I believe. Snooks brought me.

1st Gent.-- Have you been to the tea-room? There's a pretty girl in the tea-room; blue eyes, pink ribbons, that kind of thing.

2nd Gent.-- Who the deuce is that girl with those tremendous shoulders? Gad! I do wish somebody would smack 'em.

3rd Gent.-- Sir--that young lady is my niece, Sir,--my niece--my name is Blades, Sir.

2nd Gent.-- Well, Blades! Smack your niece's shoulders; she de-serves it, begad! she does. Come in, Jinks, present me to the Perkinses.--Hollo! here's an old country acquaintance--Lady Bacon, as I live! with all the piglings; she never goes out without the whole litter.--*(Exeunt 1st and 2nd Gent.)*


H.VIZETELLY

LADY BACON, THE MISS BACONS, MR. FLAM.

Lady B.-- Leonora! Maria! Amelia! here is the gentleman we met at Sir John Porkington's.

[*The Misses Bacon, expecting to be asked to dance, smile simultaneously, and begin to smooth their tuckers.*]

Mr. Flam.-- Lady Bacon! I couldn't be mistaken in *you*! Won't you dance, Lady Bacon?

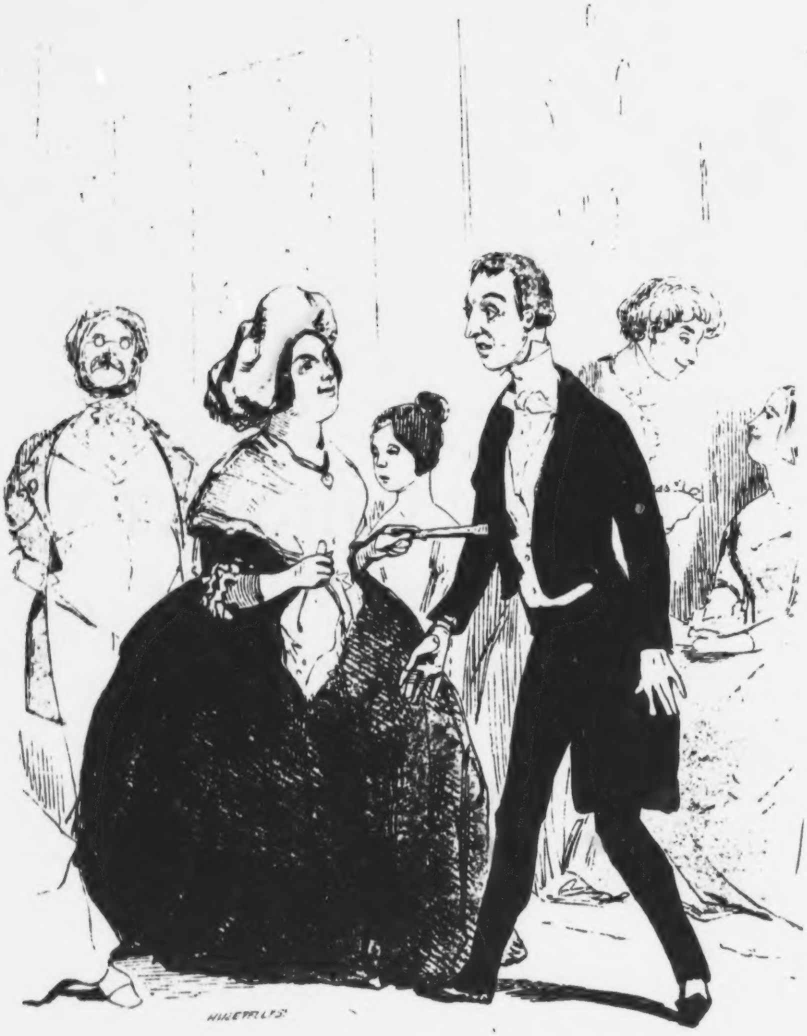
Lady B.-- Go away you droll creature!

Mr. Flam.-- And these are your ladyship's seven lovely sisters, to judge from their likenesses to the charming Lady Bacon?

Lady B.-- My sisters, he! he! my *daughters*, Mr. Flam, and *they* dance, don't you girls?

The Misses Bacon.-- O yes!

Mr. Flam.-- Gad! how I wish I was a dancing man!--[*Exit Flam.*

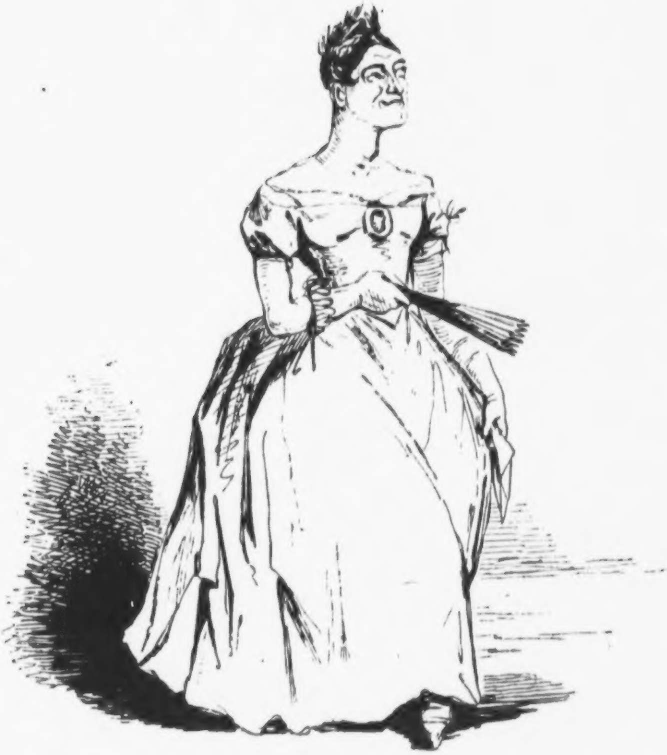


MR. LARKINS.

I have not been able to do justice (only a Lawrence could do that) to my respected friend Mrs. Perkins, in this picture; but Larkins's portrait is considered very like. Adolphus Larkins has been long connected with Mr. Perkins's City Establishment, and is asked to dine twice or thrice per annum. Evening parties are the great enjoyment of this simple youth, who after he has walked from Kentish Town to Thames Street, and passed twelve hours in severe labour there, and walked back again to Kentish Town, finds no greater pleasure than to attire his lean person in that elegant evening costume which you see, to walk into town again, and to dance at any body's house who will invite him. Islington, Pentonville, Somers Town, are the scenes of many of his exploits; and I have seen this good-natured fellow performing figure dances at Notting-hill, at a house, where I am ashamed to say there was no supper, no negus even to speak of, nothing but the bare merits of the Polka in which Adolphus revels. To describe this gentleman's infatuation for dancing, let me say, in a word, that he will even frequent boarding-house hops, rather than not go.

He has clogs, too, like Minchin: but nobody laughs at *him*. He gives himself no airs; but walks into a house with a knock and a demeanour so tremulous and humble, that the servants rather patronise him. He does not speak, or have any particular opinions, but when the time comes begins to dance. He bleats out a word or two to his partner during this operation, seems very weak and sad during the whole performance; and, of course, is set to dance with the ugliest women everywhere.

The gentle, kind spirit! when I think of him night after night, hopping and jigging, and trudging off to Kentish Town, so gently, through the fogs, and mud, and darkness; I do not know whether I ought to admire him, because his enjoyments are so simple, and his dispositions so kindly; or laugh at him, because he draws his life so exquisitely mild. Well, well, we can't be all roaring lions in this world; there must be *some* lambs, and harmless, kindly, gregarious creatures, for eating and shearing. See! even good-natured Mrs. Perkins is leading up the trembling Larkins to the tremendous Miss Bunion!

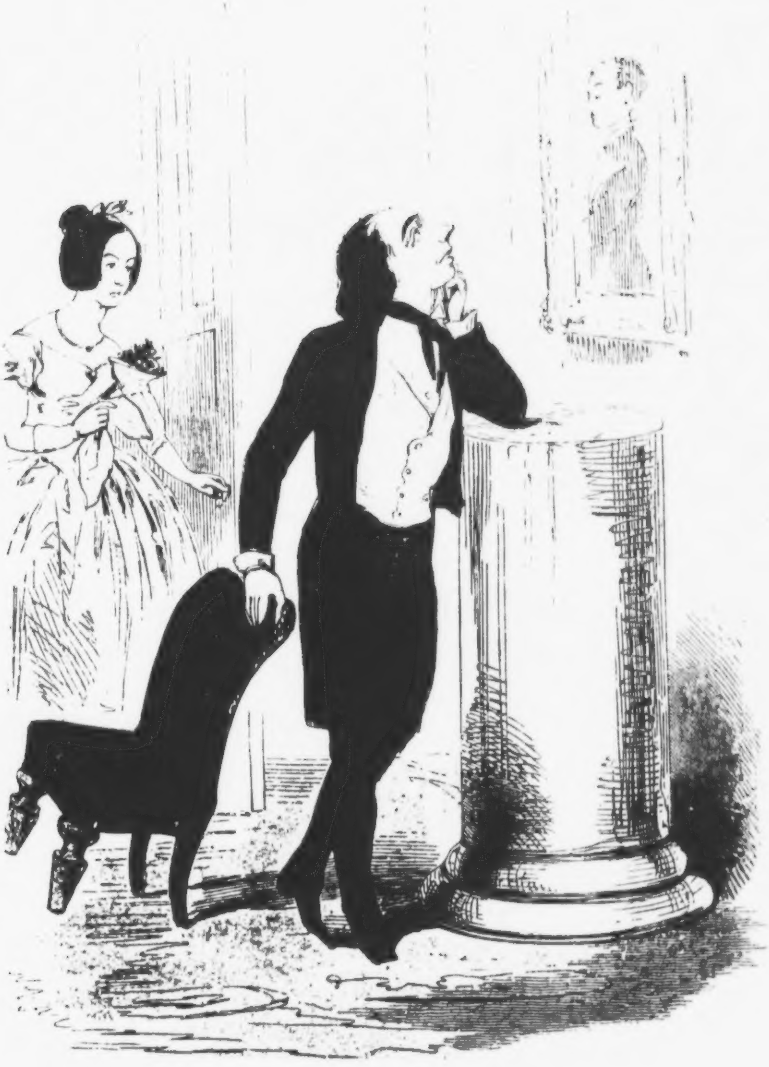


MISS BUNION,

The poetess, author of "Heartstrings," "The Deadly Nightshade," "Passion Flowers," &c. Though her poems breathe only of love, Miss B. has never been married. She is nearly six feet high; she loves waltzing beyond even poesy; and I think lobster-salad as much as either. She confesses to twenty-eight; in which case her first volume, "The Orphan of Gozo" (cut up by Mr. Rigby, in the Quarterly, with his usual kindness), must have been published when she was three years old.

For a woman all soul, she certainly eats as much as any woman I ever saw. The sufferings she has had to endure, are, she says, beyond compare; the poems which she writes breathe a withering passion, a smouldering despair, an agony of spirit, that would melt the soul of a drayman, were he to read them. Well, it is a comfort to see that she can dance of nights, and to know (for the habits of illustrious literary persons are always worth knowing) that she eats a hot mutton chop for breakfast every morning of her blighted existence.

She lives in a boarding house, at Brompton, and comes to the party in a fly.



MR. HICKS.

It is worth twopence to see Miss Bunion and Poseidon Hicks, the great poet, conversing with one another, and to talk of one to the other afterwards. How they hate each other! I (in my wicked way) have sent Hicks almost raving mad, by praising Bunion to him in confidence; and you can drive Bunion out of the room by a few judicious panegyrics of Hicks.

Hicks first burst upon the astonished world with poems in the Byronic manner: "The Death-Shriek," "The Bastard of Lara," "The Atabal," "The Fire-Ship of Botzaris," and other works. His "Love-Lays," in Mr. Moore's early style, were pronounced to be wonderfully precocious for a young gentleman then only thirteen, and in a commercial academy, at Tooting.

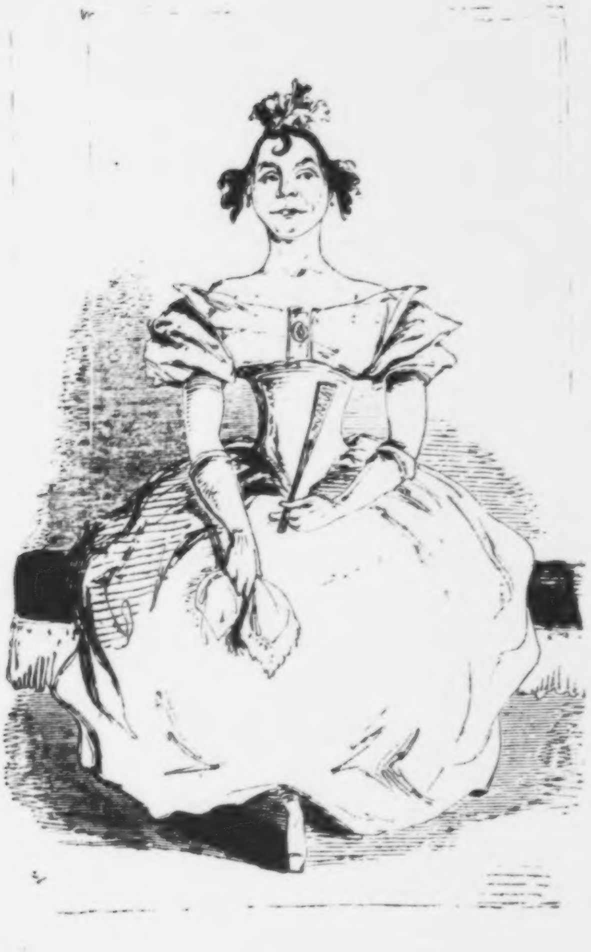
Subsequently, this great bard became less passionate and more thoughtful; and, at the age of twenty, wrote, "Idiosyncracy" (in 40 books, 4to.); "Ararat," "a stupendous epic," as the reviews said; and "The Megatheria," "a magnificent contribution to our pre-adamite literature," according to the same authorities. Not having read these works, it would ill become me to judge them; but I know that poor Jingle, the publisher, always attributed his insolvency to the latter epic, which was magnificently printed in elephant folio.

Hicks has now taken a classical turn, and has brought out "Poseidon;"

"Iacchus;" "Hephaestus;" and I dare say is going through the mythology. But I should not like to try him at a passage of the Greek Delectus, any more than twenty thousand others of us who have had the advantage of a "classical education."

Hicks was taken in an inspired attitude, regarding the chandelier, and pretending he didn't know that Miss Pettifer was looking at him.

Her name is Anna Maria (daughter of Higgs and Pettifer, Solicitors, Bedford Row), but Hicks calls her "Ianthe," in his album verses, and is himself an eminent drysalter in the city.



MISS MEGGOT.

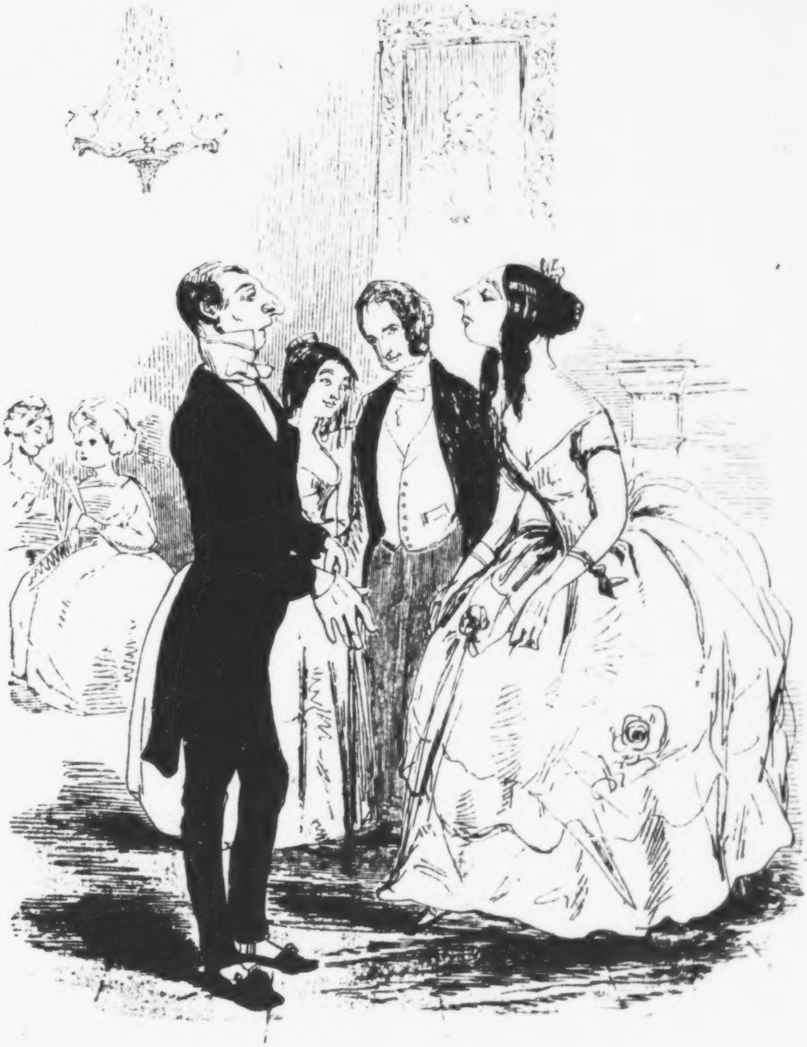
Poor Miss Meggot is not so lucky as Miss Bunion. Nobody comes to dance with *her*, though she has a new frock on, as she calls it, and rather a pretty foot, which she always manages to stick out.

She is forty-seven, the youngest of three sisters, who live in a mouldy old house near Middlesex Hospital, where they have lived for I don't know how many scores of years; but this is certain, the eldest Miss Meggot saw the Gordon riots out of that same parlour window, and tells the story how her father (physician to George III.) was robbed of his queue in the streets on that occasion. The two old ladies have taken the brevet rank, and are addressed as Mrs. Jane and Mrs. Betsy: one of them is at whist in the back drawing room. But the youngest is still called Miss Nancy, and is considered quite a baby by her sisters.

She was going to be married once to a brave young officer, Ensign Angus Macquirk, of the Whistlebinkie Fencibles; but he fell at Quatre Bras, by the side of the gallant Snuffmull, his commander. Deeply, deeply did Miss Nancy deplore him.

But time has cicatrized the wounded heart. She is gay now, and would sing or dance, ay, or marry if any body asked her.

Do go my dear friend--I don't mean to ask her to marry, but to ask her to dance.--Never mind the looks of the thing. It will make her happy; and what does it cost you? Ah, my dear fellow! take this counsel; always dance with the old ladies--always dance with the governesses. It is a comfort to the poor things when they get up in their garret that somebody has had mercy on them. And such a handsome fellow as *you* too!



MISS RANVILLE, REV. MR. TOOP.

MISS MULLINS, MR. WINTER.

Mr. W.-- Miss Mullins, look at Miss Ranville, what a picture of good humour.

Miss M.-- O you satirical creature!

Mr. W.-- Do you know why she is so angry? She expected to dance with Captain Grig, and, by some mistake, the Cambridge Professor got hold of her: isn't he a handsome man?

Miss M.-- O you droll wretch!

Mr. W.-- Yes, he's a fellow of college--fellows mayn't marry, Miss Mullins--poor fellows, ay, Miss Mullins?

Miss M.-- La!

Mr. W.-- And Professor of Phlebotomy in the University. He flatters himself he is a man of the world, Miss Mullins, and always dances in the long vacation.

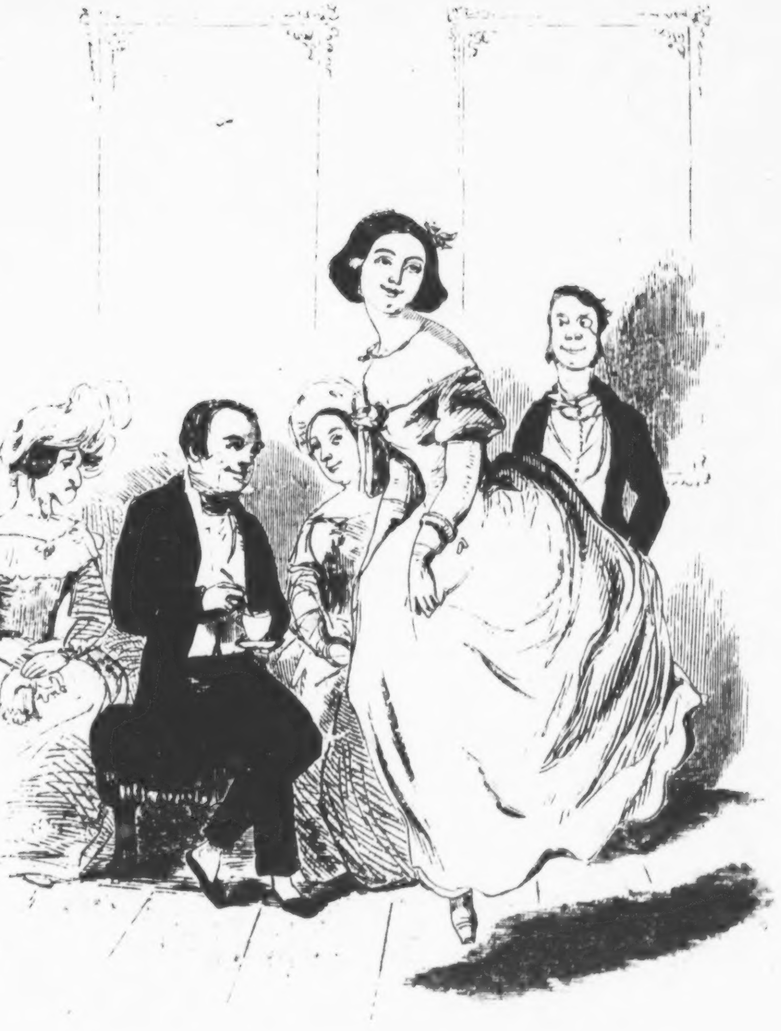
Miss M.-- You malicious wicked monster!

MR. W.-- Do you know Lady Jane Ranville? Miss Ranville's mamma. A ball once a year; footmen in canary-coloured livery; Baker Street; six dinners in the season; starves all year round; pride and poverty, you know; I've been to her ball *once*. Ranville Ranville's her brother; and between you and me--but this, dear Miss Mullins, is a profound secret--I think he's a greater fool than his sister.

Miss M.-- O, you satirical, droll, malicious, wicked thing, you!

Mr. W.-- You do me injustice, Miss Mullins, indeed you do.

[*Chaine Anglaise.*]



MISS JOY, MR. AND MRS. JOY, MR. BOTTER.

Mr. B.-- What spirits that girl has, Mrs. Joy!

Mr. J.-- She's a sunshine in a house, Botter, a regular sunshine-- when Mrs J. here's in a bad humour, I * * *

Mrs. J.-- Don't talk nonsense, Mr. Joy.

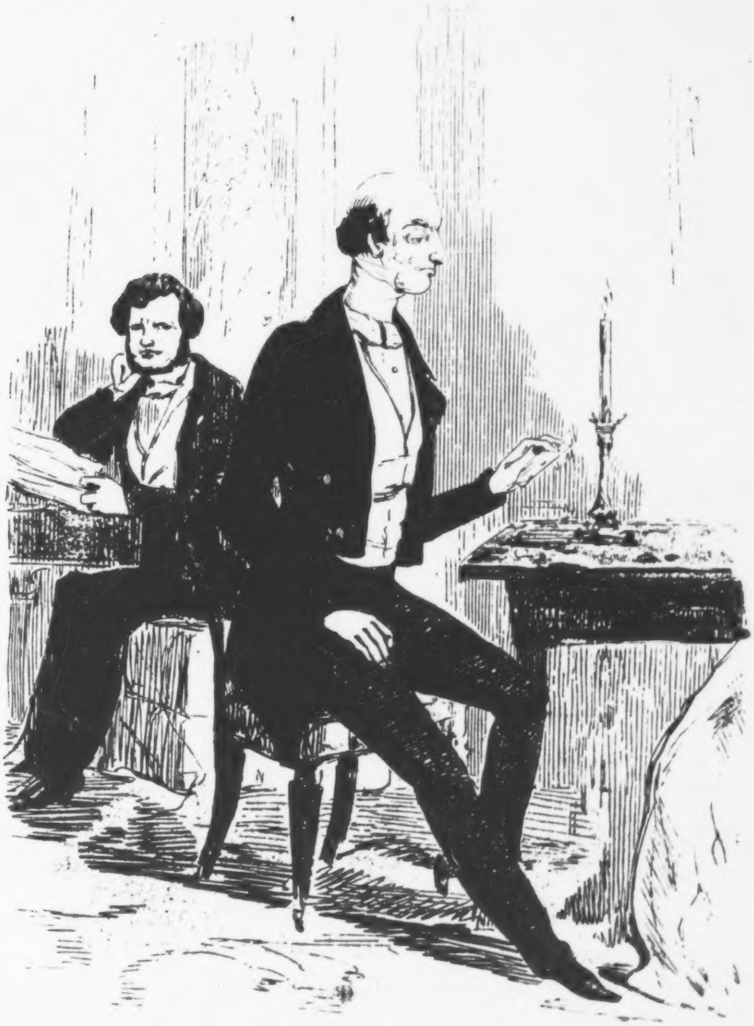
Mr. B.-- There's a hop, skip, and jump for you! Why, it beats Ellsler! Upon my conscience it does! It's her fourteenth quadrille, too. There she goes! She's a jewel of a girl, though I say it, that shouldn't.

Mrs. J. (laughing)-- Why don't you marry her, Botter? Shall I speak to her? I dare say she'd have you. You're not so *very* old.

Mr. B.-- Don't aggravate me, Mrs. J. You know when I lost my heart in the year 1817, at the opening of Waterloo bridge, to a young lady who wouldn't have me, and left me to die in despair, and married Joy, of the Stock Exchange * * *

Mrs. J.-- Get away, you foolish old creature.

[*Mr. Joy looks on in ecstasies at Miss Joy's agility. Lady Jane Ranville, of Baker Street, pronounces her to be an exceedingly forward person. Captain Dobbs likes a girl who has plenty of go in her; and as for Fred. Sparks, he is over head and ears in love with her.*]



MR. RANVILLE RANVILLE AND JACK HUBBARD.

This is Miss Ranville Ranville's brother, Mr. Ranville Ranville, of the Foreign Office, faithfully designed as he was playing at whist in the card-room. Talleyrand used to play at whist at the Travellers', that is why Ranville Ranville indulges in that diplomatic recreation. It is not his fault if he be not the greatest man in the room.

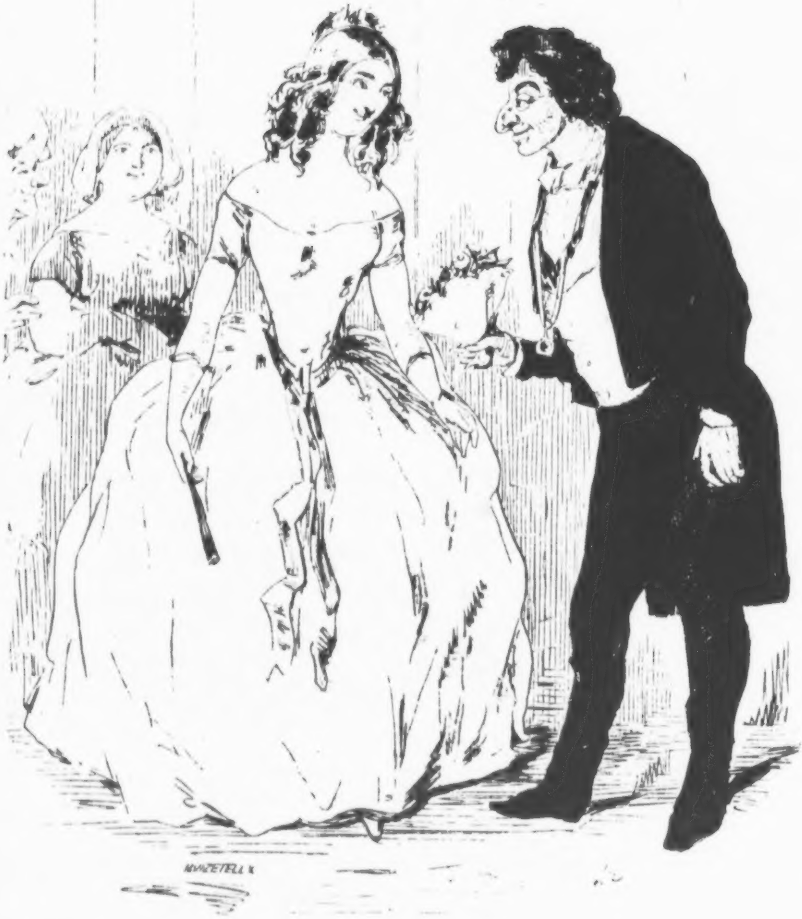
If you speak to him, he smiles sternly, and answers in monosyllables: he would rather die than commit himself. He never has committed himself in his life. He was the first at school, and distinguished at Oxford. He is growing prematurely bald now, like Canning, and is quite proud of it. He rides in St. James's Park of a morning before breakfast. He dockets his tailor's bills, and nicks off his dinner notes in diplomatic paragraphs, and keeps *précis* of them all. If he ever makes a joke, it is a quotation from Horace, like Sir Robert Peel. The only relaxation he permits himself, is to read Thucydides in the holidays.

Everybody asks him out to dinner, on account of his brass buttons with the Queen's cipher, and to have the air of being well with the Foreign Office. "Where I dine," he says solemnly, "I think it is my duty to go to evening parties." That is why he is here. He never dances, never sups, never drinks. He has gruel when he goes home to bed. I think it is in his brains.

He is such an ass and so respectable, that one wonders he has not succeeded in the world; and yet, somehow, they laugh at him; and you and I shall be ministers as soon as he will.

Yonder, making believe to look over the print-books, is that merry rogue, Jack Hubbard.

See how jovial he looks! He is the life and soul of every party, and his impromptu singing after supper will make you die of laughing. He is meditating an impromptu now, and at the same time thinking about a bill that is coming due next Thursday. Happy dog!


VIZETELLY

MRS. TROTTER, MISS TROTTER, MISS TOADY, LORD METHUSELAH.

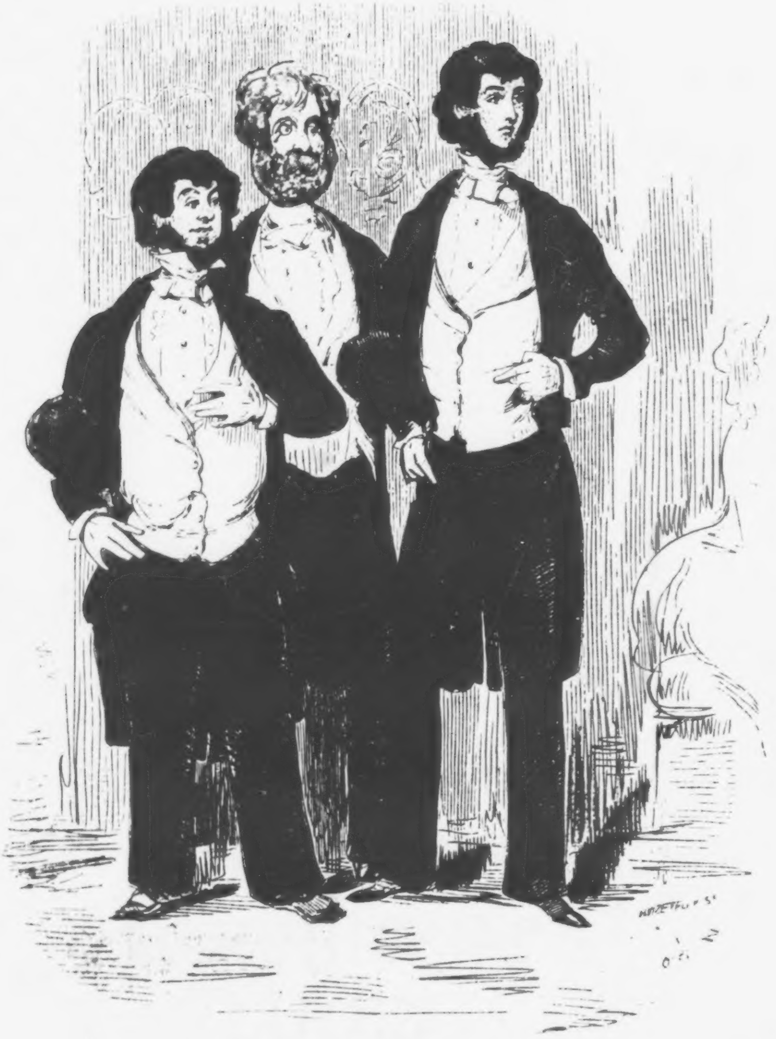
Dear Emma Trotter has been silent and rather ill-humoured all the evening until now her pretty face lights up with smiles. Cannot you guess why? Pity the simple and affectionate creature! Lord Methuselah has not arrived until this moment; and see how the artless girl steps forward to greet him!

In the midst of all the selfishness and turmoil of the world, how charming it is to find virgin hearts quite unsullied, and to look on at little romantic pictures of mutual love! Lord Methuselah, though you know his age by the peerage--though he is old, wigged, gouty, rouged, wicked, has lighted up a pure flame in that gentle bosom. There was a talk about Tom Willoughby last year; and then, for a time, young Hawbuck (Sir John Hawbuck's youngest son) seemed the favoured man; but Emma never knew her mind until she met the dear creature before you, in a Rhine steam-boat. "Why are you so late Edward?" says she. Dear artless child!

Her mother looks on with tender satisfaction. One can appreciate the joys of such an admirable parent!

"Look at them!" says Miss Toady. "I vow and protest they're the handsomest couple in the room!"

Methuselah's grandchildren are rather jealous and angry, and Mademoiselle Ariane, of the French theatre, is furious. But there's no accounting for the mercenary envy of some people; and it is impossible to satisfy everybody.



MR. BEAUMORIS, MR. GRIG, MR. FLYNDERS.

Those three young men are described in a twinkling: Captain Grig of the heavies; Mr. Beaumoris, the handsome young man; Tom Flinders (Flynders Flynders he now calls himself), the fat gentleman who dresses after Beaumoris.

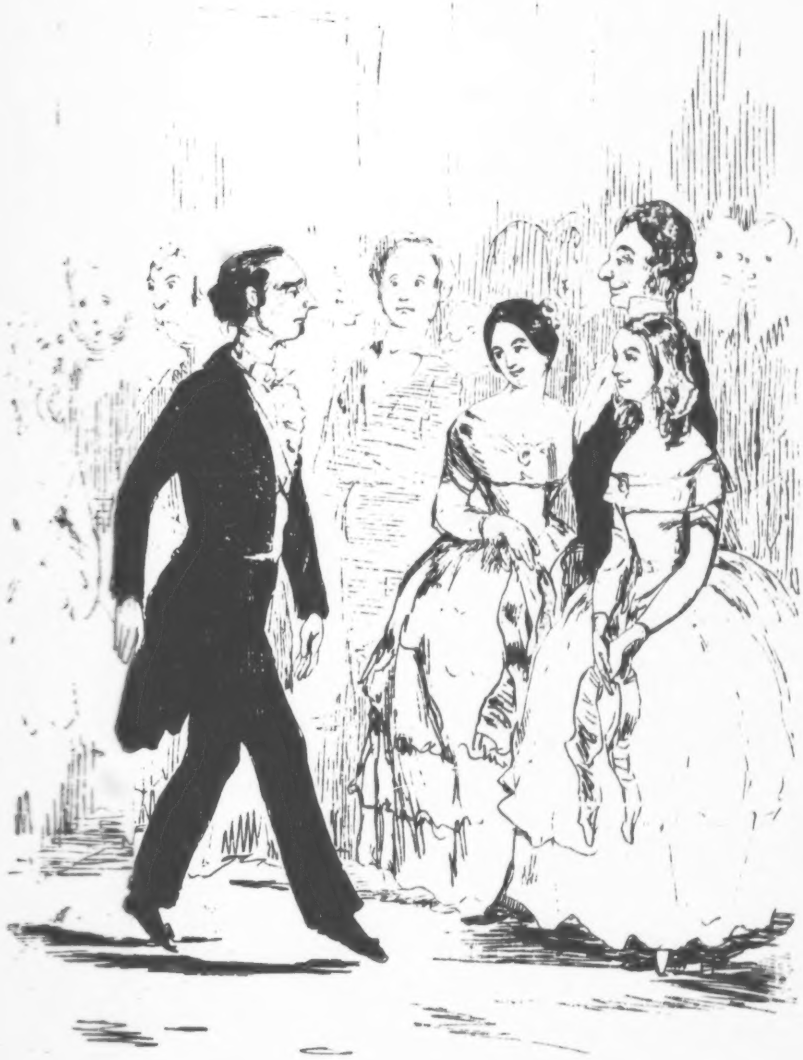
Beaumoris is in the Treasury; he has a salary of eighty pounds a year, on which he maintains the best cab and horses of the season; and out of which he pays seventy guineas merely for his subscription to clubs. He hunts in Leicestershire, where great men mount him; is a prodigious favourite behind the scenes at the theatres; you may get glimpses of him at Richmond, with all sorts of pink bonnets; and he is the sworn friend of half the most famous roués about town, such as Old Methuselah, Lord Billygoat, Lord Tarquin, and the rest; a respectable race. It is to oblige the former that the good-natured young fellow is here to night; though it must not be imagined that he gives himself any airs of superiority. Dandy as he is, he is quite affable, and would borrow ten guineas from any man in the room, in the most jovial way possible.

It is neither Beau's birth, which is doubtful; nor his money, which is entirely negative; nor his honesty, which goes along with his money-qualification; nor his wit, for he can barely spell,--which recommend him to the fashionable world: but a sort of Grand Seigneur splendour, and dandified *Je ne scais quoi*, which make the man he is of him. The way in which his boots and gloves fit him is a wonder, which no other man can achieve; and though he has not an atom of principle, it must be confessed that he invented the Taglioni shirt.

When I see those magnificent dandies yawning out of White's, or caracolling in the Park on shining chargers, I like to think that Brummell was the greatest of them all, and that Brummell's father was a footman.

Flynders is Beaumoris's toady: lends him money; buys horses through his recommendation; dresses after him; clings to him in Pall Mall, and on the steps of the clubs; and talks about 'Bo' in all societies. It is his drag which carries down Bo's friends to the Derby, and his cheques pay for dinners to the pink bonnets. I don't believe the Perkinses know what a rogue it is, but fancy him a decent reputable City man, like his father before him.

As for Captain Grig, what is there to tell about him? He performs the duties of his calling with perfect gravity. He is faultless on parade; excellent across country; amiable when drunk, rather slow when sober. He has not two ideas, and is a most goodnatured, irreproachable, gallant, and stupid young officer.



CAVALIER SEUL.

This is my friend Bob Hely, performing the Cavalier seul in a quadrille. Remark the good-humoured pleasure depicted in his countenance. Has he any secret grief? Has he a pain anywhere? No, dear Miss Jones, he is dancing like a true Briton, and with all the charming gaiety and abandon of our race.

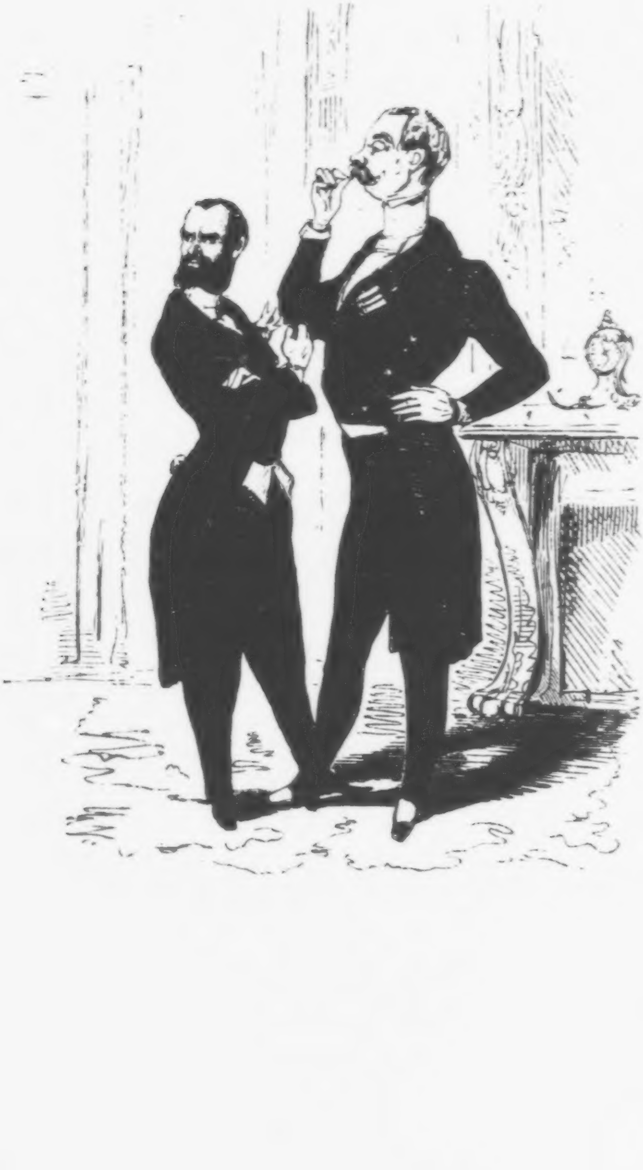
When Canaillard performs that Cavalier seul operation, does *he* flinch? No: he puts on his most *vainqueur* look, he sticks his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and advances, retreats, pirouettes, and otherwise gambadoes, as though to say, "Regarde moi, O monde! Venez, O femmes, venez voir danser Canaillard!"

When de Bobwitz executes the same measure, he does it with smiling agility and graceful ease.

But poor Hely, if he were advancing to a dentist, his face would not be more cheerful. All the eyes of the room are upon him he thinks; and he thinks he looks like a fool.

Upon my word, if you press the point with me, dear Miss Jones, I think he is not very far from right. I think that while Frenchmen and Germans may dance, as it is their nature to do, there is a natural dignity about us Britons, which debars us from that enjoyment. I am rather of the Turkish opinion, that this should be done for us. I think * * *

Good-by, you envious old fox-and-the-grapes, says Miss Jones, and the next moment I see her whirling by in a polka with Tom Tozer, at a pace which makes me shrink back with terror into the little boudoir.



M. CANAILLARD, CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

LIEUTENANT BARON DE BOBWITZ.

Canaillard.-- O ces Anglais! quels hommes, mon Dieu! Comme ils sont habillés, comme ils dansent!

Bobwitz.-- Ce sont de beaux hommes bourtant; point de tenue militaire mais de grands gaillards; si je les avais dans ma compagnie de la Garde, j'en ferai de bons soldats.

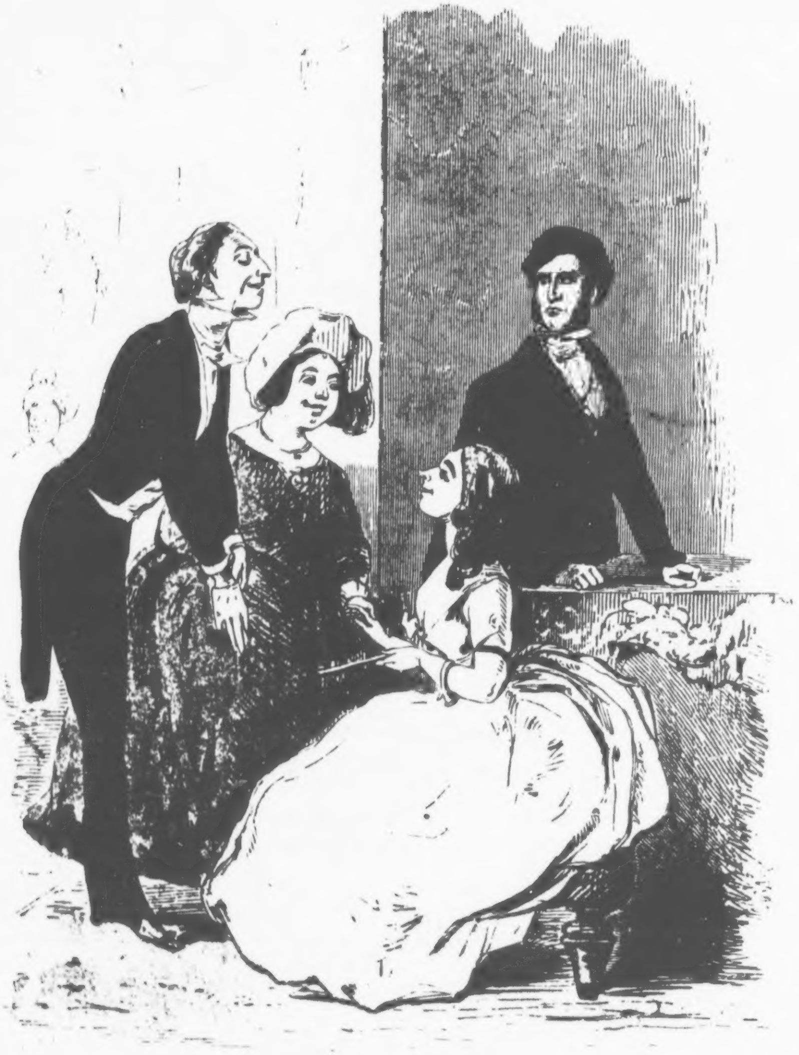
Canaillard.-- Est il bête cet Allemand! Les grands hommes ne font pas toujours de bons soldats, Monsieur. Il me semble que les soldats de France qui sont de ma taille, Monsieur, valent un peu mieux * *

Bobwitz.-- Vous croyez?

Canaillard.-- Comment je le crois, Monsieur? J'en suis sûr! Il me semble, Monsieur, que nous l'avons prouvé.

Bobwitz (impatiently).-- Je m'en vais danser la Bolka. Serviteur, Monsieur.

Canaillard.-- Butor! (He goes and looks at himself in the glass, when he is seized by Mrs. Perkins for the Polka.)



THE BOUDOIR.

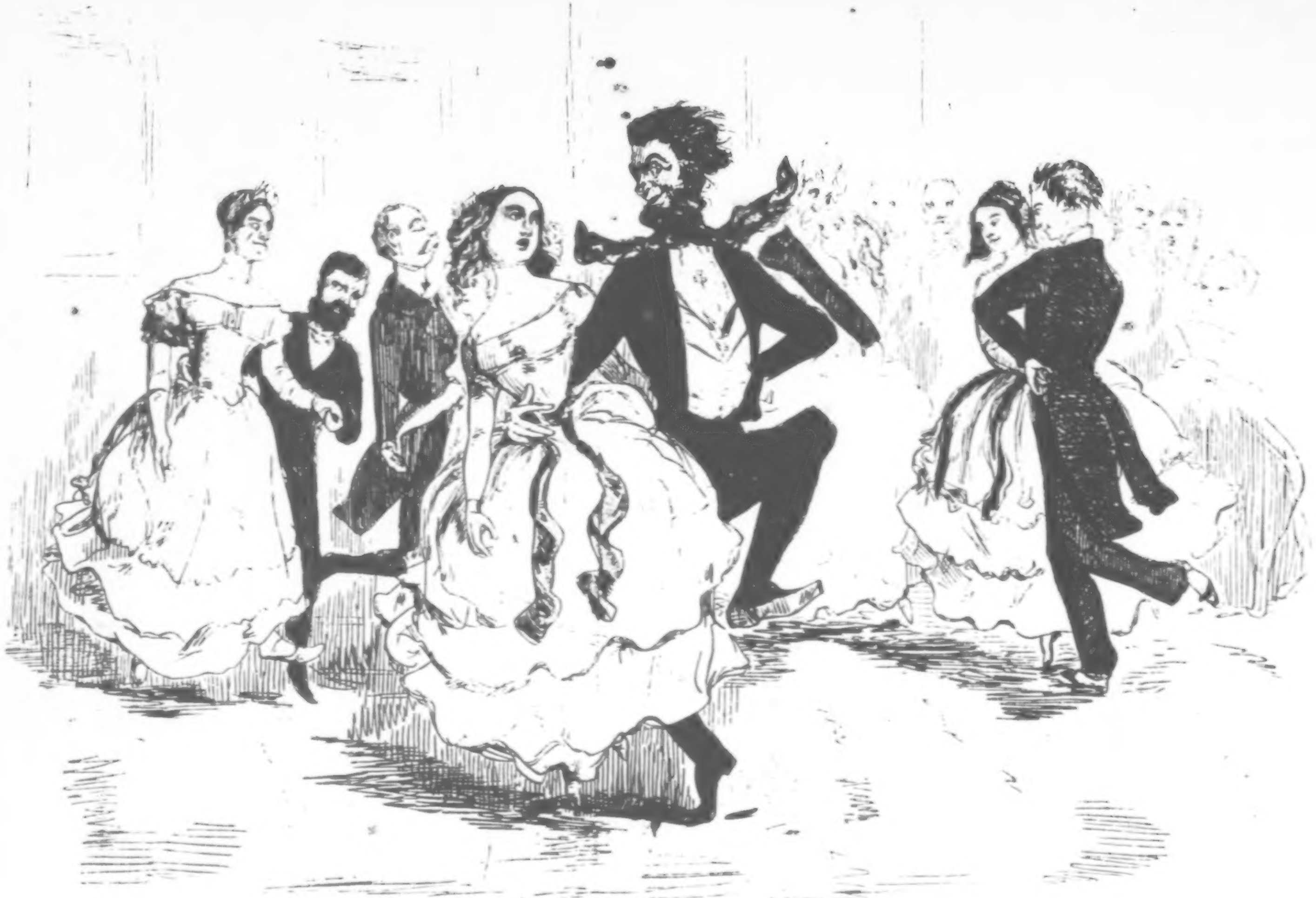
MR. SMITH, MR. BROWN, MISS BUSTLETON.

Mr. Brown.-- You polk Miss Bustleton? I'm *so* delaighted.

Miss Bustleton.-- [*Smiles and prepares to rise.*]

Mr. Smith.-- D---- puppy.

(*Poor Smith don't polk.*)



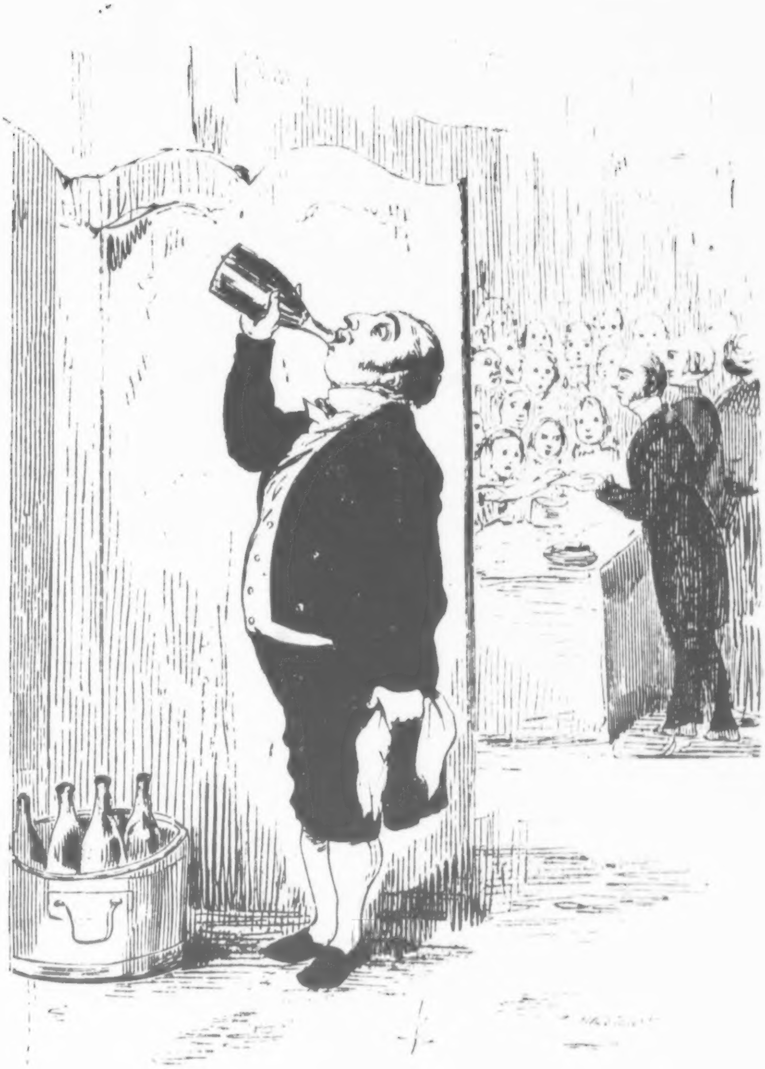
GRAND POLKA.

Though a quadrille seems to me as dreary as a funeral, yet to look at a polka I own is pleasant. See! Brown and Emily Bustleton are whirling round as light as two pigeons over a dove-cot; Tozer, with that wicked, whisking, little Jones, spins along as merrily as a May-day sweep; Miss Joy is the partner of the happy Fred. Sparks; and even Miss Ranville is pleased, for the faultless Captain Grig is toe and heel with her. Beaumoris, with rather a nonchalant air, takes a turn with Miss Trotter, at which Lord Methuselah's wrinkled chops quiver uneasily. See! how the big Baron de Bobwitz spins lightly, and gravely, and gracefully round; and lo! the Frenchman staggering under the weight of Miss Bunion, who tramps and kicks like a young cart horse.

But the most awful sight which met my view in this dance, was the unfortunate Miss Little, to whom fate had assigned THE MULLIGAN as a partner. Like a pavid kid in the talons of an eagle, that young creature trembled in his huge Milesian grasp. Disdaining the recognised form of the dance, the Irish chieftain accommodated the music to the dance of his own green land, and performed a double shuffle jig, carrying Miss Little along with him. Miss Ranville and her Captain shrank back amazed; Miss Trotter skirried out of his way into the protection of the astonished

Lord Methuselah; Fred. Sparks could hardly move for laughing; while, on the contrary, Miss Joy was quite in pain for poor Sophy Little. As Canaillard and the Poetess came up, The Mulligan, in the height of his enthusiasm, lunged out a kick which sent Miss Bunion howling; and concluded with a tremendous Hurroo! a war cry which caused every Saxon heart to shudder and quail.

O that the earth would open and kindly take me in! I exclaimed mentally; and slunk off into the lower regions, where by this time half the company were at supper.



The supper is going on behind the screen. There is no need to draw the supper. We all know that sort of transaction: the squabbling, and gobbling, and popping of champagne; the smell of musk and lobster salad; the dowagers chumping away at plates of raised pie; the young lasses nibbling at little titbits, which the dextrous young gentlemen procure. Three large men, like doctors of divinity, wait behind the table, and furnish everything that appetite can ask for. I never, for my part, can eat my supper for wondering at those men. I believe if you were to ask for mashed turnips, or a slice of crocodile, those astonishing people would serve you. What a contempt they must have for the guttling crowd to whom they minister--those solemn pastry-cook's men. How they must hate jellies, and game-pies, and champagne in their hearts! How they must scorn my poor friend Grundsell, behind the screen, who is sucking at a bottle!

GEORGE GRUNDSELL,

GREEN-GROCER AND SALESMAN,

9 LITTLE POCKLINGTON BUILDINGS,

LATE CONFIDENTIAL SERVANT IN THE FAMILY OF

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

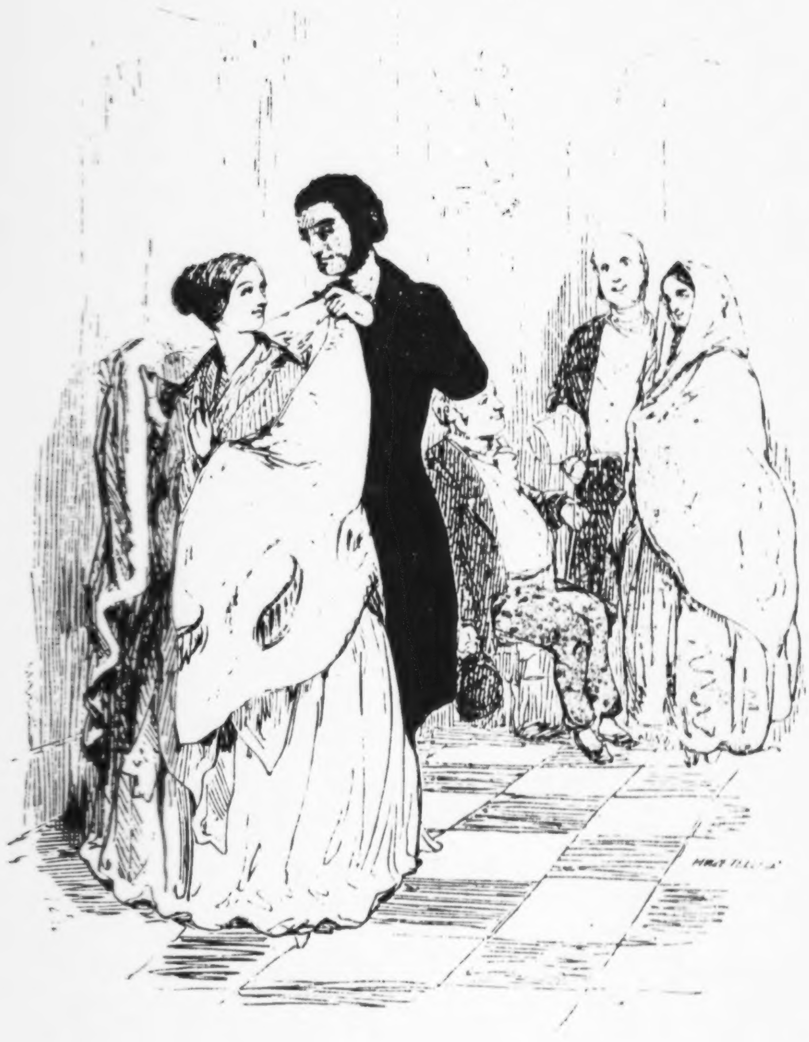
☞ Carpets Beat.—Knives and Boots cleaned per contract.—Errands faithfully performed.—G. G. attends Ball and Dinner parties, and from his knowledge of the most distinguished Families in London, confidently recommends his services to the distinguished neighbourhood of Pocklington Square.

This disguised green-grocer is a very well-known character in the neighbourhood of Pocklington Square. He waits at the parties of the gentry in the neighbourhood, and though, of course, despised in families where a footman is kept, is a person of much importance in female establishments.

Miss Jonas always employs him at her parties, and says to her page, "Vincent, send the butler, or send Desborough to me;" by which name she chooses to designate G. G.

When the Miss Frumps have posthorses to their carriage, and pay visits, Grundsell always goes behind. Those ladies have the greatest confidence in him, have been godmothers to fourteen of his children, and leave their house in his charge when they go to Bognor for the summer. He attended those ladies when they were presented at the last drawing-room of Her Majesty Queen Charlotte.

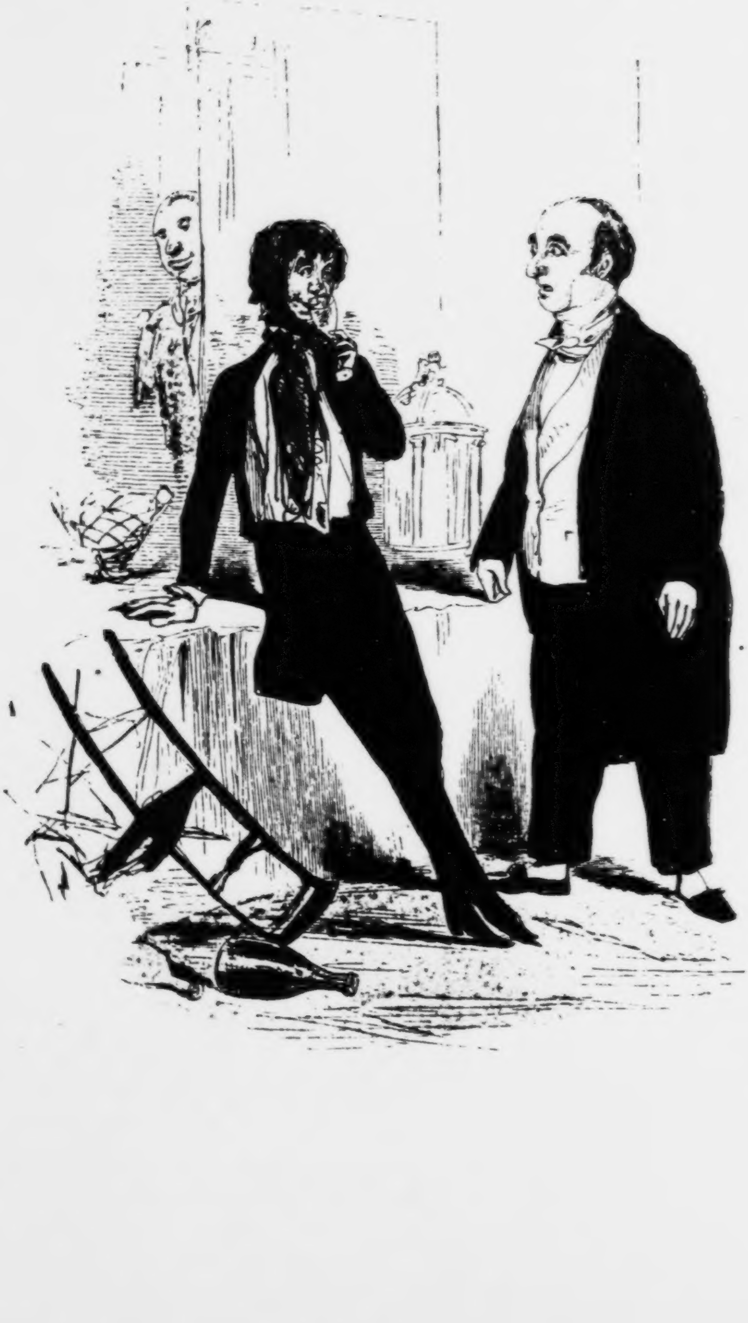
Mr. Grundsell's state costume is a blue coat and copper buttons, a white waistcoat, and an immense frill and shirt-collars. He was for many years a private watchman, and once canvassed for the office of parish clerk of St. Peter's, Pocklington. He can be intrusted with untold spoons; with any thing, in fact, but liquor; and it was he who brought round the cards for MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.



I do not intend to say any more about it. After the people had supped, they went back and danced. Some supped again. I gave Miss Bunion, with my own hands, four bumpers of champagne; and such a quantity of goose liver and truffles, that I don't wonder she took a glass of cherry-brandy afterwards. The grey morning was in Pocklington Square as she drove away in her fly. So did the other people go away. How green and sallow some of the girls looked, and how awfully clear Mrs. Colonel Bludyer's rouge was! Lady Jane Ranville's great coach had roared away down the streets long before. Fred. Minchin pattered off in his clogs: it was I who covered up Miss Meggot, and conducted her, with her two old sisters, to the carriage. Good old souls! They have shown their gratitude by asking me to tea next Tuesday. Methuselah is gone to finish the night at the Club. "Mind to-morrow," Miss Trotter says, kissing her hand out of the carriage. Canaillard departs, asking the way to 'Lesterre-squar.' They all go away--life goes away.

Look at Miss Martin and young Ward! How tenderly the rogue is wrapping her up! how kindly she looks at him! The old folks are whispering behind as they wait for their carriage. What is their talk, think you? and when shall that pair make a match? When you see those pretty little creatures with their smiles and their blushes and their pretty ways, wouldn't you like to be the Grand Bashaw?

"Mind and send me a large piece of cake," I go up and whisper archly to old Mr. Ward: and we look on rather sentimentally at the couple, almost the last in the rooms (there, I declare, go the musicians, and the clock is at five), when Grundsell, with an *air effaré*, rushes up to me, and says, "For Ev'n sake, Sir, go into the supper room: there's that Hirish gent. a pitchin into Mr. P."



It was too true. I had taken him away after supper (he ran after Miss Little's carriage, who was dying in love with him, as he fancied), but the brute had come back again. The doctors of divinity were putting up their condiments: everybody was gone; but the abominable Mulligan sate swinging his legs at the lonely supper-table!

Perkins was opposite gasping at him.

The Mulligan.-- I tell ye, ye are the butler, ye big fat man. Go get me some more champagne: it's good at this house.

Mr. Perkins--(with dignity).-- It *is* good at this house; but--

The Mulligan.-- Bht hwhat? ye goggling, bow-windowed jackass. Go get the wine, and we'll dthrink it together, my old buck.

Mr. Perkins.-- My name, Sir, is PERKINS.

The Mulligan.-- Well, that rhymes with gerkins and Jerkins, my man of firkins; so don't let us have any more shirkings and lurkings, Mr. Perkins.

Mr. Perkins--(with apoplectic energy).-- Sir, I am the master of this house; and I order you to quit it. I'll not be insulted, Sir. I'll send for a policeman, Sir. What do you mean, Mr. Titmarsh, Sir, by bringing this--this beast into my house, Sir?

At this, with a scream like that of a Hyrcanian tiger, Mulligan, of the hundred battles, sprang forward at his prey; but we were beforehand with him. Mr. Gregory, Mr. Grundsell, Sir Giles Bacon's large man, the young gentlemen, and myself, rushed simultaneously upon the tipsy chieftain, and confined him. The doctors of divinity looked on with perfect indifference. That Mr. Perkins did not go off in a fit is a wonder. He was led away heaving and snorting frightfully.

Somebody smashed Mulligan's hat over his eyes, and I led him forth into the silent morning. The chirrup of the birds, the freshness of the rosy air, and a penn'orth of coffee that I got for him at a stall in the Regent Circus, revived him somewhat. When I quitted him, he was not angry, but sad. He was desirous, it is true, of avenging the wrongs of Erin in battle line; he wished also to share the grave of Sarsfield and Hugh O'Neill; but he was sure that Miss Perkins, as well as Miss Little, was desperately in love with him; and I left him on a door-step in tears.

"Is it best to be laughing-mad, or crying-mad, in the world?" says I, moodily, coming into my street. Betsy, the maid, was already up and at work, on her knees, scouring the steps, and cheerfully beginning her honest daily labour.

TEXTUAL INTRODUCTION TO *MRS. PERKINS'S BALL*

Quarantined in Malta after travelling in the East, having completed *Barry Lyndon* just five days before, Thackeray wrote in his diary for November 8, 1844: "On this day did scarcely anything but write & design the characters for M^{rs} Perkins' ball" (*Letters* 2: 156). Earlier entries and published letters make no mention of either *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* or plans for a Christmas book. At the end of 1844 Thackeray was busy with "Travelling Notes by Our Fat Contributor" and "Punch in the East," two series of weekly articles for *Punch*. He was also collecting material for *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*, published in January, 1846. Yet here is "M^{rs} Perkins' ball," clearly a work in progress, with both text and illustrations underway.

Perhaps among the character designs Thackeray mentions were several pen-and-ink drawings now in the Taylor Collection at Princeton University. One drawing in the group, entitled "A Little Gardener," shows a sunbonneted girl watering a bush; it seems incongruous and probably was not intended for *Mrs. Perkins*. Of the four others, two are recognizable antecedents of the published plates and two represent characters Thackeray must have rejected. Of the former two, one captioned "CAPTAIN SMITH'S SURPRISE at seeing M^{r} Brown's intimacy with Miss Jones" bears a resemblance to "The Boudoir. Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown, Miss Bustleton" (80). In the drawing, a bewhiskered Captain Smith observes unseen a mustachioed Mr. Brown talking to an attentive Miss Jones. While Miss Jones is very like Miss Bustleton, the gentlemen are changed and a fourth figure, Mrs. Perkins, appears. Mr.

Smith now stands beside Miss Bustleton looking sullen rather than surprised as Mrs. Perkins introduces her to a less handsome, more dandified Mr. Brown as her partner for the polka. The finished version is not only more polished but more humorous, as Smith goes from the generic jealous lover to the jealous lover with a particular deficiency: "*Poor Smith don't polk*" (80).

The caption for a drawing of a mild-looking young lady listening to a gentleman with an enormous mustache, foreshadows the dialogue of Miss Mullins and Mr. Winter in "Miss Ranville, Rev. Mr. Toop. Miss Mullins, Mr. Winter" (63). The caption in Thackeray's handwriting above the sketch reads:

> Major Cox. It's vewy hawt to night Miss Melton?
> Miss Melton. Oh you sad satirical wicked rogue you!.

Miss Mullins is unremarkable but Major Cox, with his undersized head, oversized nose and colossal mustache is a figure of fun. In the published illustration, Miss Mullins and Mr. Winter fade into the background behind homely Rev. Mr. Toop and aloof Miss Ranville. And, unfortunately, Thackeray discards the original caption; it is a concise parody of the vapid small-talk and formulaic flirtation he mentions briefly at the end of chapter XVIII in The Book of Snobs, "Party-Giving Snobs." The published version does, however, allow the author to expose that respectable snob, Lady Ranville who, much like Lady Susan Scraper, gives "six dinners in the season; starves all year round" (63).

The remaining two drawings are rendered with minimal detail and resemble nothing in the published version. The first, "M^{rs} Crowder entering a room," shows a short, plump woman in the foreground with a doorway full of unhappy male faces, including Titmarsh's, in the background. The second features two gentlemen talking, one short and snub-nosed, the other taller, balding and with a serious expression. Thackeray's caption reads:

> My lord what frightful times in France your lordship!
> The great fault Tomkins has been the abolition of
> death for political offences.

Where Thackeray might have gone with this is unclear. All five drawings bear Thackeray's customary "specs" signature ( ).

Describing his own collection in A Thackeray Library, Henry Van Duzer lists another eight pencil and pen-and-ink drawings for Mrs. Perkins's Ball. He includes few details but itemizes the drawings as: 1. Pictorial Title-page; 2. and 3. The Musicians, views of the central group on the title-page; 4. Lord Methuselah and Miss Trotter; 5. "Miss Mullins, Mr. Winter, Miss [sic] Toop and Miss Ramville [sic]. Variation from the drawing as published"; 6. Mr. Joy and Miss Joy; 7. Tom Tozer, unpublished; and 8. M. Canaillard, unpublished (17). Although Van Duzer does not say so, the drawing of Lord Methuselah and Miss Trotter is probably the one reproduced opposite page 73 in his book. In it, a couple walking arm in arm resemble Lord Methuselah and Miss Trotter dressed for a promenade; Methuselah's eyes are forward but Miss Trotter is looking back over her shoulder at a handsome young man bowing to her. How different from--and more telling than--the published version (69)!

Thackeray's letters and diary entries contain little information about his writing and drawing for Mrs. Perkins's Ball. Gordon Ray finds a single, enigmatic reference to it in Thackeray's letter of June 30, 1845, to William Harrison Ainsworth, who had recently become proprietor of The New Monthly Magazine. Thackeray tells Ainsworth that a story--the beginning of which he had earlier sent to Henry Colburn, the publisher, and had now requested that Colburn return--"will run to 30 possibly to 100 pages: and is too long for you" (Letters 2: 198). Ray reasons that Mrs. Perkins's Ball would have been the only unpublished medium-length story Thackeray had on hand at the time.

Seven months after he first mentions Mrs. Perkins's Ball, then, Thackeray does not seem to have gone beyond "the beginning." Certainly he had more than enough magazine work to keep him from it. He was also busy wrapping up Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, so busy that in a letter to his publisher, Edward Chapman, dated December, 1845, Thackeray puts off a proposed visit from "the gentleman who came from you respecting the Perkins woodblocks" who was ready to "begin his labours." The author-illustrator, however, was not ready: "I have not had time yet" (most likely to draw on the blocks before they were engraved), and he requested that Chapman "beg him to put off our meeting for a few days until I can be ready for him" (Letters 2: 219). Those few days seem to have stretched into weeks, then months. Perhaps having missed the holiday season of 1845 Thackeray put Mrs. Perkins aside for the following Christmas.

In any case, not until September, 1846, was Mrs. Perkins on its way to publication. Writing to the printer, Henry Vizetelly, on September 13, Thackeray diplomatically but firmly requests that Vizetelly's engraver, Mr. Thwaits, not alter the author's drawings.

> I return the drawings after making a few alterations in them. Present Mr. Titmarsh's compliments to your talented young man, and say M. A. T. would take it as a favour if he would kindly confine his improvements to the Mulligan's and Mrs. Perkins's other guests' extremities. In your young gentleman's otherwise praiseworthy corrections of my vile drawing, a certain *je ne sais quoi*, which I flatter myself exists in the original sketches, seems to have given him the slip, and I have tried in vain to recapture it. Somehow I prefer my own Nuremburg dolls to Mr. Thwaits's super-fine wax models (Letters 2: 249).

That "certain *je ne sais quoi*" may have continued to elude young Thwaits: seven of the twenty-two published illustrations bear Vizetelly's signature, indicating he either did or re-did them. The rest are unsigned, although four are marked with Thackeray's signature spectacles. The "Nuremberg dolls" and "super-fine wax models" suggest Thackeray's originals may have been less realistic or more clumsy but, for all that, more comical.

In The Illustrations of William Makepeace Thackeray, John Buchanan-Brown offers Vizetelly's recollections of working with the author:

> I had become rather intimate with him, and while the drawings for 'Perkins's Ball' and others of his Christmas books printed by me, were in progress, I saw a good deal of him, for he was almost as fastidious, as I afterwards found Mr. Ruskin to be, in regard to the manner in which his sketches were transferred to the wood (18-19).

Small wonder, for these illustrations were meant to be "read" along with the text, examined by the reader with an eye to each detail. In "Miss Bunion" (54), for example, the poetess's conventionally feminine pose (with one foot peeking from beneath her gown) suits the author of "Heartstrings" and "Passion Flowers"; but the square jaw and large gloved hand are those of a woman who "eats a hot mutton chop for breakfast every morning" (55). The pose and the poems which breathe "an agony of spirit" are artificial; reality is the robust figure of one who "loves waltzing beyond even poesy; and I think lobster-salad as much as either" (55). Only through the interplay of illustration and text can the reader fully grasp the sketch's ironic humor. (An astute reader might notice Miss Bunion's foot thrust out in the corner of the previous plate (51), explaining the look of dismay worn by Mr. Larkins.)

Published in December, 1846--although dated 1847 on the cover--Mrs. Perkins's Ball was "a great success at once," according to Thackeray's daughter, Anne Ritchie. In her introduction to the Christmas Books for the Biographical Edition of The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray, she describes the advertisements preceding it.

> The Christmas Books used to be announced by little fly-leaves, with pictures on them, which appeared in graver periodicals. "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" was advertised as "containing twenty-three gorgeous plates of beauty, rank, and fashion, seventy or eighty select portraits of the friends of Mrs. Perkins. To illustrate the truly festive volume, for the express use of the aristocracy there will be an illuminated edition, in which the plates will be coloured" (6: xlviii).

For all this readers were to pay seven shillings and sixpence for a "plain" copy with uncolored plates or ten shillings and sixpence "coloured." And they did, with Thackeray reporting in a triumphant letter to his mother on December 23 that "we are selling out our edition very fast near 1500 are gone out of 2000 already" (Letters 2: 258). The small size of the initial pressrun and the book's popularity probably explains why Mrs. Perkins went to multiple printings by the time Our Street was published the following Christmas season.

The book's success must have owed much to favorable reviews. In Thackeray's Critics, Dudley Flamm lists eight reviews, all but one laudatory. A letter from Edward FitzGerald dated January, 1847, mentions another, in The Spectator, also extolling the book (Letters 2: 266); and an advertisement for Mrs. Perkins's Ball (third edition) in the back of a first edition copy of Our Street features a blurb from Atlas declaring: "If Mr. Titmarsh had never done anything more than this, he would be well entitled to his reputation" ([55]). The Morning Chronicle (December 29) reviewer found it "the very embodiment of keen, shrewd common sense" written with "perfect simplicity of style and manner"; John Forster, writing for the Examiner (December 19) called the author a "true humorist and nice observer of character" (quoted by Flamm, 51). But where a reviewer for Tait's Edinburgh Magazine saw "broad and genuine humour and pointed sarcasm," the Dublin University Magazine critic found "stupid Cockney venom" in a book "filled with a stupid repetition of frivolous and unmeaning details" (Flamm, 51).

What could have aroused such ire? I suspect the Mulligan, that wild "Oirish" rogue whose drunken antics and boorish behavior nearly ruin Mrs. Perkins's evening at home. An arrogant freeloader with pretensions to grandeur, the Mulligan is both comical and absolutely unlikable. After The Irish Sketchbook (1843), Thackeray knew that Titmarsh "has offended people of every party in Ireland, and would be massacred were he to return thither" (Letters 2: 165). Irish readers appear to have been none too pleased with Mrs. Perkins either, especially the five who each fancied himself the model for the Mulligan, including an acquaintance who "swears that he is the particular Mulligan and that he will kill & eat me whenever we meet" (Letters 2: 308).

English readers clearly found the Mulligan unobjectionable, and the author rejoiced that his first Christmas book was "a great success--the greatest I have had--very nearly as great as Dickens.[sic] that is Perkins *500* Dickens *25000* only that difference!" (Letters 2: 258). Interestingly, Thackeray's sales figures for Dickens's Christmas book of that year are right on the mark. According to Robert Patten, "[The] Battle of Life, despite some hostile reviews . . .'shot far ahead of its predecessors': 24,448 copies to the public at 3s. 6 d. less discounts--23,000 of them on the first day" (187). The difference in sales is not that surprising; Dickens's Christmas books had not only become an established holiday tradition but also could be had for less than half the price of Thackeray's first offering. But the sales figures for Mrs. Perkins's Ball, if not impressive when compared to Dickens's, were significant for another reason. As Anne Ritchie recalled:

> The sale of "Vanity Fair" was so small that it was a question at that time whether its publication should not be discontinued altogether. I have always been told that it was "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" which played the part of pilot or steam-tug to that great line-of-battle ship "Vanity Fair," and brought it safely off the shoals ("Introduction to Vanity Fair" 1: xxviii).

In "A Census of Imprints to 1865," Peter Shillingsburg lists as lifetime editions the first edition and an 1847 "reprint" of Mrs. Perkins's Ball (Pegasus, 257). In A Thackeray Library, Henry Van Duzer adds to this:

> Three editions of this book were published in pink boards, 1847, but the first can be distinguished from the fact that it is the

> only one which contains no letterpress under the plate facing the title and has no list of illustrations and no advertisement, page 47. The second edition has colored plates, no lettering, but advertisements on page 47, and list of illustrations. The third edition is uncolored and has letterpress under first plate and list of illustrations and advertisement on p. 47 (74).

For collation, I used three different versions dated 1847 and a fourth in the Christmas Books edition of 1857. However, my three 1847 versions did not match Van Duzer's descriptions of the three editions. The first edition, first impression, copy from the Houghton Library at Harvard University did match Van Duzer's "first edition." But the 1847 "second edition" (clearly printed on the title-page beneath the invitation) from the Fales Library at New York University had uncolored plates as well as lettering under the frontispiece: it matched Van Duzer's description of his third edition. Van Duzer did not own a copy of what he calls the second edition and the source for his information is not given. Despite attempts to locate such a second edition at the libraries I visited, each of which owned several 1847 copies of Mrs. Perkins's Ball, I never found a copy without letterpress under the frontispiece that had the list of illustrations and advertisements.

A search for a true "third edition," advertised in a first edition copy of Our Street as well as described by Van Duzer, proved equally fruitless. An unidentified 1847 edition from the collection of Juliet McMaster seemed to be none of the above: it had colored plates, letterpress under the frontispiece, the list of illustrations, and the advertisement on p. 47. I collated and compared it with the other texts and determined that this version was printed after the first edition, first impression, and before the Fales "second edition." (It is referred to here as the first edition, later impression.) The accumulated evidence suggests Van Duzer's bibliography contains some inaccuracies. In preparing this edition, I used a first edition, first impression, copy (1847a); a first edition, later impression, copy (1847b); a second edition copy (1847c); and an 1857 Christmas Books edition copy.

The original first and second edition covers are pink glazed-paper boards. The front cover, along with the engraved title in decorative lettering, features an invitation in copperplate script to Mr. M. A. Titmarsh for "Mrs. Perkins/At home [in heavier Gothic type]/Friday Evening 19 Dec./Pocklington Square." A short, squat, jolly-looking man stands at either bottom corner with an arm raised as if pointing to the invitation; the man on the left is also carrying a lantern. With only his upper half visible, a third man hangs onto the top of the invitation by both arms. Dancing feet are discernible in the background beneath the invitation. Below this in smaller plain type is "LONDON:/CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186 STRAND./ MDCCCXLVII/Price 7s. 6d. Plain; or, 10s. 6d. Coloured." The front cover also has a decorative border beneath which is a single line of very small type: "Vizetelly Brothers and Co. Printers and Engravers, Fleet Street."

The first edition has gilt-edged pages; the type is heavily-leaded and the margins wide. In addition to the cover there are twenty-two plates, including one double-page plate (folded) of the Mulligan and Miss Little in the "Grand Polka." The "twenty-three gorgeous plates" mentioned in the advertisement must either be a miscount or include the cover illustration. Before the text of 1847a is a half title, the frontispiece of Mr. Frederick Minchin without a caption, and the title-page. After 46 pages of text is a blank leaf [47] with Vizetelly Brothers' imprint on the verso. The advertisements on page [47] in the 1847b and 1847c copies are for second editions of Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo and The Irish Sketchbook.

A comparison of the type in 1847a and 1847b suggests both were printed from the same type, the latter with minor changes. The "second edition" (1847c) has line and page breaks identical to those in the first edition: it, too, may have been set from that type (with changes), making it a first edition, second issue, rather than a true second edition. I also think it possible 1847a and 1847b were printed from stereotyped plates. In Peter Shillingsburg's explanation of the difference between books printed from standing type and those printed from stereotype (type-metal plates cast from plaster-of-Paris molds of pages of type), he notes that type could shift easily in press forms so that pages printed from the same type might have letters raised in some copies and lowered in others. Stereotyping, on the other hand, "freezes such movement . . . . [so that] damage, corrections, and type shifting . . . carry over into the plates" (Pegasus 151).

I found innumerable identical "frozen" shifts and damaged letters when comparing 1847a and 1847b. On a single page, for example, both have the descending "n" in "Do n't" (38.5), the ascending "ha" in "hwhawt" and "hwhat's" (38.7), the broken "I" and faint apostrophe in "I'll" (38.5). Checking pages at random throughout the texts produces many such examples. Shillingsburg points out that, in addition to freeing up type that would otherwise be kept standing (in case reprints were needed), stereotyping allowed a publisher to be conservative: "the first pressrun of a work for which stereotypes have been cast can be much smaller, for additional printings can be produced at no extra cost in case of a sales hit" (151).

The Christmas Books edition, advertised as a "New Edition in One Volume" of Thackeray's first three Christmas books, was published by Chapman and Hall in 1857 and made to look, as Peter Shillingsburg notes, like the original three books bound together (Pegasus, 118). It was not, however, for the type was re-set; page and line breaks differ on every page of Mrs. Perkins's Ball from those in the earlier editions. These changes necessitated some shifting of the illustrations as well. In the early editions, plates were always on the left-hand page facing the accompanying text; in the 1857 edition plates are on either the right or the left side. The "Grand Polka" plate is used for the frontispiece of the edition and is not in the text, but "Mr. Minchin," with caption, moves back into the text at the appropriate spot. All the illustrations have captions below in upper case, generally repeating the title of the chapter they accompany.

A close examination reveals the 1857 edition plates were probably printed from re-cut blocks or plates (onto which the first edition illustrations may have been traced). Although remarkably similar, the 1857 plates feature three obvious changes. First, Henry Vizetelly's signature disappears from the seven plates on which it originally appeared. Second, two figures in the "Grand Polka" plate are noticeably altered: in the 1857 plate, some intangible alteration of Miss Little's countenance makes her look happy rather than terrified, and the features of the woman dancing on the far right have been condensed so that they look smaller and closer together. Third, all the illustrations have titles, most of which duplicate the chapter headings for the accompanying text.

The manuscript and any page-proofs that may have existed for Mrs. Perkins have disappeared. I chose the first edition, first imprint, (1847a) as copy-text for this edition, considering it, of the texts available, the closest to what Thackeray wrote at the time of first publication. Possible later revisions by the author are detailed in "Substantive Variants." A list of emendations and notes on adopted readings, explaining changes made to the reading text, round out the textual apparatus. The illustrations are reproduced from the first edition. To accommodate the present format, I have reprinted "The Grand Polka" (81) sideways to fit on a single page; in the first and second editions, this was a double-width fold-out plate.

LIST OF EMENDATIONS FOR MRS. PERKINS'S BALL

In the entries below, the page and line numbers given are those of this edition. In each entry, the first reading is that of the emended text (this edition) with the symbols of other versions also having this reading beside it in parentheses. The second reading is the copy-text (first edition) reading with the symbols for any versions sharing this reading. A third reading, if given, is another variant with the symbols for the edition or editions in which it appears.

A List of Symbols Used

B = Mrs. Perkins's Ball, London: Chapman and Hall, undated on title-page. (Apparently an 1847 issue after the first edition, first issue, and before the second edition.)
C = Mrs. Perkins's Ball, Second Edition. London: Chapman and Hall, 1847.
CHR = Mrs. Perkins's Ball, in Christmas Books. London: Chapman and Hall, 1857.
* = further explanation or discussion in the "Notes on Adopted Readings."
@ = beginning of second reading when first reading is longer than one line.

* 32 "What name shall I enounce?" "Don't hurry the gentleman--don't you see he ain't buttoned his strap yet?" "Say, Mr. FREDERICK MINCHIN." (This is spoken with much dignity.) (B,C,CHR)
@ [uncaptioned]

37.26 Hogwash (B,C,CHR)
Hogwrsh

*39.10 back dining-room
BACK DINING-ROOM (CHR)
Back Dining-room (B,C)

*39.21 back drawing-room
BACK DRAWING ROOM (CHR)
Back Drawing-room (B,C)

40.3 cornet-à-piston,
cornet-à-piston;

*40.5	boudoir (CHR)
	Boudoir (B,C)
*40.6	drawing-room (CHR)
	Drawing-room (B,C)
42.10	friend,
	friend
42.21	says I, (B,C,CHR)
	says, I,
42.21	stairs,
	stairs
*44.2	Ma
	Me (B,C,CHR)
44.7	Square (B,C)
	square (CHR)
*44.21	black (B,C)
	back (CHR)
*47.3	Clapperton
	Clapperton, (B,C,CHR)
47.4	Miss Bacons
	Miss Bacon's (B,CHR)
	miss Bacon's (C)
*55.7	kindness),
	kindness) (B,C,CHR)
*57.8	poems (CHR)
	Poems (B,C)
*57.8	poems in
	Poems, in (B,C)
	poems, in (CHR)
61.2	It is (B,C, CHR)
	Itis
65.7	too. (B,C,CHR)
	too,
*72.2	Captain
	Lieutenant (B,C,CHR)
73.1	*Je ne scais quoi* (B,C)
	Je ne scais quoi (CHR)
73.6	White's (CHR)
	Whites (B,C)
73.15	re-putable (B,C,CHR)
	re_putable

NOTES ON ADOPTED READINGS IN MRS. PERKINS'S BALL

These notes explain why certain variant readings were adopted for this edition and refer to entries marked with an asterisk (*) in the "List of Emendations." Simple changes to accidentals are deemed self-explanatory. Page and line numbers are those of this edition.

32 (frontispiece): Emendation to add the caption for the frontispiece, indicating the subject of the plate is Mr. Minchin. This caption appears in all versions after the first edition, first issue.

39.10 and 39.21: Emendation of the capitalization of room names to regularize. The first room mentioned in the chapter, the dining-room (39.5), is in lower case, as is "boudoir" at 40.5, "drawing room" at 40.6, and "conservatory" at 40.8. The note in Annotations suggests that BACK DRAWING-ROOM is capitalized because "the following paragraphs are a verbal description of the title-page of the book" (514); however, this fails to account for the capitalized BACK DINING-ROOM, which is not depicted.

44.2: Ma [Emendation. Master Bacon is already present; his comment refers to the arrival of his mother and sisters.]

44.21: black [Emendation. Although Minchin could post a note concerning his whereabouts on his back door it seems unlikely anyone but tradesmen would have seen it.]

47.3: Clapperton [Emendation to remove a comma between the subject and verb of the sentence.]

55.7: kindness), [Emendation. The 1857 edition inserts a comma after "Gozo" and leaves the parenthetical comment hanging.]

57.8: poems [Emendation. In the 1857 edition, "poems" is not capitalized, making it clear that this is not a title; for the same reason, the comma following should be omitted.]

72.2: Captain Grig [Emendation of a scribal error. This "goodnatured, irreproachable, gallant, and stupid young officer" is a Captain at 63.7, 82.7 and 82.19.]

VARIANTS IN SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS OF MRS. PERKINS'S BALL

Substantive variants between the first edition, first issue, (1847a) text of Mrs. Perkins's Ball and the texts of subsequent versions are few in number and represent minor adjustments rather than major revisions. Almost all deletions, additions and changes involve single words. In the Christmas Books edition of 1857, for example, the Mulligan becomes "that Hirish gent" rather than "the Hirish gent" (34.16) and three gentlemen stand "in" rather than "at" the door of the ballroom (47.12). Such emendations may be of authorial origin for, as Peter Shillingsburg notes in the "General Textual Principles," publishers were generally reluctant to tamper with substantives, which include words and word order (408). But most of these substantive revisions do virtually nothing to alter the tone or meaning of the text, and I think it at least possible that some are not Thackeray's. Of the fifty-two substantive variants listed below, I have designated eleven as probably authorial: this does not mean the others are not, simply that these are the most likely candidates.

Three notable variants are the chapter headings, "The Supper," "After Supper" and "The Mulligan and Mr. Perkins," added in the 1857 edition to pages 85, 88 and 91 in this edition. The compositor or compositors setting type for the first edition, first issue, apparently expected headings to be supplied and left a space equal to two or three blank lines at the top of each page, space that remained unfilled in the first edition, later issue, (1847b) and second edition texts (1847c). This was not an unreasonable expectation: after the first two chapters, all pages opposite plates begin new chapters and have headings. Perhaps titles were originally supplied by Thackeray and, for some unknown reason, omitted. Interestingly, "The Supper" and "After Supper" are the only titles which do not merely duplicate the captions of the accompanying plates. I believe the plate titles were supplied for this edition by an editor or compositor and were only added because the plates for the other two stories in the volume were captioned.

This variants table includes all substantive variants and any significant variations in the accidentals (spelling, capitalization, accent marks, paragraphing and punctuation) that might influence a reading of the text. I have not included inconsequential accidental variants which have no impact on the text's tone or meaning. However, I did use the total list of variants to help determine textual transmission from version to version. There are only two substantive variants between the first edition, first issue, and the first edition, later issue, texts (at 44.21 and 47.12) but there are 46 accidental variants. The second edition text contains all 46 accidental variants and both substantive variants found in the first edition, later issue, text as well as an additional 11 substantive and 17 accidental variants not found there. The 1857 Christmas Books edition text contains another 16 substantive variants, none of them found in the other texts, and 60 accidental variants, of which only ten duplicate ones in the other texts (and four of these are corrections of obvious typographical errors). These patterns support my contentions that the first edition, later issue, was a reprint of the first edition, first issue, with minor changes; that the second edition was a reprint of the first edition, later issue, with some revisions; and that the first edition, first issue, served as copy-text for the 1857 edition.

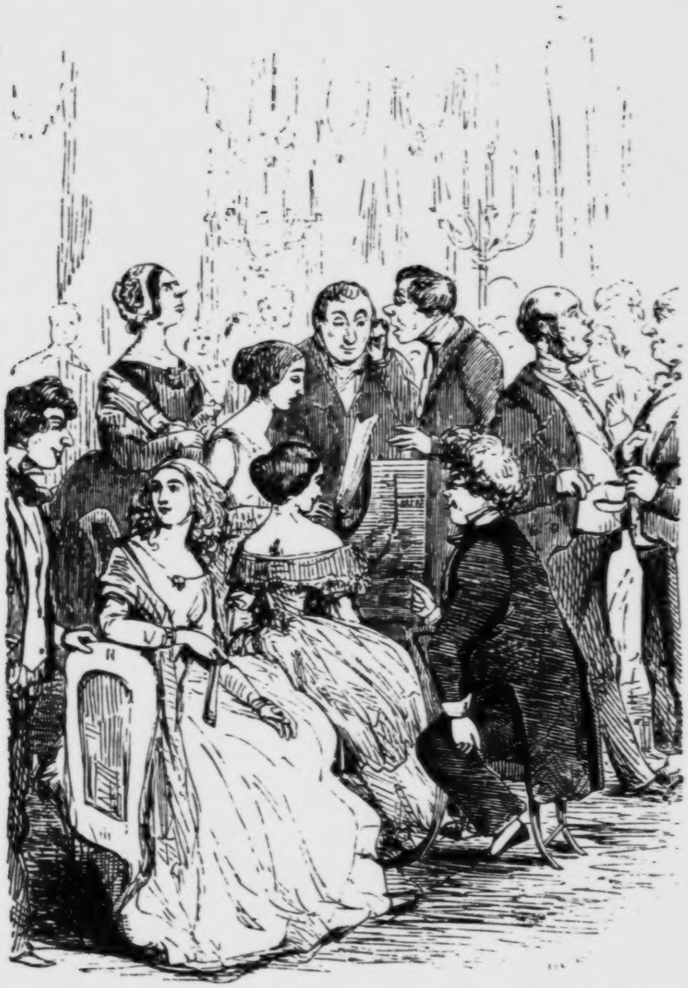
In the variants table that follows, page and line numbers are those of this edition. For each entry, the first reading is from the first edition and the one below it from a subsequent version/versions, indicated by the symbols in parentheses. Any substantive variants included in the "List of Emendations" are not repeated here.

A List of Symbols Used

A = revisions thought to be authorial.
B = Mrs. Perkins's Ball. London, Chapman and Hall, undated on title-page, thought to be an 1847 issue after the first edition, first issue, and preceding the second edition.
C = Mrs. Perkins's Ball, Second Edition. London: Chapman and Hall, 1847.
CHR = Mrs. Perkins's Ball, in Christmas Books. Mrs. Perkins's Ball. Our Street. Doctor Birch and his Young Friends. London: Chapman and Hall, 1857.

34.16	the Hirish gent
A	that Hirish gent (CHR)
35.5	home at night
	home for the night (C)
36	[uncaptioned]
	THE MULLIGAN AND MR. M. A. TITMARSH. (CHR)
37.3	I had received
	I received (C)
37.11	If you know
A	If you should know (CHR)
38.3	I was committing
A	I had committed (C)
38.5	me boy
	my boy (CHR)
41	[uncaptioned]
	THE MULLIGAN AND MISS FANNY PERKINS. (CHR)
43.6	enchanthress
	enchantress (CHR)
43.8	harmonious,
	hermonious (C)
44.7	in their fly:
	in the fly; (CHR)
46	[uncaptioned]
	THE BALL-ROOM DOOR. (CHR)
47.2	hundred of knocks
	hundred knocks (CHR)
47.12	at the door
	in the door (B,C)
50	[uncaptioned]
	LADY BACON, THE MISS BACONS, AND MR. FLAM. (CHR)
50.14	*Exit Flam.*
	Exeunt Flam. (C)
51	[uncaptioned]
	MR. LARKINS. (CHR)

52.16 *him*
him (B,C)
53.7 dispositions
disposition (B,C)
54 [uncaptioned]
MISS BUNION. (CHR)
56 [uncaptioned]
MR. HICKS. (CHR)
57.6 by a few
by just a few (CHR)
57.16 reviews
Reviews (B,C)
57.19 know that poor Jingle
know poor Jingle (C)
58.3 had the advantage of a
A had a (CHR)
59 [uncaptioned]
MISS MEGGOT. (CHR)
60.8 the story how
the story of how (CHR)
62 [uncaptioned]
MR. RANVILLE, REV. MR. TOOP, MISS MULLINS, AND MR. WINTER. (CHR)
64 [uncaptioned]
MISS JOY, MR. AND MRS. JOY, MR. BOTTER. (CHR)
65.3 in a house
in the house (CHR)
66 [uncaptioned]
MR. RANVILLE RANVILLE AND JACK HUBBARD.(CHR)
69 [uncaptioned]
MRS. TROTTER, MISS TROTTER, MISS TOADY, LORD METHUSELAH (CHR)
70.5 simple and affectionate
simple affectionate (C)
71 [uncaptioned]
MR. BEAUMORIS, MR. GRIG, MR. FLYNDERS (CHR)
73.6 those magnificent
A these magnificent (CHR)
74 [uncaptioned]
CAVALIER SEUL.
77 [uncaptioned]
M. CANAILLARD, LIEUTENANT BARON DE BOBWITZ. (CHR)
79 [uncaptioned]
THE BOUDOIR--MR. SMITH, MR. BROWN, MISS BUSTLETON. (CHR)
83.8 off into the lower
off to the lower (C)
84 [uncaptioned]
GEORGE GRUNDSELL.(CH)
85.1 [untitled]
A THE SUPPER. (CHR)
85.8 my supper
A any supper (CHR)
85.9 ask for
A ask them for (CHR)
85.10 What a contempt
What contempt (C)
87 [uncaptioned]
MISS MARTIN AND YOUNG WARD. (CHR)
88.1 [untitled]
A AFTER SUPPER. (CHR)
88.3 champagne; and
champagne: (CHR)
90 [uncaptioned]
THE MULLIGAN AND MR. PERKINS (CHR)
91.1 [untitled]
A THE MULLIGAN AND MR. PERKINS (CHR)
91.10 Bht
But (C)
91.14 and lurkings
A or lurkings (CHR)
92.7 Somebody smashed
Someone smashed (C)



THE SIREN OF OUR STREET.

"OUR STREET."

BY

MR. M. A. TITMARSH.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186 STRAND.
MDCCCXLVIII.

OUR STREET.

Our Street, from the little nook which I occupy in it, and whence I and a fellow-lodger and friend of mine cynically observe it, presents a strange motley scene. We are in a state of transition. We are not as yet in the town, and we have left the country where we were when I came to lodge with Mrs. Cammysole, my excellent landlady. I then took second-floor apartments at No. 17 Waddilove Street, and since, although I have never moved (having various little comforts about me), I find myself living at No. 46 A Pocklington Gardens.

Why is this? Why am I to pay eighteen shillings instead of fifteen? I was quite as happy in Waddilove Street; but the fact is, a great portion of that venerable old district has passed away, and we are being absorbed into the splendid new white-stuccoed

Doric-porticoed genteel Pocklington quarter. Sir Thomas Gibbs Pocklington, M.P. for the borough of Lathanplaster, is the founder of the district and his own fortune. The Pocklington Estate Office is in the Square, on a line with Waddil-- with Pocklington Gardens, I mean. The old inn, the Ram and Magpie, where the market-gardeners used to bait, came out this year with a new white face and title, the shield, &c. of the Pocklington Arms. Such a shield it is! Such quarterings! Howard, Cavendish, De Ros, De la Zouche, all mingled together.

Even our house, 46 A, which Mrs. Cammysole has had painted white in compliment to the Gardens of which it now forms part, is a sort of impostor, and has no business to be called Gardens at all. Mr. Gibbs, Sir Thomas's agent and nephew, is furious at our daring to take the title which belongs to our betters. The very next door (No. 46, the Honourable Mrs. Mountnoddy) is a house of five stories, shooting up proudly into the air, thirty feet above our old high-roofed low-roomed old tenement. It belongs to Captain Bragg, not only the landlord but the son-in-law of Mrs. Cammysole, who lives a couple of hundred yards down the street, at "The Bungalow." He was the Commander of the Ram Chunder East Indiaman, and has quarrelled with the Pocklingtons ever since he bought houses in the parish.

He it is who will not sell or alter his houses to suit the spirit of the times. He it is who, though he made the widow Cammysole change the name of her street, will not pull down the house next door, nor the baker's next, nor the iron-bedstead and feather warehouse ensuing, nor the little barber's with the pole, nor, I am ashamed to say, the tripe shop, still standing. The barber powders the heads of the great footmen from Pocklington Gardens; they are so big that they can scarcely sit in his little premises. And the old tavern, The East Indiaman, is kept by Bragg's ship steward, and protests against the Pocklington Arms.

Down the road is Pocklington Chapel, Rev. Oldham Slocum--in brick, with arched windows and a wooden belfry; sober, dingy, and hideous. In the centre of Pocklington Gardens rises St. Waltheof's, the Rev. Cyril Thuryfer and assistants--a splendid Anglo-Norman edifice, vast, rich, elaborate, bran new, and intensely old. Down Avemary Lane you may hear the clink of the little Romish Chapel bell. And hard by is a large broad-shouldered Ebenezer (Rev. Jonas Gronow), out of the windows of which the hymns come booming all Sunday long.

Going westward along the line we come presently to Comandine House (on a part of the gardens on which Comandine Gardens is about to be erected by his lordship); farther on, "The Pineries," Mr. and Lady Mary Mango; and so we get into the country, and out of Our Street altogether, as I may say. But in the half mile, over which it may be said to extend, we find all sorts and conditions of people--from the Right Honourable Lord Comandine down to the present topographer; who, being of no rank, as it were, has the fortune to be treated on almost friendly footing by all, from his lordship down to the tradesmen.

OUR HOUSE IN OUR STREET.

We must begin our little descriptions where, they say, Charity should begin--at home. Mrs. Cammysole, my landlady, will be rather surprised when she reads this, and finds that a good-natured tenant, who has never complained of her impositions for fifteen years, understands every one of her tricks, and treats them, not with anger, but with scorn--with silent scorn.

On the 18th of December, 1837, for instance, coming gently down stairs, and before my usual wont, I saw you seated in my arm-chair, peeping into a letter that came from my aunt in the country, just as if it had been addressed to you, and not to "M. A. Titmarsh, Esq." Did I make any disturbance? far from it; I slunk back to my bed-room (being enabled to walk silently in the beautiful pair of worsted slippers Miss Penelope J----s worked for me; they are worn out now, dear Penelope!), and then, rattling open the door with a great noise, descended the stairs, singing *"Son vergin vezzosa"* at the top of my voice. You were not in my sitting-room, Mrs. Cammysole, when I entered that apartment.

You have been reading all my letters, papers, manuscripts, *brouillons* of verses, inchoate articles for the *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle*, invitations to dinner and tea--all my family letters; all Eliza Townley's letters, from the first, in which she declared that to be the bride of her beloved Michelagnolo was the fondest wish of her maiden heart, to the last, in which she announced that her Thomas was the best of husbands, and signed herself "Eliza Slogger;" all Mary Farmer's letters; all Emily Delamere's; all that poor foolish old Miss MacWhirter's, whom I would as soon marry as ----; in a word, I know that you, you hawk-beaked, keen-eyed, sleepless, indefatigable, old Mrs. Cammysole, have read all my papers for these ten years.

I know that you cast your curious old eyes over all the manuscripts which you find in my coat pockets and those of my pantaloons, as they hang in a drapery over the door-handle of my bed-room.

I know that you count the money in my green and gold purse, which Lucy Netterville gave me, and speculate on the manner in which I have laid out the difference between to-day and yesterday.

I know that you have an understanding with the laundress (to whom you say that you are all-powerful with me), threatening to take away my practice from her, unless she gets up gratis some of your fine linen.

I know that we both have a pennyworth of cream for breakfast, which is brought in in the same little can; and I know who has the most for her share.

I know how many lumps of sugar you take from each pound as it arrives. I have counted the lumps, you old thief, and for years have never said a word, except to Miss Clapperclaw, the first-floor lodger. Once I put a bottle of pale brandy into that cupboard, of which you and I only have keys, and the liquor wasted and wasted away, until it was all gone. You drank the whole of it, you wicked old woman. You a lady, indeed!

I know your rage when they did me the honour to elect me a member of the Poluphloisboiothalasses Club, and I ceased consequently to dine at home. When I *did* dine at home, on a beefsteak, let us say, I should like to know what you had for supper? You first amputated portions of the meat when raw; you abstracted more when cooked. Do you think *I* was taken in by your flimsy pretences? I wonder how you could dare to do such things before your maids (you, a clergyman's daughter and widow, indeed!), whom you yourself were always charging with roguery.

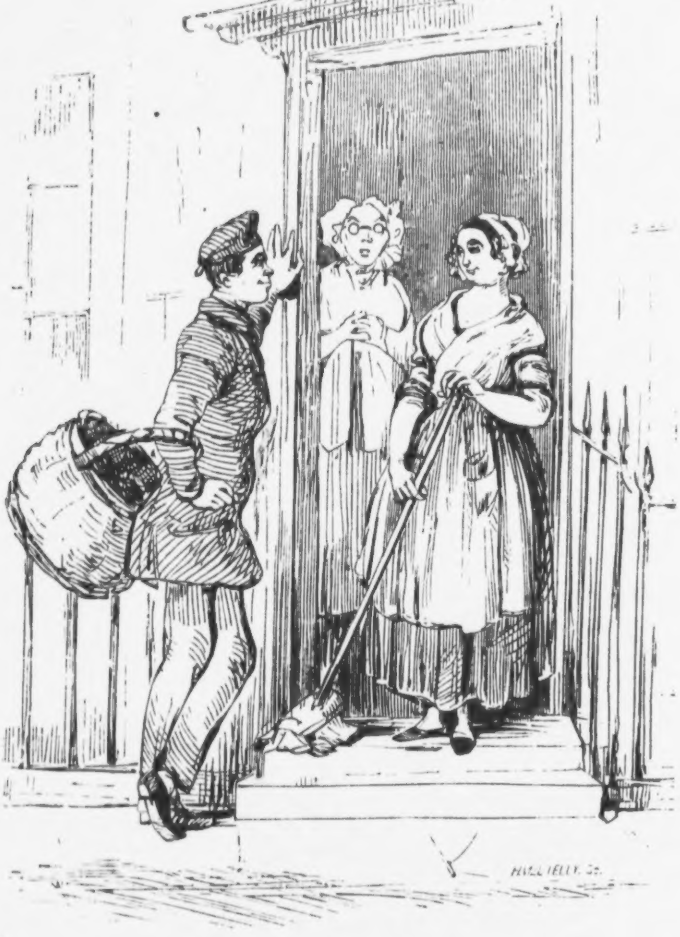
Yes, the insolence of the old woman is unbearable, and I must break out at last. If she goes off in a fit at reading this, I am sure I shan't mind. She has two unhappy wenches, against whom her old tongue is clacking from morning till night;

she pounces on them at all hours. It was but this morning at eight, when poor Molly was brooming the steps, and the baker paying her by no means unmerited compliments, that my landlady came whirling out of the ground-floor front, and sent the poor girl whimpering into the kitchen.

Were it but for her conduct to her maids I was determined publicly to denounce her. These poor wretches she causes to lead the lives of demons; and not content with bullying them all day, she sleeps at night in the same room with them, so that she may have them up before daybreak, and scold them while they are dressing.

Certain it is, that between her and Miss Clapperclaw, on the first floor, the poor wenches lead a dismal life. My dear Miss Clapperclaw, I hope you will excuse me for having placed you in the title-page of my little book, looking out of your accustomed window, and having your eye-glasses ready to spy the whole street, which you know better than any inhabitant of it.

It is to you that I owe most of my knowledge of our neighbours; from you it is that most of the facts and observations contained in these brief pages are taken. Many a night, over our tea, have we talked amiably about our neighbours and their little failings; and as I know that you speak of mine pretty freely, why let me say, my dear Bessy, that if we have not built up Our Street between us, at least we have pulled it to pieces.



A STREET COURTSHIP.

Baker. How them curl papers do become you, Miss Molly.
Miss Molly. Git 'long now, Baker, do.

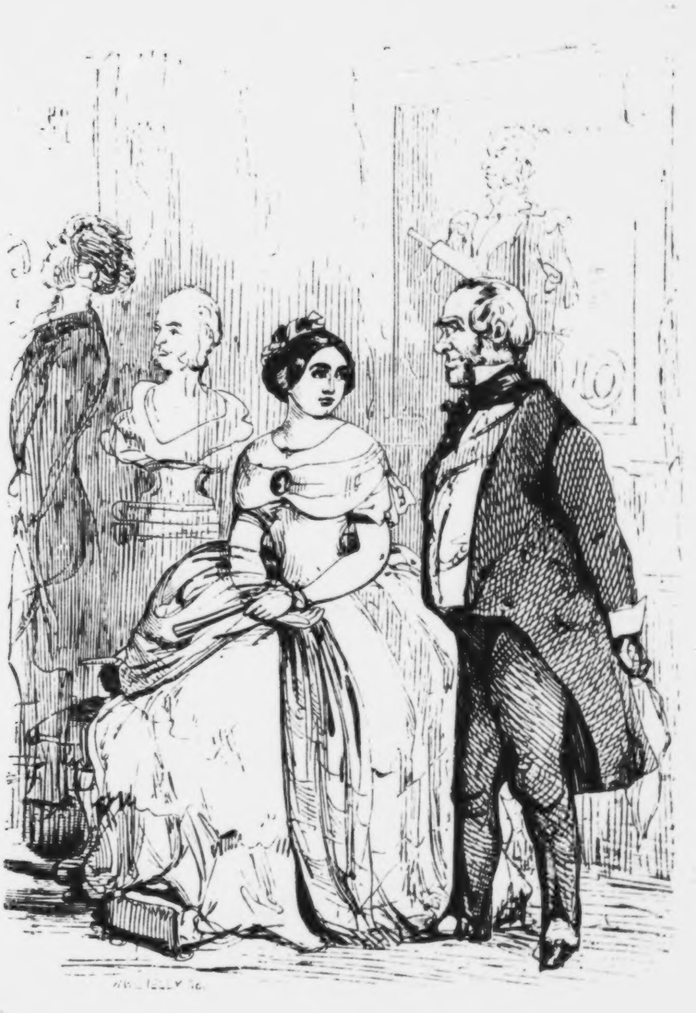
THE BUNGALOW--CAPTAIN AND MRS. BRAGG.

Long, long ago, when Our Street was the country--a stage-coach between us and London passing four times a-day--I do not care to own that it was a sight of Flora Cammysole's face, under the card of her mamma's "Lodgings to Let," which first caused me to become a tenant of Our Street. A fine good-humoured lass she was then; and I gave her lessons (part out of the rent) in French and flower-painting. She has made a fine rich marriage since, although her eyes have often seemed to me to say, "Ah, Mr. T., why didn't you, when there was yet time, and we both of us were free, propose--you know what?" "Psha! Where was the money, my dear madam?"

Captain Bragg, then occupied in building Bungalow Lodge--Bragg, I say, living on the first floor, and entertaining sea-captains, merchants, and East Indian friends with his grand ship's plate, being disappointed in a project of marrying a director's daughter, who was also a second-cousin once removed of a peer, sent in a fury for Mrs. Cammysole, his landlady, and proposed to marry Flora off-hand, and settle four hundred a-year upon her. Flora was ordered from the back parlour (the Ground-floor occupies the Second-floor bed-room), and was on the spot made acquainted with the splendid offer which the First-floor had made her. She has been Mrs. Captain Bragg these twelve years.

You see her portrait, and that of the brute, her husband, on the opposite side of the page.

Bragg to this day wears anchor-buttons, and has a dress-coat with a gold strap for epaulets, in case he should have a fancy to sport them. His house is covered with portraits, busts, and miniatures of himself. His wife is made to wear one of the latter. On his sideboard are pieces of plate, presented by the passengers of the Ram Chunder to Captain Bragg. "The Ram Chunder East Indiaman, in a gale, off Table Bay;" "The Outward-bound Fleet, under convoy of Her Majesty's frigate Loblollyboy, Captain Gutch, beating off the French squadron, under Commodore Leloup (the Ram Chunder, S.E. by E., is represented engaged with the Mirliton corvette);" "The Ram Chunder standing into the Hooghly, with Captain Bragg, his telescope, and speaking-trumpet, on the poop;" "Captain Bragg presenting the Officers of the Ram Chunder to General Bonaparte at St. Helena"--TITMARSH (this fine piece was painted by me when I was in favour with Bragg); in a word, Bragg and the Ram Chunder are all over the house.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. BRAGG OF OUR STREET.

Although I have eaten scores of dinners at Captain Bragg's charge, yet his hospitality is so insolent that none of us who frequent his mahogany feel any obligation to our braggart entertainer.

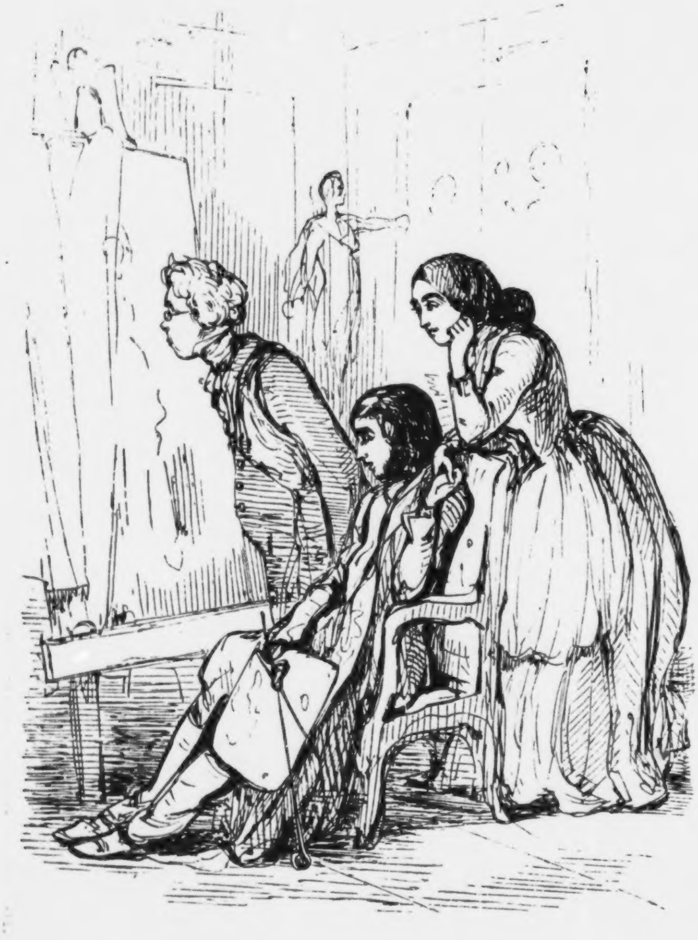
After he has given one of his great heavy dinners he always takes an opportunity to tell you, in the most public way, how many bottles of wine were drunk. His pleasure is to make his guests tipsy, and to tell everybody how and when the period of inebriation arose. And Miss Clapperclaw tells me that he often comes over laughing and giggling to her, and pretending that he has brought *me* into this condition--a calumny which I fling contemptuously in his face.

He scarcely gives any but men's parties, and invites the whole club home to dinner. What is the compliment of being asked, when the whole club is asked too, I should like to know? Men's parties are only good for boys. I hate a dinner where there are no women. Bragg sits at the head of his table, and bullies the solitary Mrs. Bragg.

He entertains us with stories of storms which he, Bragg, encountered--of dinners which he, Bragg, has received from the Governor-General of India--of jokes which he, Bragg, has heard; and however stale or odious they may be, poor Mrs. B. is always expected to laugh.

Woe be to her if she doesn't, or if she laughs at anybody else's jokes. I have seen Bragg go up to her and squeeze her arm with a savage grind of his teeth, and say, with an oath, "Hang it, madam, how dare you laugh when any man but your husband speaks to you? I forbid you to grin in that way. I forbid you to look sulky. I forbid you to look happy, or to look up, or to keep your eyes down to the ground. I desire you will not be trapesing through the rooms. I order you not to sit as still as a stone." He curses her if the wine is corked, or if the dinner is spoiled, or if she comes a minute too soon to the club for him, or arrives a minute too late. He forbids her to walk, except upon his arm. And the consequence of his ill-treatment is, that Mrs. Cammysole and Mrs. Bragg respect him beyond measure, and think him the first of human beings.

"I never knew a woman who was constantly bullied by her husband who did not like him the better for it," Miss Clapperclaw says. And though this speech has some of Clapp's usual sardonic humour in it, I can't but think there is some truth in the remark.



A STUDIO IN OUR STREET.

LEVANT HOUSE CHAMBERS.

MR. RUMBOLD, A.R.A., AND MISS RUMBOLD.

When Lord Levant quitted the country and this neighbourhood, in which the tradesmen still deplore him, No. 56, known as Levantine House, was let to the Pococurante Club, which was speedily bankrupt (for we are too far from the centre of town to support a club of our own); it was subsequently hired by the West Diddlesex Railroad; and is now divided into sets of Chambers, superintended by an acrimonious housekeeper, and by a porter in a sham livery, who, if you won't find him at the door, you may as well seek at the Grapes public-house, in the little lane round the corner. He varnishes the japan-boots of the dandy lodgers; reads Mr. Pinkney's *Morning Post* before he lets him have it; and neglects the letters of the inmates of the Chambers generally.

The great rooms, which were occupied as the salons of the noble Levant, the coffee-rooms of the Pococurante (a club where the play was furious, as I am told), and the board-room and manager's-room of the West Diddlesex, are tenanted now by a couple of artists; young Pinkney the miniaturist, and George Rumbold the historical-painter. Miss Rumbold, his sister, lives with him, by the way; but with that young lady of course we have nothing to do.

I knew both these gentlemen at Rome, when George wore a velvet doublet and a beard down to his chest, and used to talk about high art at the Café Greco. How it smelled of smoke, that velveteen doublet of his, with which his stringy red beard was likewise perfumed! It was in his studio that I had the honour to be introduced to his sister, the fair Miss Clara; she had a large casque with a red horse-hair plume (I thought it had been a wisp of her brother's beard at first), and held a tin-headed spear in her hand, representing a Roman warrior in the great picture of Caractacus George was painting--a piece sixty-four feet by eighteen. The Roman warrior blushed to be discovered in that attitude: the tin-headed spear trembled in the whitest arm in the world. So she put it down, and taking off the helmet also, went and sat in a far corner of the studio, mending George's stockings; whilst we smoked a couple of pipes, and talked about Raphael being a good deal overrated.

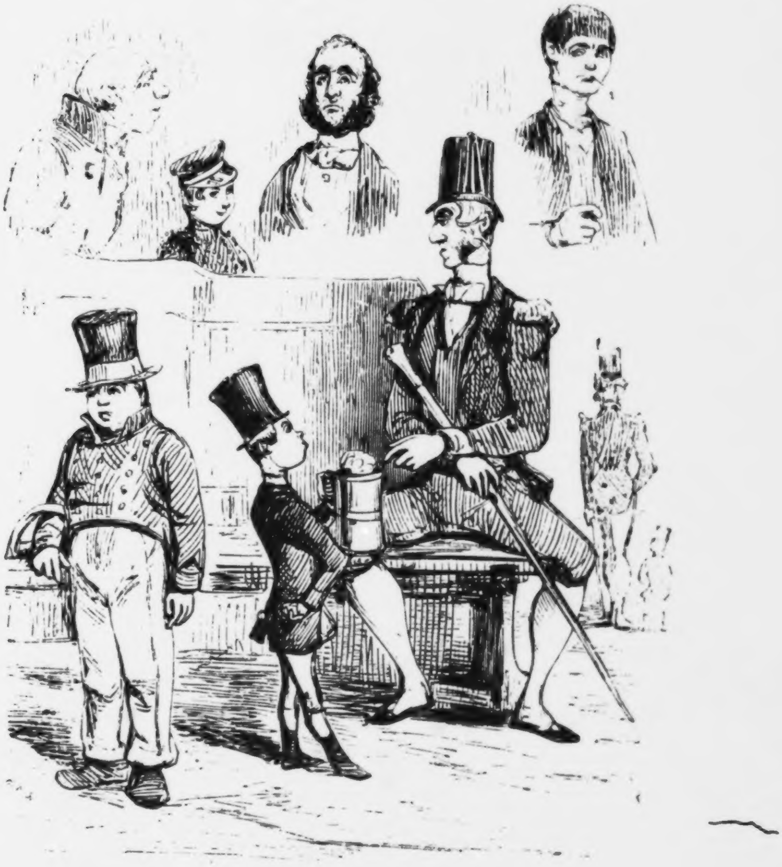
I think he is; and have never disguised my opinion about the "Transfiguration." And all the time we talked, there were Clara's eyes looking lucidly out from the dark corner in which she was sitting, working away at the stockings. The lucky fellow! They were in a dreadful state of bad repair when she came out to him at Rome, after the death of their father, the Reverend Miles Rumbold.

George while at Rome painted "Caractacus;" a picture of "Non Angli sed Angeli," of course; a picture of "Alfred in the Neat-herd's Cottage," seventy-two feet by forty-eight (an idea of the gigantic size and Michael-Angelesque proportions of this picture may be formed, when I state that the mere muffin, of which the outcast king is spoiling the baking, is two feet three in diameter); and the deaths of Socrates, of Remus, and of the Christians under Nero respectively. I shall never forget how lovely Clara looked in white muslin, with her hair down, in this latter picture, giving herself up to a ferocious Carnifex (for which Bob Gaunter the architect sat), and refusing to listen to the mild suggestions of an insinuating Flamen; which character was a gross caricature of myself.

None of George's pictures sold. He has enough to tapestry Trafalgar Square. He has painted since he came back to England "The flaying of Marsyas;" "The smothering of the little boys in the Tower;" "A plague scene during the great pestilence;" "Ugolino on the seventh day after he was deprived of victuals," &c. For although these pictures have great merit, and the writhings of Marsyas, the convulsions of the little princes, the look of agony of St. Lawrence on the gridiron, &c., are quite true to nature, yet the subjects somehow are not agreeable; and if he hadn't a small patrimony, my friend George would starve.

Fondness for art leads me a great deal to this studio. George is a gentleman, and has very good friends, and good pluck too. When we were at Rome there was a great row between him and young Heeltap, Lord Boxmoor's son, who was uncivil to Miss Rumbold; (the young scoundrel--had I been a fighting man I should like to have shot him myself!) Lady Betty Bulbul is very fond of Clara, and Tom Bulbul, who took George's message to Heeltap, is always hanging about the studio. At least I know that I find the young jackanapes there almost every day; bringing a new novel, or some poisonous French poetry, or a basket of flowers, or grapes, with Lady Betty's love to her dear Clara--a young rascal with white kids, and his hair curled every morning. What business has *he* to be dangling about George Rumbold's premises, and sticking up his ugly pug-face as a model for all George's pictures?

Miss Clapperclaw says Bulbul is evidently smitten, and Clara too. What! would she put up with such a little fribble as that, when there is a man of intellect and taste who--but I won't believe it. It is all the jealousy of women.



SOME OF OUR GENTLEMEN.

SOME OF THE SERVANTS IN OUR STREET.

These gentlemen have two clubs in our quarter--for the butlers at the Indiaman, and for the gents in livery at the Pocklington Arms--of either of which societies I should like to be a member. I am sure they could not be so dull as Our Club at the Poluphloisboio, where one meets the same neat clean respectable old fogies every day.

But with the best wishes, it is impossible for the present writer to join either the Plate Club or the Uniform Club (as these *réunions* are designated), for one could not shake hands with a friend who was standing behind your chair--or nod a how-d'ye-do to the butler who was pouring you out a glass of wine;--so that what I know about the gents in our neighbourhood is from mere casual observation. For instance, I have a slight acquaintance with, 1, Thomas Spavin, who commonly wears the above air of injured innocence, and is groom to Mr. Joseph Green, of Our Street. "*I* tell why the Brougham oss is out of condition, and why Desperation broke out all in a lather! Osses will this eavy weather; and

Desperation was always the most mystest hoss I ever see.--*I* take him out with Mr. Anderson's ounds--I'm above it. I allis was too timid to ride to ounds by natur; and Colonel Sprigs' groom as says he saw me, is a liar," &c., &c.

Such is the tenor of Mr. Spavin's remarks to his master. Whereas all the world in Our Street knows that Mr. Spavin spends at least a hundred a-year in beer; that he keeps a betting-book; that he has lent Mr. Green's black Brougham horse to the omnibus driver; and at a time when Mr. G. supposed him at the veterinary surgeon's, has lent him to a livery stable, which has let him out to that gentleman himself, and actually driven him to dinner behind his own horse.

This conduct I can understand, but I cannot excuse--Mr. Spavin may; and I leave the matter to be settled betwixt himself and Mr. Green.

The second is Monsieur Sinbad, Mr. Clarence Bulbul's man, whom we all hate Clarence for keeping.

Mr. Sinbad is a foreigner, speaking no known language, but a mixture of every European dialect--so that he may be an Italian brigand, or a Tyrolese minstrel, or a Spanish smuggler, for what we know. I have heard say that he is neither of these, but an Irish Jew.

He wears studs, hair-oil, jewellery, and linen shirt fronts, very finely embroidered if not particular for whiteness. He generally appears in faded velvet waistcoats of a morning, and is always perfumed with stale tobacco. He wears large rings on his hands, which look as if he kept them up the chimney.

He does not appear to do anything earthly for Clarence Bulbul, except to smoke his cigars, and to practise on his guitar. He will not answer a bell, nor fetch a glass of water, nor go on an errand, on which, *au reste*, Clarence dares not send him, being entirely afraid of his servant, and not daring to use him, or to abuse him, or to send him away.

3. Adams--Mr. Champignon's man--a good old man in an old livery coat with old worsted lace--so very old, deaf, surly, and faithful, that you wonder how he should have got into the family at all, who never kept a footman till last year, when they came into the street.

Miss Clapperclaw says she believes Adams to be Mrs. Champignon's father, and he certainly has a look of that lady, as Miss C. pointed out to me at dinner one night, whilst old Adams was blundering about amongst the hired men from Gunter's, and falling over the silver dishes.

4. Fipps, the buttoniest page in all the street, walks behind Mrs. Grimsby with her prayer-book, and protects her.

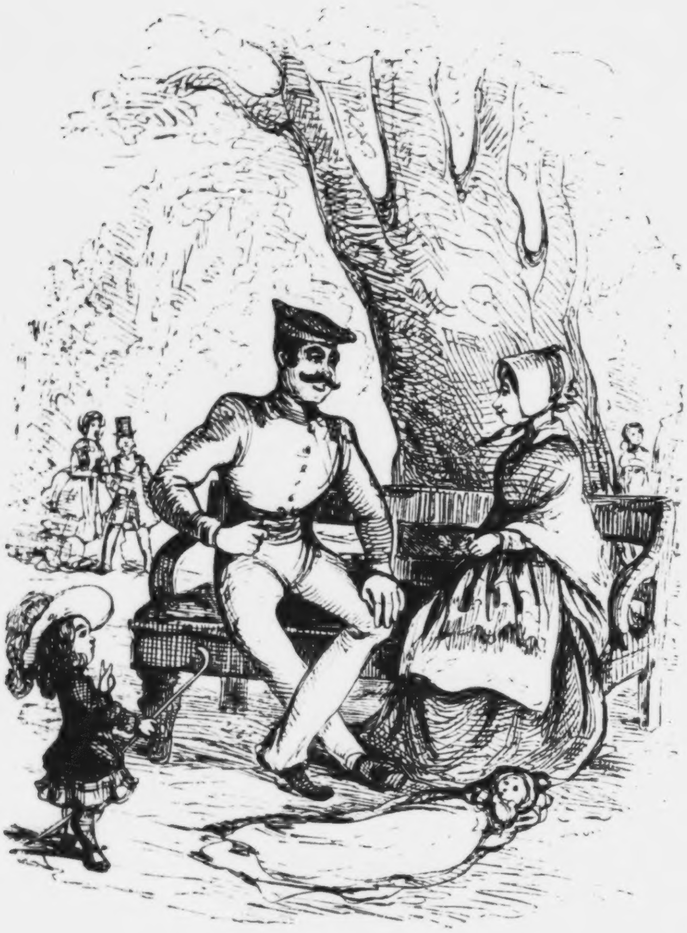
"If that woman wants a protector" (a female acquaintance remarks), "Heaven be good to us--she is as big as an ogress, and has an upper lip which many a Cornet of the Life Guards might envy. Her poor dear husband was a big man, and she could beat him easily, and did too. Mrs. Grimsby, indeed! Why, my dear Mr. Titmarsh, it is Glumdalca walking with Tom Thumb."

This observation of Miss C.'s is very true, and Mrs. Grimsby might carry her prayer-book to church herself. But Miss Clapperclaw, who is pretty well able to take care of herself too, was glad enough to have the protection of the page when she went out in the fly to pay visits: and before Mrs. Grimsby and she quarrelled at whist at Lady Pocklington's.

After this merely parenthetic observation, we come to 5, one of her ladyship's large men, Mr. Jeames--a gentleman of vast stature and proportions, who is almost nose to nose with us as we pass her ladyship's door on the outside of the omnibus. I think Jeames has a contempt for a man whom he witnesses in that position. I have fancied something like that feeling showed itself (as far as it may in a well-bred gentleman accustomed to society) in his behaviour, while waiting behind my chair at dinner.

But I take Jeames to be, like most giants, good-natured, lazy, stupid, soft-hearted, and extremely fond of drink. One night, his lady being engaged to dinner at Nightingale House, I saw Mr. Jeames resting himself on a bench at the Pocklington Arms: where, as he had no liquor before him, he had probably exhausted his credit.

Little Spitfire, Mr. Clarence Bulbul's boy, the wickedest little varlet that ever hung on to a cab, was "chaffing" Mr. Jeames,



WHY OUR NURSEMAIDS LIKE KENSINGTON GARDENS.

holding up to his face a pot of porter almost as big as the young potifer himself.

"Vill you now, Bigun, or vont you?" Spitfire said; "if you're thursty, vy dont you say so and squench it, old boy?"

"Dont ago on makin fun of me--I can't abear chaffin," was the reply of Mr. Jeames, and tears actually stood in his fine eyes, as he looked at the porter and the screeching little imp before him.

Spitfire (real name unknown) gave him some of the drink: I am happy to say Jeames's face wore quite a different look when it rose gasping out of the porter; and I judge of his dispositions from the above trivial incident.

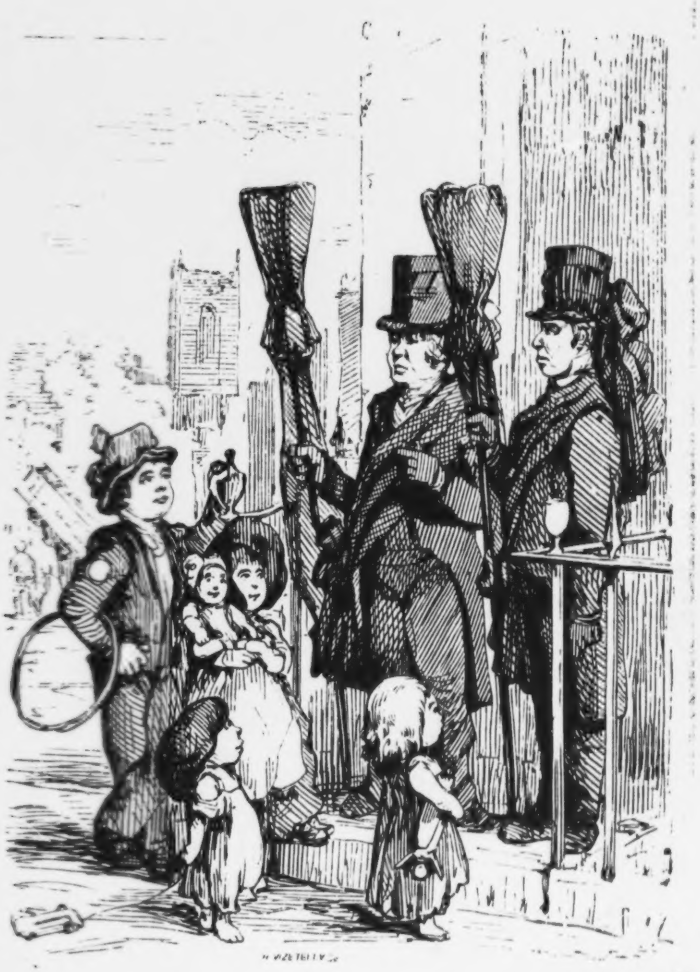
The last boy in the sketch, 6, need scarcely be particularized. Doctor's boy; was a charity boy; stripes evidently added on to a pair of the doctor's clothes of last year--Miss Clapperclaw pointed this out to me with a giggle.--Nothing escapes that old woman.

As we were walking in Kensington Gardens she pointed me out Mrs. Bragg's nursery-maid, who sings so loud at church, engaged with a Life Guardsman, whom she was trying to convert probably. My virtuous friend rose indignant at the sight.

"That's why these minxes like Kensington Gardens," she cried. "Look at the woman: she leaves the baby on the grass, for the giant to trample upon; and that little wretch of a Hastings Bragg is riding on the monster's cane."

Miss C. flew up and seized the infant, waking it out of its sleep, and causing all the gardens to echo with its squalling. "I'll teach you to be impudent to me," she said to the nursery-maid, with whom my vivacious old friend, I suppose, has had a difference; and she would not release the infant until she had rung the bell of Bungalow Lodge, where she gave it up to the footman.

The giant in scarlet had slunk down toward Knightsbridge meanwhile. The big rogues are always crossing the Park and the Gardens, and hankering about Our Street.


H. VIZETELLY Sc

A STREET CEREMONY.

WHAT SOMETIMES HAPPENS IN OUR STREET.

It was before old Hunkington's house that the mutes were standing, as I passed and saw this group at the door. The charity-boy with the hoop is the son of the jolly-looking mute; he admires his father, who admires himself too, in those bran-new sables. The other infants are the spawn of the alleys about Our Street. Only the parson and the typhus fever visit those mysterious haunts, which lie couched about our splendid houses like Lazarus at the threshold of Dives.

Those little ones come crawling abroad in the sunshine, to the annoyance of the beadles, and the horror of a number of good people in the street. They will bring up the rear of the procession anon, when the grand omnibus with the feathers, and the fine coaches with the long-tailed black horses, and the gentlemen's private carriages with the shutters up, pass along to Saint Waltheof's.

You can hear the slow bell tolling clear in the sunshine already, mingling with the crowing of Punch, who is passing down the street with his show; and the two musics make a queer medley.

Not near so many people, I remark, engage Punch now as in the good old times. I suppose our quarter is growing too genteel for him.

Miss Bridget Jones, a poor curate's daughter in Wales, comes into all Hunkington's property, and will take his name, as I am told. Nobody ever heard of her before. I am sure Captain Hunkington, and his brother Barnwell Hunkington, must wish that the lucky young lady had never been heard of to the present day.

But they will have the consolation of thinking that they did their duty by their uncle, and consoled his declining years. It was but last month that Millwood Hunkington (the Captain) sent the old gentleman a service of plate; and Mrs. Barnwell got a reclining carriage at a great expense, from Hobbs and Dobbs's, in which the old gentleman went out only once.

"It is a punishment on those Hunkingtons," Miss Clapperclaw remarks; "upon those people who have been always living beyond their little incomes, and always speculating upon what the old man would leave them, and always coaxing him with presents which they could not afford, and he did not want. It is a punishment upon those Hunkingtons to be so disappointed."

"Think of giving him plate," Miss C. justly says, "who had chests-full; and sending him a carriage, who could afford to buy all Long Acre. And everything goes to Miss Jones Hunkington. I wonder will she give the things back?" Miss Clapperclaw asks. "I wouldn't."

And indeed I don't think Miss Clapperclaw would.

SOMEBODY WHOM NOBODY KNOWS.

That pretty little house, the last in Pocklington Square, was lately occupied by a young widow lady who wore a pink bonnet, a shot silk dress, sustained by a crinoline, and a light blue mantle, or over-jacket (Miss C. is not here to tell me the name of the garment); or else a black velvet pelisse, a yellow shawl, and a white bonnet; or else--but never mind the dress, which seemed to be of the handsomest sort money could buy--and who had very long glossy black ringlets, and a peculiarly brilliant complexion,--No. 96 Pocklington Square, I say, was lately occupied by a widow lady named Mrs. Stafford Molyneux.

The very first day on which an intimate and valued female friend of mine saw Mrs. Stafford Molyneux stepping into a Brougham, with a splendid bay horse, and without a footman (mark, if you please, that delicate sign of respectability), and after a moment's examination of Mrs. S. M.'s toilette, her manners, little dog, carnation-coloured parasol, &c., Miss Elizabeth Clapperclaw clapped to the opera-glass with which she had been regarding the new inhabitant of Our Street, came away from the window in a great flurry, and began poking her fire in a fit of virtuous indignation.

"She's very pretty," said I, who had been looking over Miss C.'s shoulder at the widow with the flashing eyes and drooping ringlets.

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Miss Clapperclaw, tossing up her virgin head with an indignant blush on her nose. "It's a sin and a shame that such a creature should be riding in her carriage, forsooth, when honest people must go on foot."

Subsequent observations confirmed my revered fellow-lodger's anger and opinion. We have watched Hansom cabs standing before that lady's house for hours; we have seen Broughams, with great flaring eyes, keeping watch there in the darkness; we have seen the vans from the *comestible* shops drive up and discharge loads of wines, groceries, French plums, and other articles of luxurious horror. We have seen Count Wowski's drag, Lord Martingale's carriage, Mr. Deuceace's cab drive up there time after time; and (having remarked previously the pastry-cook's men arrive with the trays and *entrées* we have known that this widow was giving dinners at the little house in Pocklington Square--dinners such as decent people could not hope to enjoy.

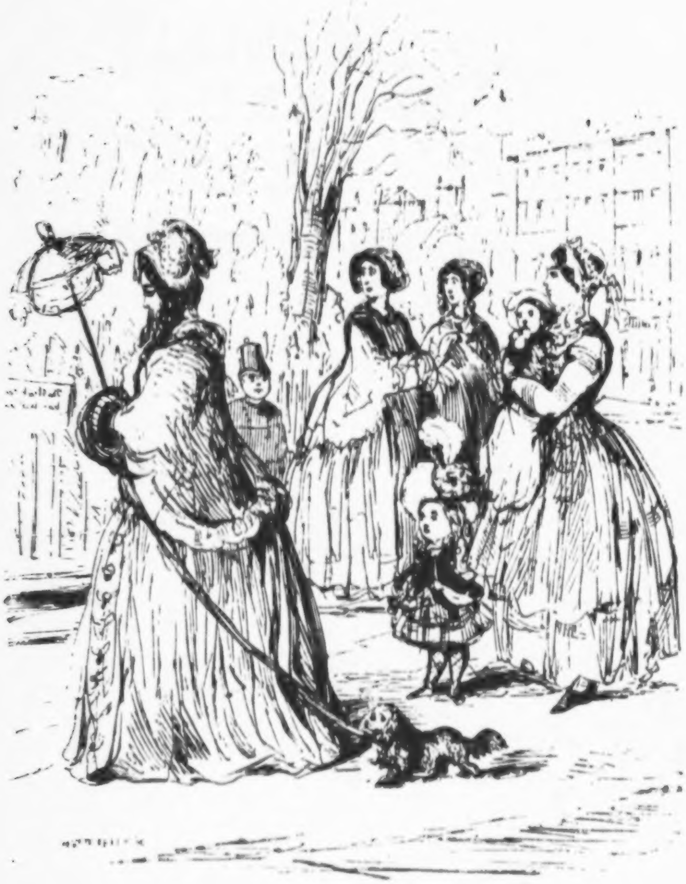
My excellent friend has been in a perfect fury when Mrs. Stafford Molyneux, in a black velvet riding-habit, with a hat and feather, has come out and mounted an odious grey horse, and has cantered down the street, followed by her groom upon a bay.

"It won't last long--it must end in shame and humiliation," my dear Miss C. has remarked, disappointed that the tiles and chimney-pots did not fall down upon Mrs. Stafford Molyneux's head, and crush that cantering audacious woman.

But it was a consolation to see her when she walked out with a French maid, a couple of children, and a little dog hanging on to her by a blue ribbon. She always held down her head then--her head with the drooping black ringlets. The virtuous and well-disposed avoided her. I have seen the Square-keeper himself look puzzled as she passed; and Lady Kicklebury walking by with Miss K., her daughter, turn away from Mrs. Stafford Molyneux, and fling back at her a ruthless Parthian glance that ought to have killed any woman of decent sensibility.

That wretched woman, meanwhile, with her rouged cheeks (for rouge it *is*, Miss Clapperclaw swears, and who is a better judge?) has walked on conscious, and yet somehow braving out the Street. You could read pride of her beauty, pride of her fine clothes, shame of her position, in her downcast black eyes.

As for Mademoiselle Trampoline, her French maid, she would stare the sun itself out of countenance. One day she tossed up her head as she passed under our windows with a look



THE LADY WHOM NOBODY KNOWS

of scorn that drove Miss Clapperclaw back to the fire-place again.

It was Mrs. Stafford Molyneux's children, however, whom I pitied the most. Once her boy, in a flaring tartan, went up to speak to Master Roderick Lacy, whose maid was engaged ogling a policeman; and the children were going to make friends, being united with a hoop which Master Molyneux had, when Master Roderick's maid, rushing up, clutched her charge to her arms, and hurried away, leaving little Molyneux sad and wondering.

"Why won't he play with me, mamma?" Master Molyneux asked--and his mother's face blushed purple as she walked away.

"Ah--Heaven help us and forgive us!" said I; but Miss C. can never forgive the mother or child; and she clapped her hands for joy one day when we saw the shutters up, bills in the windows, a carpet hanging out over the balcony, and a crowd of shabby Jews about the steps--giving token that the reign of Mrs. Stafford Molyneux was over. The pastry-cooks and their trays, the bay and the grey, the Brougham and the groom, the noblemen and their cabs, were all gone; and the tradesmen in the neighbourhood were crying out that they were done.

"Serve the odious minx right!" says Miss C.; and she played at picquet that night with more vigour than I have known her manifest for these last ten years.

What is it that makes certain old ladies so savage upon certain subjects? Miss C. is a good woman; pays her rent and her tradesmen; gives plenty to the poor; is brisk with her tongue--kind-hearted in the main; but if Mrs. Stafford Molyneux and her children were plunged into a cauldron of boiling vinegar, I think my revered friend would not take her out.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

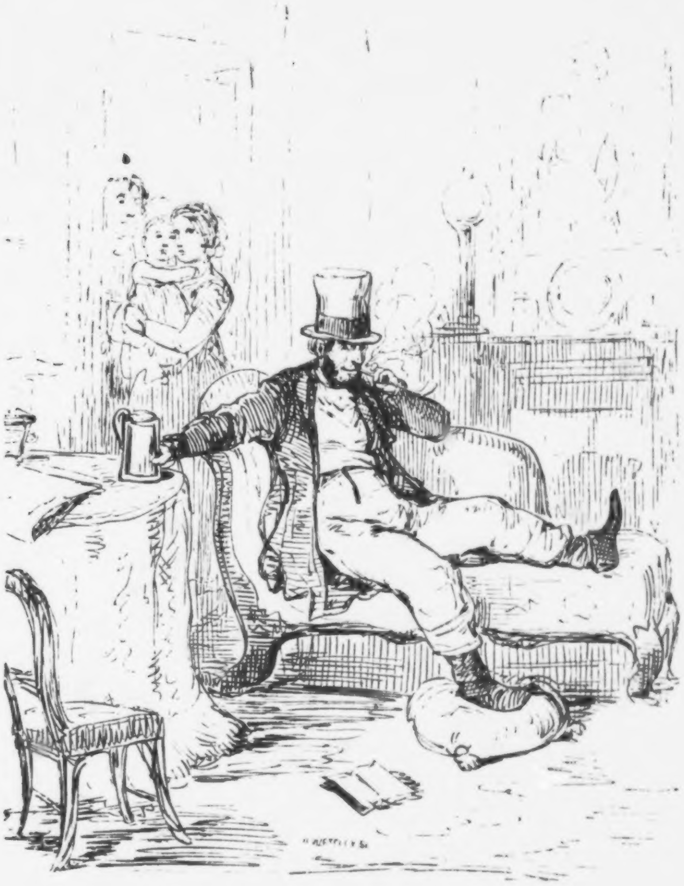
For another misfortune which occurred in Our Street we were much more compassionate. We liked Danby Dixon, and his wife Fanny Dixon still more. Miss C. had a paper of biscuits, and a box of preserved apricots always in the cupboard, ready for Dixon's children--provisions by the way which she locked up under Mrs. Cammysole's nose, so that our landlady could by no possibility lay a hand on them.

Dixon and his wife had the neatest little house possible (No. 16, opposite 96), and were liked and respected by the whole street. He was called Dandy Dixon when he was in the dragoons, and was a light weight, and rather famous as a gentleman rider. On his marriage, he sold out and got fat; and was indeed a florid, contented, and jovial gentleman.

His little wife was charming--to see her in pink, with some miniature Dixons in pink too, round about her, or in that beautiful grey dress, with the deep black lace flounces, which she wore at my Lord Comandine's on the night of the private theatricals, would have done any man good. To hear her sing any of my little ballads, "Know'st thou the Willow-tree?" for instance, or "The Rose upon my balcony," or "The Humming of the Honey-bee" (far superior, in *my* judgment, and in that of *some good judges* likewise, to that humbug Clarence Bulbul's ballads)--to hear her, I say, sing these, was to be in a sort of small Elysium. Dear, dear, little Fanny Dixon! she was like a little chirping bird of Paradise. It was a shame that storms should ever ruffle such a tender plumage.

Well, never mind about sentiment--Danby Dixon, the owner of this little treasure, an ex-captain of the dragoons, and having nothing to do, and a small income, wisely thought he would employ his spare time, and increase his revenue. He became a Director of the Cornaro Life Insurance Company, of the Tregulpho tin-mines, and of four or five railroad companies. It was amusing to see him swaggering about the City in his clinking boots, and with his high and mighty dragoon manners. For a time his talk about shares after dinner was perfectly intolerable; and I for one was always glad to leave him in the company of sundry very dubious capitalists who frequented his house, and walk up to hear Mrs. Fanny warbling at the piano with her little children about her knees.

It was only last season that they set up a carriage--the modestest little vehicle conceivable--driven by Kirby, who had



THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

been in Dixon's troop in the regiment, and had followed him into private life as coachman, footman, and page.

One day lately I went into Dixon's house, hearing that some calamities had befallen him, the particulars of which Miss Clapperclaw was desirous to know. The creditors of the Tregulpho mines had got a verdict against him as one of the directors of that company; the engineer of the Little Diddlesex Junction had sued him for two thousand three hundred pounds --the charges of that scientific man for six weeks' labour in surveying the line. His brother directors were to be discovered nowhere; Windham, Dodgin, Mizzlington, and the rest, were all gone long ago.

When I entered, the door was open--there was a smell of smoke in the dining-room, where a gentleman at noon-day was seated with a pipe and a pot of beer--a man in possession indeed, in that comfortable pretty parlour, by that snug round table where I have so often seen Fanny Dixon's smiling face.

Kirby, the ex-dragoon, was scowling at the fellow, who lay upon a little settee reading the newspaper, with an evident desire to kill him. Mrs. Kirby, his wife, held little Danby, poor Dixon's son and heir. Dixon's portrait smiled over the sideboard still, and his wife was up stairs in an agony of fear, with the poor little daughters of this bankrupt, broken family.

This poor soul had actually come down and paid a visit to the man in possession. She had sent wine and dinner to "the gentleman down stairs," as she called him in her terror. She had tried to move his heart, by representing to him how innocent Captain Dixon was, and how he had always paid, and always remained at home when everybody else had fled. As if her tears, and simple tales and entreaties, could move that man in possession out of the house, or induce him to pay the costs of the action which her husband had lost.

Danby meanwhile was at Boulogne, sickening after his wife and children. They sold everything in his house--all his smart furniture, and neat little stock of plate; his wardrobe and his linen, "the property of a gentleman gone abroad;" his carriage by the best maker; and his wine selected without regard to expense. His house was shut up as completely as his opposite neighbour's; and a new tenant is just having it fresh painted inside and out, as if poor Dixon had left an infection behind.

Kirby and his wife went across the water with the children and Mrs. Fanny--she has a small settlement; and I am bound to say that our mutual friend Miss Elizabeth C. went down with Mrs. Dixon in the fly to the Tower Stairs, and stopped in Lombard Street by the way.

So it is that the world wags: that honest men and knaves alike are always having ups and downs of fortune, and that we are perpetually changing tenants in Our Street.

THE LION OF THE STREET.

What people can find in Clarence Bulbul, who has lately taken upon himself the rank and dignity of Lion of Our Street, I have always been at a loss to conjecture.

"He has written an Eastern book of considerable merit," Miss Clapperclaw says; but hang it, has not everybody written an Eastern book? I should like to meet anybody in society now who has not been up to the second cataract. An Eastern book, forsooth! My Lord Castleroyal has done one--an honest one; my Lord Youngent another--an amusing one; my Lord Woolsey another--a pious one; there is "The Cutlet and the Cabob"--a sentimental one; "Timbuctoothen"--a humourous one, all ludicrously overrated, in my opinion, not including my own little book, of which a copy or two is still to be had by the way.

Well, then, Clarence Bulbul, because he has made part of the little tour that all of us know, comes back and gives himself airs, forsooth, and howls as if he were just out of the great Libyan desert.

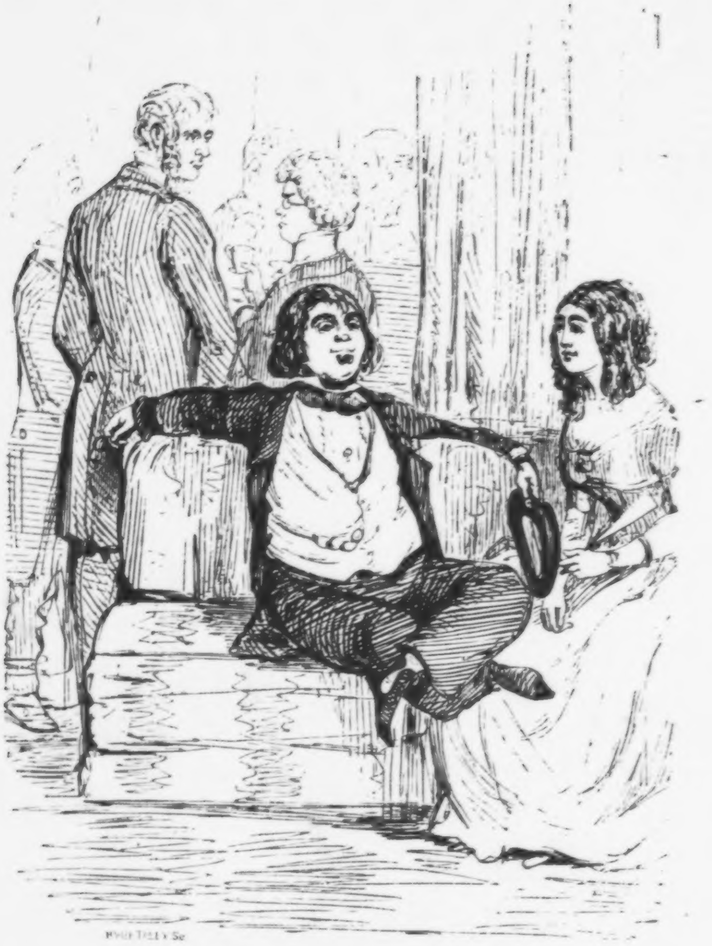
When we go and see him, that Irish Jew courier, whom I have before had the honour to describe, looks up from the novel which he is reading in the ante-room, and says, "Mon maitre est au Divan," or, "Monsieur trouvera Monsieur dans son serail," and relapses into the Comte de Montechristo again.

Yes, the impudent wretch has actually a room in his apartments on the ground-floor of his mother's house, which he calls his hareem. When Lady Betty Bulbul (they are of the Nightingale family) or Miss Blanche comes down to visit him, their slippers are placed at the door, and he receives them on an ottoman, and these infatuated women will actually light his pipe for him.

Little Spitfire, the groom, hangs about the drawing-room, outside the hareem forsooth! so that he may be ready when Clarence Bulbul claps hands for him to bring the pipes and coffee.

He has coffee and pipes for everybody. I should like you to have seen the face of old Bowly, his college-tutor, called upon to sit cross-legged on a divan, a little cup of bitter black Mocha put into his hand, and a large amber-muzzled pipe stuck into his mouth by Spitfire, before he could so much as say it was a fine day. Bowly almost thought he had compromised his principles by consenting so far to this Turkish manner.

Bulbul's dinners are, I own, very good; his pilaffs and curries excellent. He tried to make us eat rice with our fingers, it is true;



THE LION OF THE STREET.

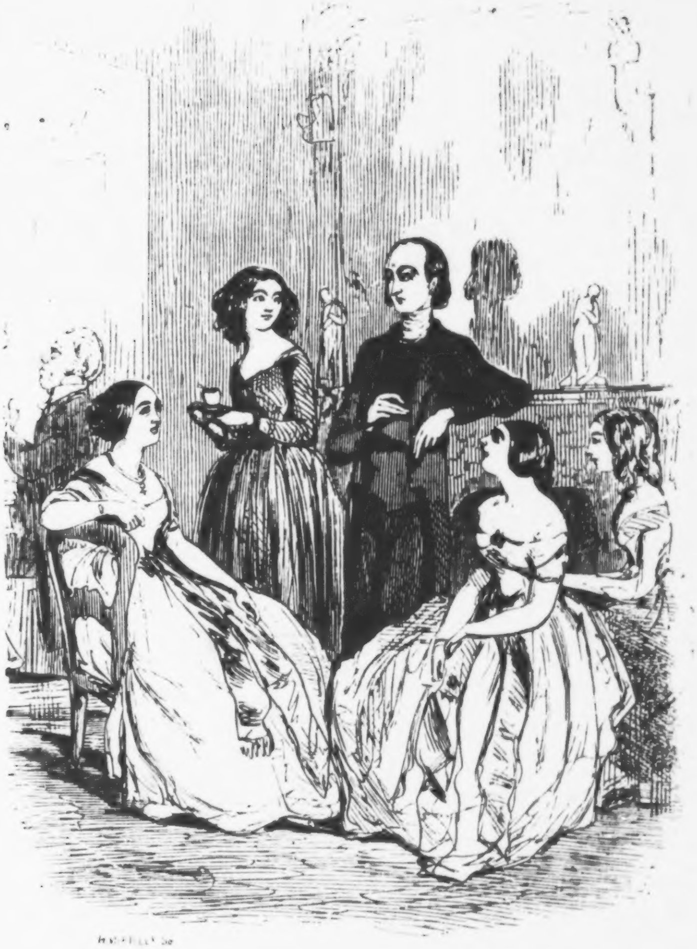
but he scalded his own hands in the business, and invariably bedizened his shirt, so he has left off the Turkish practice, for dinner at least, and uses a fork like a Christian.

But it is in society that he is most remarkable; and here he would, I own, be odious, but he becomes delightful, because all the men hate him so. A perfect chorus of abuse is raised round about him. "Confounded impostor," says one; "Impudent jackass," says another; "Miserable puppy," cries a third; "I'd like to wring his neck," says Bruff, scowling over his shoulder at him. Clarence meanwhile nods, winks, smiles, and patronises them all with the easiest good-humour. He is a fellow who would poke an archbishop in the apron, or clap a duke on the shoulder, as coolly as he would address you and me.

I saw him the other night, at Mrs. Bumpsher's grand let off. He flung himself down cross-legged upon a pink satin sofa, so that you could see Mrs. Bumpsher quiver with rage in the distance, Bruff growl with fury from the further room, and Miss Pim, on whose frock Bulbul's feet rested, look up like a timid fawn.

"Fan me, Miss Pim," said he of the cushion. "You look like a perfect Peri to-night. You remind me of a girl I once knew in Circassia--Ameena, the sister of Schamyle Bey. Do you know, Miss Pim, that you would fetch twenty thousand piastres in the market at Constantinople?"

"Law, Mr. Bulbul!" is all Miss Pim can ejaculate; and having talked over Miss Pim, Clarence goes off to another houri, whom he fascinates in a similar manner. He charmed Mrs. Waddy by telling her that she was the exact figure of the Pasha of Egypt's second wife. He gave Miss Tokely a piece of the sack in which Zuleikah was drowned; and he actually persuaded that poor little silly Miss Vain to turn Mahometan, and sent her up to the Turkish Ambassador's, to look out for a mufti.



THE DOVE OF THE STREET.

THE DOVE OF OUR STREET.

If Bulbul is our Lion, Young Oriel may be described as The Dove of our Colony. He is almost as great a pasha among the ladies as Bulbul. They crowd in flocks to see him at Saint Waltheof's, where the immense height of his forehead, the rigid asceticism of his surplice, the twang with which he intones the service, and the namby-pamby mysticism of his sermons, has turned all the dear girls' heads for some time past. While we were having a rubber at Mrs. Chauntry's, whose daughters are following the new mode, I heard the following talk (which made me revoke by the way) going on, in what was formerly called the young lady's room, but is now styled the Oratory.

THE ORATORY.

MISS CHAUNTRY. MISS ISABEL CHAUNTRY.
MISS DE L'AISLE. MISS PYX.
REV. L. ORIEL. REV. O. SLOCUM--[*In the further room.*]

Miss Chauntry (sighing.)--Is it wrong to be in the Guards, dear Mr. Oriel?

Miss Pyx.--She will make Frank de Boots sell out when he marries.

Mr. Oriel.--To be in the Guards, dear sister? The church has always encouraged the army. Saint Martin of Tours was in the army; Saint Louis was in the army; Saint Waltheof, our patron, Saint Witikind of Aldermanbury, Saint Wamba, and Saint Walloff were in the army. Saint Wapshot was captain of the guard of Queen Boadicea; and Saint Werewolf was a major in the Danish cavalry. The holy Saint Ignatius of Loyola carried a pike, as we know; and--

Miss De l'Aisle.--Will you take some tea, dear Mr. Oriel?

Oriel.--This is not one of *my* feast days, Sister Emma. It is the feast of Saint Wagstaff of Walthamstow.

The Young Ladies.--And we must not even take tea!

Oriel.--Dear sisters, I said not so. *You* may do as you list; but I am strong (*with a heart-broken sigh*); don't pity me (*he reels*). I took a little water and a parched pea after matins. To-morrow is a flesh day, and--and I shall be better then.

Rev. O. Slocum (from within).--Madam, I take your heart with my small trump.

Oriel.--Yes, better! dear sister; it is only a passing-a-weakness.

Miss I. Chauntry.--He's dying of fever.

Miss Chauntry.--I'm so glad De Boots need not leave the Blues.

Miss Pyx.--He wears sackcloth and cinders inside his waistcoat.

Miss De l'Aisle.--He's told me to-night he is going to-to-Ro-o-ome. [*Miss De l'Aisle bursts into tears.*]

Rev. O. Slocum.--My lord, I have the highest club, which gives the trick and two by honours.

Thus, you see, we have a variety of clergymen in Our Street. Mr. Oriel is of the pointed Gothic school, while old Slocum is of the good old tawny port-wine school; and it must be confessed that Mr. Gronow, at Ebenezer, has a hearty abhorrence for both.

As for Gronow, I pity him, if his future lot should fall where Mr. Oriel supposes that it will.

And as for Oriel, he has not even the benefit of purgatory, which he would accord to his neighbour Ebenezer; while old Slocum pronounces both to be a couple of humbugs; and Mr. Mole, the demure little beetle-browed chaplain of the little church of Avemary Lane, keeps his sly eyes down to the ground when he passes any one of his black-coated brethren.

There is only one point on which, my friends, they seem agreed. Slocum likes port, but who ever heard that he neglected his poor? Gronow, if he comminates his neighbour's congregation, is the affectionate father of his own. Oriel, if he loves pointed Gothic and parched peas for breakfast, has a prodigious soup-kitchen for his poor; and as for little Father Mole, who never lifts his eyes from the ground, ask our doctor at what bedsides he finds him, and how he soothes poverty and braves misery and infection.

THE BUMPSHERS.

No. 6 Pocklington Gardens (the house with the quantity of flowers in the windows, and the awning over the entrance), George Bumpsher, Esquire, M.P. for Humborough (and the Beanstalks, Kent).

For some time after this gorgeous family came into our quarter, I mistook a bald-headed stout person, whom I used to see looking through the flowers on the upper windows, for Bumpsher himself or for the butler of the family; whereas it was no other than Mrs. Bumpsher, without her chestnut wig; and who is at least three times the size of her husband.

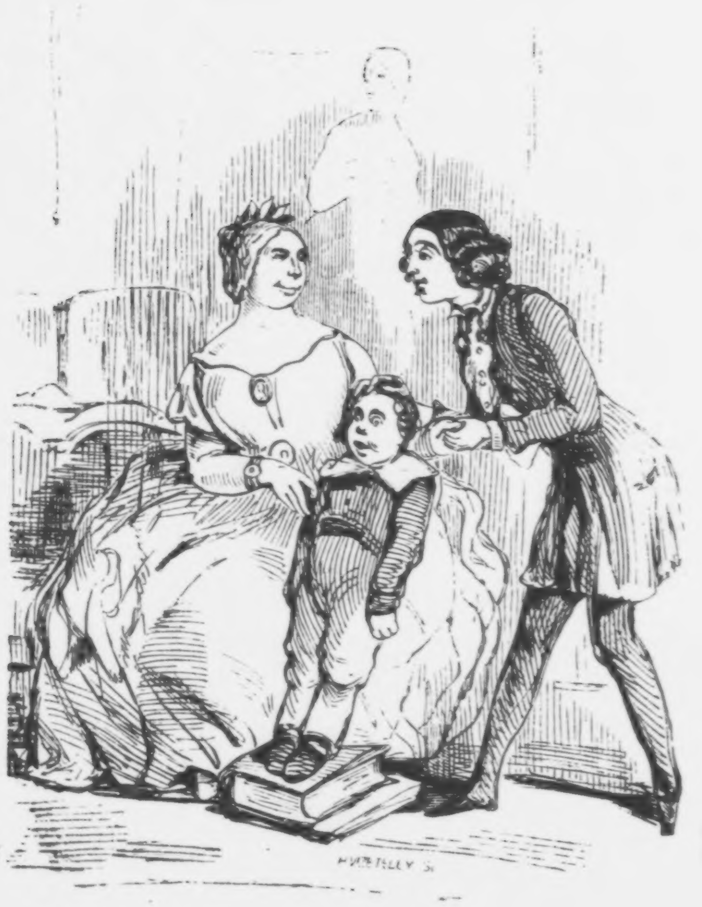
The Bumpshers and the house of Mango at the Pineries vie together in their desire to dominate over the neighbourhood; and each votes the other a vulgar and purse-proud family. The fact is, both are City people. Bumpsher, in his mercantile capacity, is a wholesale stationer in Thames Street; and his wife was daughter of an eminent bill-broking firm, not a thousand miles from Lombard Street.

He does not sport a coronet and supporters upon his London plate and carriages; but his country-house is emblazoned all over with those heraldic decorations. He puts on an order when he goes abroad, and is Count Bumpsher of the Roman States--which title he purchased from the late Pope (through Prince Polonia the banker) for a couple of thousand scudi.

It is as good as a coronation to see him and Mrs. Bumpsher go to Court. I wonder the carriage can hold them both. On those days Mrs. Bumpsher holds her own drawing-room before her Majesty's; and we are invited to come and see her sitting in state, upon the largest sofa in her rooms. She has need of a stout one, I promise you. Her very feathers must weigh something considerable. The diamonds on her stomacher would embroider a full-sized carpet-bag. She has rubies, ribbons, cameos, emeralds, gold serpents, opals, and Valenciennes lace, as if she were an immense sample out of Howell and James's shop.

She took up with little Pinkney at Rome, where he made a charming picture of her, representing her as about eighteen, with a cherub in her lap, who has some likeness to Bryanstone Bumpsher, her enormous, vulgar son; now a Cornet in the Blues, and anything but a cherub, as those would say who saw him in his uniform jacket.

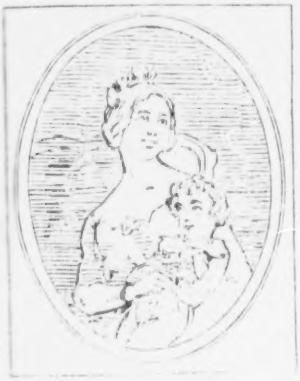
I remember Pinkney when he was painting the picture, Bryanstone being then a youth in what they call a skeleton suit


H.VIZETELLY Sc

VENUS AND CUPID.

(as if such a pig of a child could ever have been dressed in anything resembling a skeleton)--I remember, I say, Mrs. B. sitting to Pinkney in a sort of Egerian costume, her boy by her side, whose head the artist turned round and directed it towards a piece of gingerbread, which he was to have at the end of the sitting.

Pinkney, indeed, a painter!--a contemptible little humbug, and parasite of the great! He has painted Mrs. Bumpsher younger every year for these last ten years--and you see in the advertisements of all her parties his odious little name stuck in at the end of the list. I'm sure, for my part, I'd scorn to enter her doors, or be the toady of any woman.



JOLLY NEWBOY, ESQ., M.P.

How different it is with the Newboys, now, where I have an entrée--(having indeed had the honour in former days to give lessons to both the ladies)--and where such a quack as Pinkney would never be allowed to enter! A merrier house the whole quarter cannot furnish. It is there you meet people of all ranks and degrees, not only from our quarter but from the rest of the town. It is there that our great man, the Right Honourable Lord Comandine, came up and spoke to me in so encouraging a manner that I hope to be invited to one of his lordship's excellent dinners (of which I shall not fail to give a very flattering description) before the season is over. It is there you find yourself talking to statesmen, poets, and artists--not sham poets like Bulbul, or quack artists like that Pinkney--but to the best members of all society. It is there I made the sketch in the frontispiece while Miss Chesterforth was singing a deep-toned tragic ballad, and her mother scowling behind her. What a buzz and clack and chatter there was in the room to be sure! When Miss Chesterforth sings everybody begins to talk. Hicks and old Fogy were on Ireland; Bass was roaring into old Pump's ears (or into his horn rather) about the Navigation Laws; I was engaged talking to the charming Mrs. Short; while Charley Boreham (a mere prig, in whom I am surprised that the women can see anything) was pouring out his fulsome rhapsodies in the ears of Diana White. Lovely, lovely Diana White! were it not for three or four other engagements, I know a heart that would suit you to a T.

Newboy's I pronounce to be the jolliest house in the street. He has only of late had a rush of prosperity, and turned Parliament man; for his distant cousin, of the ancient house of Newboy of ----shire, dying, Fred--then making believe to practice at the bar, and living with the utmost modesty in Gray's Inn Road--found himself master of a fortune, and a great house in the country, of which getting tired, as in the course of nature he should, he came up to London, and took that fine mansion in our Gardens. He represents Mumborough in Parliament, a seat which has been time out of mind occupied by a Newboy.

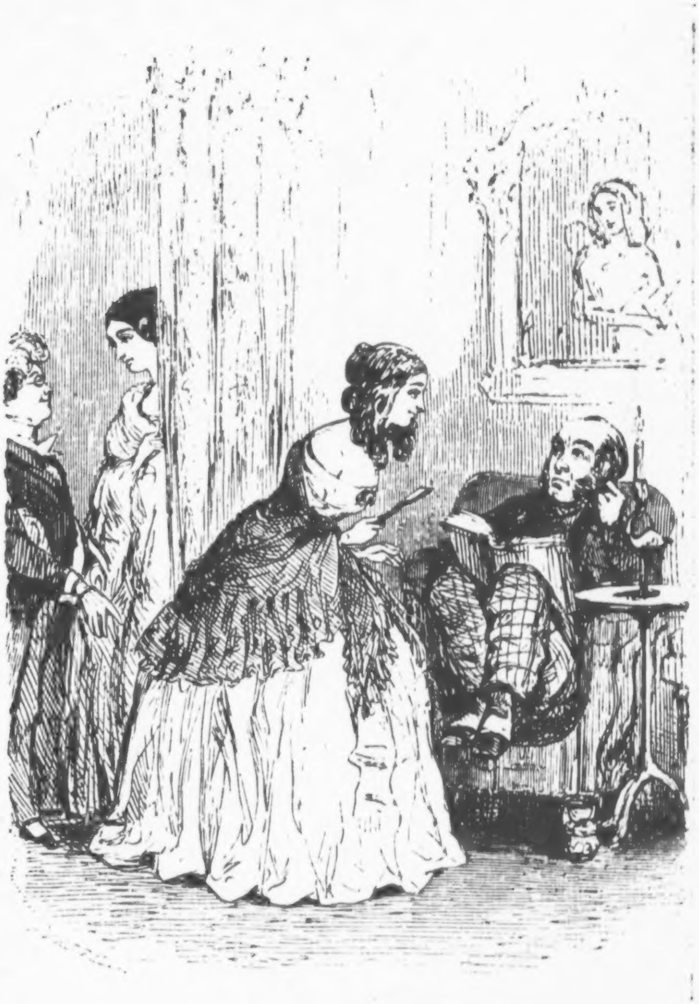
Though he does not speak, being a great deal too rich, sensible, and lazy, he somehow occupies himself with reading blue books, and indeed talks a great deal too much good sense of late over his dinner-table, where there is always a cover for the present writer.

He falls asleep pretty assiduously too after that meal--a practice which I can well pardon in him--for, between ourselves, his wife, Maria Newboy, and his sister, Clarissa, are the loveliest and kindest of their sex, and I would rather hear their innocent prattle, and lively talk about their neighbours, than the best wisdom from the wisest man that ever wore a beard.

Like a wise and good man he leaves the question of his household entirely to the women. They like going to the play. They like going to Greenwich. They like coming to a party at bachelor's hall. They are up to all sorts of fun, in a word; in which taste the good-natured Newboy acquiesces, provided he is left to follow his own.

It was only on the 17th of the month that, having had the honour to dine at the house, when, after dinner, which took place at eight, we left Newboy to his blue books, and went up stairs and sang a little to the guitar afterwards--it was only on the 17th December, the night of Lady Sowerby's party, that the following dialogue took place in the boudoir, whither Newboy, blue books in hand, had ascended.

He was curled up with his House of Commons boots on his wife's arm-chair, reading his eternal blue books, when Mrs. N. entered from her apartment, dressed for the evening.



THE STREET DOOR KEY.

Mrs. N.--Frederic, won't you come?

Mr. N.--Where?

Mrs. N.--To Lady Sowerby's.

Mr. N.--I'd rather go to the black hole in Calcutta. Besides, this Sanitary Report is really the most interesting--[*he begins to read.*]

Mrs. N. (piqued)--Well; Mr. Titmarsh will go with us.

Mr. N.--Will he? I wish him joy!

At this juncture Miss Clarissa Newboy enters in a pink paletôt, trimmed with swansdown--looking like an angel--and we exchange glances of--what shall I say?--of sympathy on both parts, and consummate rapture on mine. But this is by-play.

Mrs. N.--Good night, Frederic. I think we shall be late.

Mr. N.--You won't wake me, I daresay; and you don't expect a public man to sit up.

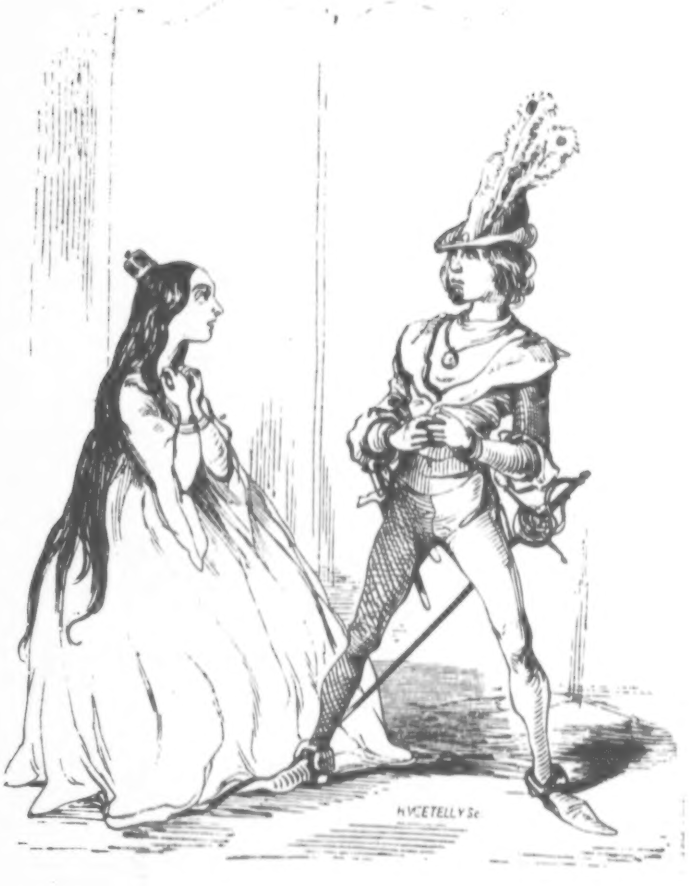
Mrs. N.--It's not you, it's the servants. Cocker sleeps very heavily. The maids are best in bed, and are all ill with the influenza. I say, Frederic dear, don't you think you had better give me YOUR CHUBB KEY?

This astonishing proposal, which violates every recognised law of society--this demand which alters all the existing state of things--this fact of a woman asking for a door-key, struck me with a terror which I cannot describe, and impressed me with the fact of the vast progress of Our Street. The door-key! What would our grandmothers, who dwelt in this place when it was a rustic suburb, think of its condition now, when husbands stay at home, and wives go abroad with the latch-key?

The evening at Lady Sowerby's was the most delicious we have spent for long, long days.

Thus it will be seen that everybody of any consideration in Our Street takes a line. Mrs. Minimy (34) takes the homoeopathic line, and has *soirées* of doctors of that faith. Lady Pocklington takes the capitalist line; and those stupid and splendid dinners of hers are devoured by loan-contractors, and railroad princes. Mrs. Trimmer (38) comes out in the scientific line, and indulges us in rational evenings, where history is the lightest subject admitted, and geology and the sanitary condition of the metropolis form the general themes of conversation. Mrs. Brumby plays finely on the bassoon, and has evenings dedicated to Sebastian Bach, and enlivened with Handel. At Mrs. Maskleyn's they are mad for charades and theatricals.

They performed last Christmas in a French piece, by Alexandre Dumas, I believe--"La Duchesse de Montefiasco," of which I forget the plot, but everybody was in love with everybody else's wife, except the hero, Don Alonzo, who was ardently attached to the Duchess, who turned out to be his grandmother. The piece was translated by Lord Fiddle-faddle, Tom Bulbul


H VIZETELLY Sc

A SCENE OF PASSION.

being the Don Alonzo; and Mrs. Roland Calidore (who never misses an opportunity of acting in a piece in which she can let down her hair) was the Duchess.

ALONZO.

You know how well he loves you, and you wonder
To see Alonzo suffer, Cunegunda?--
Ask if the chamois suffer when they feel
Plunged in their panting sides the hunter's steel?
Or when the soaring heron or eagle proud,
Pierced by my shaft, comes tumbling from the cloud,
Ask if the royal birds no anguish know,
The victims of Alonzo's twanging bow?
Then ask him if he suffers--him who dies,
Pierced by the poisoned glance that glitters from your eyes!
[*He staggers from the effect of the poison.*

THE DUCHESS.

Alonzo loves--Alonzo loves! and whom?
His grandmother! O hide me gracious tomb!
[*Her Grace faints away.*

Such acting as Tom Bulbul's I never saw. Tom lisps atrociously, and uttered the passage, "You athk me if I thuffer," in the most absurd way. Miss Clapperclaw says he acted pretty well, and that I only joke about him because I am envious, and wanted to act a part myself.--I envious indeed!

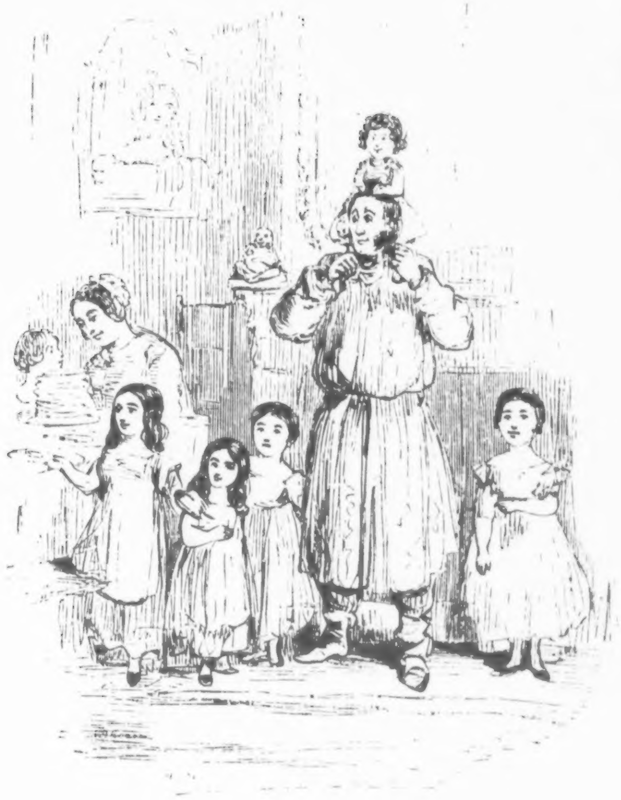
But of all the assemblies, feastings, junkettings, déjeuners, soirées, conversaziones, dinner-parties, in Our Street, I know of none pleasanter than the banquets at Tom Fairfax's; one of which this enormous provision-consumer gives seven times a-week. He lives in one of the little houses of the old Waddilove Street quarter, built long before Pocklington Square and Pocklington Gardens and the Pocklington family itself had made their appearance in this world.

Tom, though he has a small income, and lives in a small house, yet sits down one of a party of twelve to dinner every day of his life; these twelve consisting of Mrs. Fairfax, the nine Misses Fairfax, and Master Thomas Fairfax--the son and heir to twopence-halfpenny a-year.

It is awkward just now to go and beg pot-luck from such a family as this; because, though a guest is always welcome, we are thirteen at table--an unlucky number, it is said. This evil is only temporary, and will be remedied presently, when the family will be thirteen *without* the occasional guest, to judge from all appearances.

Early in the morning Mrs. Fairfax rises, and cuts bread and butter from six o'clock till eight; during which time the nursery operations upon the nine little graces are going on. We only see a half dozen of them at this present moment, and in the present authentic picture, the remainder dwindling off upon little chairs by their mamma.

The two on either side of Fairfax are twins--awarded to him by singular good fortune; and he only knows Nancy from Fanny



THE HAPPY FAMILY.

by having a piece of tape round the former's arm. There is no need to give you the catalogue of the others. She, in the pinafore in front, is Elizabeth, goddaughter to Miss Clapperclaw, who has been very kind to the whole family; that young lady with the ringlets is engaged by the most solemn ties to the present writer, and it is agreed that we are to be married as soon as she is as tall as my stick.

If his wife has to rise early to cut the bread and butter, I warrant Fairfax must be up betimes to earn it. He is a clerk in a Government Office; to which duty he trudges daily, refusing even twopenny omnibuses. Every time he goes to the shoemaker's he has to order eleven pairs of shoes, and so can't afford to spare his own. He teaches the children Latin every morning, and is already thinking when Tom shall be inducted into that language. He works in his garden for an hour before breakfast. His work over by three o'clock, he tramps home at four, and exchanges his dapper coat for that dressing-gown in which he appears before you,--a ragged but honourable garment in which he stood (unconsciously) to the present designer.

Which is the best, his old coat or Sir John's bran new one? Which is the most comfortable and becoming, Mrs. Fairfax's black velvet gown, (which she has worn at the Pocklington Square parties these twelve years, and in which I protest she looks like a queen), or that new robe which the milliner has just brought home to Mrs. Bumpsher's, and into which she will squeeze herself on Christmas day?

Miss Clapperclaw says that we are all so charmingly contented with ourselves that not one of us would change with his neighbour; and so, rich and poor, high and low, one person is about as happy as another in Our Street.

TEXTUAL INTRODUCTION TO OUR STREET

In his "General Textual Principles," Peter Shillingsburg explains that, for copy-texts, the editors "have chosen in each case an early version, usually that at the time of first publication, because we want the Thackeray edition as a whole to reveal the author's development and change throughout his career" (407). Ideally, the manuscript of each work, ready for publication but as yet untouched by the publisher, would provide the earliest authorial version and copy-text. Unfortunately, as Shillingsburg notes, for almost all Thackeray's works the choice of a copy-text is complicated by "the virtual disappearance of most of the manuscripts" (409) and by inadequate punctuation in surviving manuscripts, which renders them "not sufficient guides to the punctuation or capitalization systems intended by the author" (408).

Both problems affect the choice of copy-text for Our Street. No manuscript exists for the book's first five chapters. The manuscript for the other seven chapters is obviously under-punctuated. In deciding on a copy-text, I explored two options. One would be to use the first edition as copy-text for the first five chapters and the manuscript as copy-text for the remaining seven. However, I felt that the syntactic punctuation in the first edition of Our Street differed markedly enough from Thackeray's preferred rhetorical system of punctuation that, even were the seven manuscript chapters to receive necessary supplemental punctuation (using what is known of Thackeray's rhetorical system as a guide), the disparity between the manuscript and first edition chapters would be obvious.

The option I chose was to use the first edition, first issue, of 1848 as copy-text because it is whole, albeit burdened with non-authorial accidentals. I felt that what Shillingsburg describes as "a relatively consistent, though nonauthorial, texture of punctuation throughout" was not inappropriate for this short work (Scholarly Editing 66). Accidentals constitute the majority of the variations between the manuscript and first edition chapters. Innumerable commas appear--many of them necessary--and over thirty commas, dashes, and colons are replaced by semi-colons, most of these alterations unnecessary. In the textual apparatus, "Variants Between the Our Street MS and First Edition" provides a complete list of variants for the last seven chapters, allowing the reader to examine Thackeray's own non-verbal forms or the lack thereof. This record would also allow an editor to re-construct the seven MS chapters and produce an edition in accordance with the first option.

Thackeray never mentions working on Our Street in his published letters and little is known about when it was begun or ended, although certainly in time for publication at Christmas, 1847. In 1847 the author was also writing Vanity Fair, which had been appearing in serial form since January of that year and must have occupied much of his time. For Our Street, Thackeray seems to have found inspiration close to home. In the second volume of his biography, Thackeray, The Age of Wisdom, Gordon Ray notes parallels between the author's neighborhood and the setting for Our Street, with "Kensington Square and Young Street . . . faithfully presented under the names of Pocklington Square and Waddilove Street" (4).[1] Saintsbury also comments on similarities between actual persons and characters in the book (154),[2] although it would be stretching credibility to suggest that the author, like Miss Clapperclaw, was observing his neighbors with the aid of a mirror affixed to his window frame.

In the surviving sections of manuscript, Thackeray did not make extensive revisions, and those he did make must be considered fine-tuning rather than re-writing. Mrs. Stafford Molyneux's mantle goes from light green to light blue (147.4); Mrs. Bumpsher's bald head resembles the butler's as well as her husband's (168.9); and Tom Fairfax works in a Government office rather than Somerset House (182.10). Thackeray must also have seen and revised proofs for the book, as several differences between the manuscript and the first edition text suggest that, at some time between the two, he made revisions. These are discussed at length in "Variants Between the Manuscript and First Edition."

Dated 1848 on the title-page, Our Street was published by Chapman and Hall in time for the holiday trade, and it received a favorable response from reviewers and the public alike. Of the ten reviews listed by Dudley Flamm in Thackeray's Critics, not one is negative. The Literary Gazette for January 1 found "the sketches are slight but full of life and reality" (quoted by Flamm, 53), while the Times called Thackeray's rendering of Mrs. Stafford Molyneux "a finer trait of humanity in a few--a very few--lines than many which more laborious artists would require pages to exhibit" (quoted in Letters 2: 338n). With this success came Thackeray's famous admission to his mother, in a letter dated 7 January, 1848:

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[1] Both a photograph and drawing of 13 Young Street in The Two Thackerays (23-24) show a house unlike any appearing in Our Street. Thackeray's house has prominent bow windows on either side of the entry, although it does have the roof-line of the house on the book's cover, which I tentatively identify as Mrs. Cammysole's.

[2] One Saintsbury does not mention is the man on the far left in the frontispiece, who resembles Mr. Flam from Mrs. Perkins's Ball. Gordon Ray notes that Frederick Locker-Lampson contended Flam was modelled on Thackeray's friend, Abraham Hayward, who had "curly locks, a neat little foot, a lip vermillion, and an Abra'am nose" (Wisdom 45).

> There is no use denying the matter or blinking it now. I am become a sort of great man in my way--all but at the top of the tree: indeed there if the truth were known and having a great fight up there with Dickens. I get such a deal of praise wherever I go that it is rather wearisome to hear. I don't think my head is a bit turned please God: for I've always got my own opinion, and when men and newspapers say Our Street is the finest &c. I know a devilish deal better, and don't disguise the truth either (Letters 2: 333-34).

The "deal of praise" certainly could not have hurt sales of the first edition, and a second edition was published in 1848.

For this edition, four lifetime versions of Our Street were collated: a first edition, first issue (photocopy from Bruce Peele Special Collections Library, University of Alberta); a first edition, second issue (from the collection of Juliet McMaster); a second edition copy (from the Arents Collection at the New York Public Library); and a copy of the 1857 Christmas Books edition (from the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library). I transcribed the latter two at the New York Public

Library.[3] A comparison of textual variants shows that the first edition, second issue, text (1848b) is identical to the first issue (1848a) text; as Van Duzer reports, the only difference between the two versions is the colored (1848a) versus uncolored (1848b) plates (90). A comparison of the type in the two first-edition issues and the second edition reveals that all three were set from the same type (identical broken characters throughout). This was probably standing type, as I did not detect unimpeachable evidence of stereotyping, such as uniform type shifting in all three versions. New type was set for the Christmas Books edition (1857); its page and line breaks differ from the earlier versions. Both the second edition (1848c) and Christmas Books edition (1857) use the first edition as copy-text. They share only one substantive variant and six accidental variants, all of the latter corrections of typographical errors.

In appearance, the first and second editions are similar. The second edition title-page has "SECOND EDITION" under the vignette and above "LONDON:/CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186 STRAND./MDCCCXLVIII." The second edition also contains a list of illustrations in the preliminary pages. Leaves in the copies examined were approximately the same size, 18 cm. x 13 cm. Illustrations in the first two editions are identical. The 1857 edition moves two plates, "A Studio," and the frontispiece, "The Siren of Our Street," moves necessitated by page and line changes due to reset type and the edition's elimination of any frontispiece. The first and second editions list the same prices, five shillings with "plain" plates or seven shillings, sixpence "coloured."

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[3] After the work for this chapter was completed, I received from Harvard University a microfilm copy of an 1848 edition of Our Street that, based on a comparison with the other texts, appears to be a second edition text with a first edition title-page. The plates are colored, and this might well be the purported "colored copy dated 'MDCCCXLVII'" Shillingsburg mentions in his "Census of Imprints to 1865" (Pegasus 259): I found no copies of Our Street dated 1847 when looking through Harvard's card catalogue.

The illustrations for this edition are reproduced from the first edition uncolored plates. I could not locate Thackeray's original drawings for Our Street and do not know if any still exist. In a letter to his wife dated November 3, 1847, William Brookfield reported he had "found Thack. droring for his new Annual which is to be called 'Our Street' (Letters 2: 323n).[4] While Thackeray did the original drawings, he left the cutting of the wood blocks to more skilled hands. Of the 16 full-page plates in the first edition, all but three are signed "Henry Vizetelly, Sc." or "H.V.Sc.". Vizetelly, whose shop printed Our Street and who also had a hand in the woodcuts for Mrs. Perkins's Ball, was reputedly "one of the most skillful printers of woodcuts in the 1840s" (Buchanan-Brown, 18). He would already have been familiar with both Thackeray's style and his fastidious attention to the reproduction of his drawings.

Almost every chapter in Our Street reveals how exactly this sort of work suited what Saintsbury so aptly calls Thackeray's "ambidexterity with pen and pencil" (151). The illustrations are more detailed than those for Mrs. Perkins's Ball, generally featuring groups rather than individuals and providing a better sense of place through background details. The reader sees not only "The Man in Possession" (155) but also the modest parlor he has seized, while the bust and self-portrait in the background of

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[4] Brookfield's use of the term "Annual" suggests that he at least viewed Thackeray's Christmas books as kin to that genre, although there is no knowing whether Thackeray might also have applied the term to them, even in jest.

"Captain and Mrs. Bragg of Our Street" (127) echo the text's assertions about the Captain's arrogant egotism. Appropriately, the cover illustration features Our Street itself. Looking down the street, the reader sees an organ-grinder in the foreground playing for a gentleman in livery before a house with ornate wrought-iron rails. Across the street, a couple promenades; behind them is an elegant four-story house, perhaps No. 46, residence of the Honourable Mrs. Montnoddy. Next to that may well be the "high-roofed, low-roomed old tenement" where Titmarsh resides. The stone bell-tower of St. Waltheof's looms in the distance, and not far off is the smaller spire of Pocklington Chapel.

The book's narrator appears in no fewer than four plates, always in the background but very much a part of Our Street. It is Titmarsh and not some other hapless victim captured in Miss Clapperclaw's window-mirror on the book's title-page. The denizens of Our Street are, in general, portrayed realistically, with Titmarsh caricaturing only those he dislikes. Miss Chesterforth's scowling mother is fearsome; Captain Bragg's head is over-large and his eyes bulge grotesquely; Mrs. Bumpsher and Bryanstone may be the ugliest mother and son Thackeray ever drew. Others are portrayed more sympathetically. In "The Lady Whom Nobody Knows" (150), Mrs. Stafford Molyneux attracts contemptuous stares from her neighbors, but her bowed head and downcast eyes seem intended to arouse compassion in the reader. The final image in the book, "The Happy Family," depicts the domestic tranquility that reigns in the Fairfax household despite the family's humble status.

For this edition of Our Street, illustration placement, page breaks and most line breaks duplicate those in the copy-text. I have emended the reading text to correct detectable scribal and compositorial errors in the copy-text. A "List of Emendations" gives specific changes, and reasons for any emendations that are not self-explanatory appear in "Notes on Adopted Readings." Further details about the condition and appearance of the manuscript are provided in the introduction to "Alterations in the Manuscript."

LIST OF EMENDATIONS FOR OUR STREET

In the entries below, the first reading is the emended text used in this edition, followed by the symbols for other versions also having this reading. The second reading in each entry is the original copy-text (first edition, first issue) reading, followed by the symbols for other versions with this reading. Where given, subsequent readings indicate other variants and the versions in which they appear. The numbers given are page and line numbers for this edition.

A List of Symbols Used

MS = manuscript
SE = Our Street. Second Edition. London: Chapman and Hall, 1848.
CHR = Christmas Books. London: Chapman and Hall, 1857.
/ = a line break occurs mid-word
* = further explanation or discussion included in "Notes on Adopted Readings"

*118.20	on which of which (SE,CHR)
121.4	letters; (SE) letters, (CHR)
121.8	letters; (SE) letters, (CHR)
*123.13	lead led (SE,CHR)
128.3	feel feel, (SE,CHR)
133.7	forty-eight forty-eight; (CHR) forty-eight-- (SE)
*134.1	princes (SE) prince (CHR)
134.3	hadn't (SE,CHR) had n't
*136.3	Pocklington (SE) Paddington (CHR)
*136.9	ré-unions (SE) ré /unions réunions (CHR)
137.16	Mr. (SE,CHR) Mr
*138.6	on of (SE,CHR)
*139.10	5 (CHR) 4 (SE)

141.17	Bragg's	(SE,CHR)
	Braggs	(SI)
*147.4	shot	(MS,SE)
	short	(CHR)
148.8	"It's	(SE,CHR)
	It's	(MS)
*153.12	dragoons	(MS,SE)
	Dragoons	(CHR)
154.10	sentiment--	(MS,CHR)
	sentiment.--	(SE)
*159.17	hareem	(MS,SE)
	harem	(CHR)
*159.13	hareem	(MS,SE)
	harem	(CHR)
*162.5	Pasha	(MS)
	Pacha	(SE,CHR)
*165.16	pity	(SE)
	ply	(CHR)
*169.19	likeness	
	liking	(SE,CHR)
*173.5	Boreham	(MS,SE)
	Bonham	(CHR)
*174.10	women	(SE)
	woman	(CHR,MS)
176.1	won't	(CHR)
	wont	(MS,SE)
*176.9	juncture	(MS,SE)
	puncture	(CHR)
*177.2	grandmothers	(SE)
	grandmother	(CHR)
	grand mothers	(MS)
*179.25	déjeuners	(MS)
	déjeunes	(SE,CHR)
182.24-183.1	has	(CHR)
	has has	(SE)

NOTES ON ADOPTED READINGS IN OUR STREET

These notes refer to entries marked with an asterisk (*) in the "List of Emendations" and "Substantive Variants" and explain why variant readings were adopted and, in one case, rejected. Explanations are not given for emendations that are self-explanatory, such as simple punctuation changes and regularization of contractions. Page and line numbers are from this edition.

118.10: Pocklington Chapel. [Not emended, although this is changed to Waddilove Chapel in the second edition. It could be argued that Thackeray is correcting the church's name to reflect its age, but I think this is properly classified as a revision.]

118.20: on which [Emendation. The parenthetical comment is still awkward but makes sense.]

123.13: lead [Emendation. Thackeray uses the present tense throughout this passage and in the previous sentence states that the maids "lead the lives of demons" (123.8).]

134.1: princes [Emendation. "Princes" refers back to "the little boys" (133.20-21).]

136.3: Pocklington [Emendation. Probably a compositor's error as the pub is called the Pocklington Arms at 118.9 and again at 139.21.]

136.9: *ré-unions* [Emendation. An apparent typographical error; although the line-end hyphen was omitted in the first edition, space appears to have been left for it.]

138.6: on [Emendation. The "of" would appear to be a misreading given the "on" at 138.7 and the commonly-used phrase, "go on an errand".]

139.10: 5 [Emendation. Possibly a scribal error, since Mr. Jeames is the fifth servant described. Fipps, "the buttoniest page in all the street," is number four (138.20).]

147.4: shot [Emendation. "Shot" appears in the MS and is in keeping with Titmarsh's description of Mrs. Molyneux's attire as "of the handsomest sort money could buy" (147.7). A "short" silk dress "sustained by crinoline" (147.4) would be daring even for someone in Mrs. Molyneux's profession.]

153.12: dragoons [Emendation. The MS and second edition do not capitalize this, and it appears in lower case at 154.11.]

159.7 and 159.13: hareem [Emendation. The more exotic spelling would seem to emphasize Clarence Bulbul's ostentatious attempts at authenticity.]

162.5: Pasha [Emendation. Although "Pacha" is an alternative spelling, this is the spelling used in the MS here and again at 39.3.]

165.16: pity [Emendation. This word in the MS could be either "ply" or "pity" (with the "t" uncrossed). The latter seems more appropriate, given Oriel's desire to appear the selfless martyr.]

169.19: likeness [Emendation. "Liking" appears in the MS but makes no sense and is probably a scribal error.]

173.5: Boreham [Emendation. This was probably a compositor's error since "Boreham" appears in the MS.]

174.10: women [Emendation. "Woman" appears in the MS but is probably a scribal error because this is the pronoun antecedent for "they" and clearly refers to both Maria and Clarissa Newboy.]

176.9: juncture [Emendation. Although "puncture" is not entirely inappropriate given the deflating tenor of Newboy's preceding remark, the MS has "juncture."]

177.2: grandmothers [Emendation. The MS has "grand mothers."]

179.25: déjeuners [Emendation. Thackeray spells the French word for breakfast correctly in the MS.]

ALTERATIONS IN THE OUR STREET MANUSCRIPT

The extant manuscript (MS) for Our Street is incomplete, with none surviving for the first five chapters of the book. Unlike the MSS of many of his works, however, most of the Our Street MS that remains has been preserved as several sections rather than as individual leaves scattered hither and yon. The Huntington Library holds the largest fragment, which includes all of "What Sometimes Happens in Our Street," "Somebody Whom Nobody Knows," and "The Bumpshers," and most of "The Man in Possession" (144.1-156.12) and "Jolly Newboy, Esq., M.P." (172.1-177.18). MS for "The Lion of The Street" and "The Dove of Our Street" is preserved intact at the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, the University of Texas at Austin. And three leaves of MS corresponding to 156.14-157.24 from "The Man in Possession" and 179.25-182.19 from "Jolly Newboy" are in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library. Thus the MS for the sixth through twelfth chapters exists almost in its entirety, lacking only a section of "Jolly Newboy" from 177.19-179.24 and the final two paragraphs of the book, 182.20-183.6. The possibility that these sections were added to the proofs of Our Street and never existed in MS is discussed further in "Variants: MS and First Edition."

I examined and transcribed the Berg MS fragment at the New York Public Library; the Huntington and University of Texas MSS were transcribed from photocopies. Even in the photocopies it is possible to tell that the three manuscript sections, although all in Thackeray's upright hand, differ somewhat in appearance. The Huntington and Berg fragments of "The Man in Possession" are written in small, thick (as if written with a broad pen nib or one that needed sharpening) script, as is "What Sometimes Happens in Our Street," "Somebody Whom Nobody Knows," "The Bumpshers," the Huntington portion of "Jolly Newboy," all of "The Lion of the Street" and the opening paragraph of "The Dove of Our Street." However, the dramatic dialogue from that chapter is written on long, thin slips of paper, and Thackeray's handwriting is also elongated and thinner, easier to decipher than the short, squat letters. The Berg fragment from the end of "Jolly Newboy," while written small, appears to have been done with a finer point and it too is more legible.

Although Thackeray makes many small changes to the manuscript text, he never makes lengthy deletions or insertions to the sections that survive. Deletions made with a line or two through the word are often decipherable, although other words are thoroughly cancelled by all-encompassing blots. Marginalia in "What Sometimes Happens in Our Street" (the word, "Funeral") and "Somebody Whom Nobody Knows" ("The walking woman and parasol") indicates illustrations to accompany the text. A small sketch of a smiling bald person after the third paragraph of "The Bumpshers" could represent Mrs. Bumpsher sans hairpiece and bears a rudimentary likeness to the portrait of her in the plate, "Venus and Cupid." The Berg MS fragment of "Jolly Newboy" contains five minor insertions in pencil and a correction ("Clapperclaw" for "Kicklebury") in a hand that may not be Thackeray's. The Huntington MS fragment of the same chapter concludes with a note in a large, round hand (not the author's): "W. Thackeray intended this to be the end." There is no knowing the anonymous writer's authority for such a statement since this is neither the end of the book nor the end of the MS, although the writer may not have known of the Berg fragment.

All alterations to the manuscript are given in the following table. Page and line numbers are those of the present edition. A key to the symbols used is given below.

A List of Symbols Used

< > = MS material deleted by Thackeray
| | = MS material inserted by Thackeray
<< >> = deletions within deletions
|| || = insertions within insertions
/ \ = words in the MS mistakenly left uncancelled
<word?> = best guess at word deleted by Thackeray from MS
<illeg. 3> = illegible deletion and apparent number of letters
<illeg. wd.> = number of deleted letters could not be determined
[ ] = either an editorial note or a strikeover, i.e. [H over h]e

<table>
<tr><td>144.3</td><td>group <before> |at| the</td></tr>
<tr><td>144.4</td><td>mute: <<+>> <the dismal one><in the> he</td></tr>
<tr><td>144.5</td><td>those <his> <illeg. 3> bran-new</td></tr>
<tr><td>144.10</td><td><illeg. 7>|those little ones| come</td></tr>
<tr><td>144.10</td><td>come <sp> |c|rawling abroad</td></tr>
<tr><td>144.12</td><td>in <our> |the| street.</td></tr>
<tr><td>144.12</td><td>will <make> bring</td></tr>
<tr><td>144.18</td><td>already, <and> mingling</td></tr>
<tr><td>145.1</td><td>show <in hopes that some of the families at the fine plate glass windows may engage him>, &</td></tr>
<tr><td>145.1</td><td>& <makes> |the two musics make| queer</td></tr>
<tr><td>145.7</td><td>I <hear> |am told|. Nobody</td></tr>
<tr><td>145.8</td><td>Nobody <ever> heard</td></tr>
<tr><td>145.9</td><td>Hunkington |must| wish</td></tr>
</table>

145.11 day. [Illegible cancelled note in margin above.]
145.12 <It is> But
145.17 out |only| once.
145.22 they could<n't> |not| afford
146.2 And <the?> |every| thing
146.3 Jones-Hunkington. I <hope> wonder
146.4 asks__ <and> I
146.4 wouldn't. <and indeed I dont be> And
147.3 who <illeg. wd.> wore
147.4 light <green> |blue| mantle
147.12 an |intimate & valued| female
147.16 manners, <her> little
147.18 to <her> |the| opera
148.14 groceries <and> French
148.19 Square |dinners| such
149.3 It <illeg. wd.> must
149.5 tiles |and chimneypots| did
149.9 dog <illeg. 3> hanging
149.13 Kicklebury <illeg. 2> walking
151.4 most. <They?> once
151.11 he <speak to> |play with| me
151.12 Molyneux <said> |asked|__and his
151.17 out <of the upper story> |over the balcony; &| a
151.19 The <cooks> pastry
151.22 tradesmen |in| <illeg. 5> the
152.2 have <ever> known
153.5 & |a box of| preserved
153.9 house |possible| (no
153.12 and |rather| famous
153.14 was <exceedingly> |<an> indeed a florid| contented
153.15 with <illeg. 9> some
153.16 pink |too| round
154.1 any |man| good.
154.3 The |Humming of the| Honey-beer'
154.4 my <mind> |judgment| and |in| that
154.7 of |small| Elysium.
154.15 the Tregulph<y>|o| tin-mines,
154.17 his <illeg. 1> clinking
154.20 sundry <very> dubious
156.1 been |in| Dixon's <man> troop
156.3 day |lately| I

[Berg Ms fragment begins here at the top of a new page, taking up exactly where the Huntington MS fragment (HM 1631) ends at the bottom of a page.]

157.5 fled. <illeg. wd> As

157.8 husband <at> |had| lost.
157.11 smart <plate> furniture
157.11 little sto<re>|ck| of
157.15 new <illeg. wd> |tenant| is
157.17 went <over> |across the water| with <Mrs. Fanny &> the
157.22 that <illeg. wd> honest
158.5 considerable |merit| Miss
158.9 one |__an honest one| My
158.10 another |an amusing one| my
158.15 made <the> part
159.5 Yes__the <odious> impudent
159.16 every <day>|body|. I
159.18 cross-legged <illeg. 2> on
159.19 amber-muzzled <mouthpiece> |pipe stuck| into
159.20 his <hand> mouth
159.22 was |a| fine <illeg. wd> |day. Bowly| almost
159.23 to |this Turkish manner.|
159.24 <But it is when> |Bulbuls| dinners
161.7 him <through wh. he>__'Confounded impostor'
161.12 the <ribs> apron,
161.15 himself |down| cross-legged upon a <satin> pink
161.18 up <with> like
161.21 a <illeg. 4> girl
162.3 He <told> charmed
162.6 he <almost> |actually| persuaded
164.7 sermons |has| turned
164.8 <<I>> <heard the following talk going on> |While we were having a rubber| at
164.11 what <the ladies <<ill.canc>> call the oratory formerly> |was formerly called| the
164.16 Revd. <illeg. 1> O.
165.6 Witikind <Saint> of
165.6 Wamba |and| Saint
165.16 like, <but> I
165.19 better <tomorrow> |then|.
165.20 your <club> |heart| with my <ten of> |small| trump<s>.
166.4 his |waistcoat.|
166.5 Miss [D over d]e l'Aisle <, bursts into tears> He's
166.7 I <held the> |have the highest| club, <and that makes us> |wh. gives the trick +| two
166.9 have |a <illeg. 6>| <every> variety
166.11 school <while> and
167.3 Mole <the> who
167.4 ask <the Surgeon> |our Doctor| at

168.4	M.P. |for Humborough| (and
168.9	himself, |or for the butler of the family:| whereas
168.13	vie <with each other> together
168.16	a |wholesale| stationer
168.16	was |daughter of| an
168.17	Street. [In space at end of paragraph is a small sketch of a smiling person who could be Mrs. Bumpsher sans wig]
169.2	is em<broidered>|blazoned| all
169.9	own <levee?> |drawing-room| before
169.11	her <illeg. 7> |rooms.|
169.14	rubies |ribbons| cameos
169.15	opals, <ribbons> &
169.19	to <illeg. 2> Bryanstone
169.19	[Note above this line: [ ] the small cut]
169.22	[Note at end of paragraph: [ ] Mrs. Bumpsher to face this page]
171.1	suit. (|as| if
171.2	any |thing resembling a| skeleton)
171.2	say <Pinkney> Mrs.
171.3	costume |her boy by her side| whose
171.8	year <since?> for
171.9	in |the advertisements of| all
172.1	Jolly <Ne> Newboy
172.3	an entr<ee, <illeg. 3> having had the honour |in former days| to
172.7	degrees |not only| from
172.9	man |the Rt. Honorable| Lord
172.11	invited <to dine by his> |to| one of his Lorship's excellent dinners (|of| wh.
172.14	statesmen |poets| and
172.15	but <to> the best <of> |members| of all <the> society.
172.17	singing |in a deep-toned tragic ballad| and
173.3	on <the> <illeg. 4> Ireland, <illeg. 4> Bass
173.3	ear <illeg. 1> (or
173.5	while <that> Charley
173.12	late <Newboy has also> had a <fl> |r|ush of
173.14	of <[Lincoln or Lancaster?]> |____|shire dying.
173.15	living <in> with the utmost modesty in |<his co>| Grays
173.16	a <fine> |great| house
173.18	fine <house> mansion in <Pock> |our| gardens.
173.19	Mumborough <for> |in| parliament
173.20	mind <in> occupied
173.24	blue-books, <of> <late?>, and
174.4	pardon |in| him_for

174.6 their |innocent prattle, and lively| talk
174.12 party <in> at
174.15 the 1<illeg. 1>|7|th of
174.16 house <illeg. 4> after
174.18 on <Saturday> the
174.24 dressed f<rom>or the
176.7 Mrs. N. |(piqued)| Well,
176.14 Mrs. N. |Good night| Frederic
176.17 <The butler> |Cocker| sleeps
176.21 violates <all the> |every| recognized
177.8 Minimy |34| takes
177.9 has soirées of
177.9 <Mrs.> Lady
177.12 the <educational?> |scientific| line,
177.13 history <is talked as relaxation> |<geography><illeg. 8>
is the lightest subject| admitted,
177.15 the <illeg. wd.> general

[The Huntington MS fragment (HM 1629) ends here; the Berg fragment resumes at the last paragraph on p. 53.]

179.25 junketings |déjeuners| soirées conversaziones,
179.27 at <Tom> |<Frank>| |Tom| Fairfax's_one
180.1 provision |-[in pencil]| consumer gives <every day>
|seven times a week|.
180.3 before <the> Pocklington
180.4 and <illeg. wd> the
180.6 <Frank> |Tom, though he| has
180.7 down <with> |<in>| |one of| a party of twelve <consist>
|consisting [in pencil]| of
180.13 table|, [in pencil]| an
180.14 evil |is only temporary &| will be remedied <illeg. wd>
|presently| <without> when
180.18 the <nursemaids are operating upon the nine little
Graces_of whom> |nursery operations upon the nine
little Graces are [in pencil] going on.|
180.20 dozen |of them| at
180.24 knows |Nancy| <<one>> from <the other> |Fanny| by
182.1 of <string> |tape| round
182.2 |There is no need to give you the catalogue| she
182.3 Miss <Kicklebury> |Clapperclaw [possibly in another hand]|
182.5 is |engaged by the most| solemn<ly> ties
182.8 to <get up> |rise [in pencil]| early to <provide> cut
182.10 in <Somerset House> |a Government office|; to
182.10 trudges <in + out> daily
182.12 order <nine> eleven pairs of <little> shoes

182.13 Latin <in a> every
182.19 (unconsciously) <for> |to| the
[The Berg MS fragment ends here.]

VARIANTS BETWEEN THE OUR STREET MS AND FIRST EDITION

This table includes variants between the MS and first edition chapters 6-12, the only chapters for which MS exists. As might be expected given the author's tendency to punctuate lightly if at all, the differences between the MS and first edition are largely in the accidentals (punctuation, italicization, spelling, capitalization, accent marks, and paragraphing) rather than the substantives (words and word order). The general trend in the alteration of non-verbal forms is the addition of internal punctuation such as commas, semi-colons, quotation marks, and missing apostrophes in contractions and possessive nouns. Some commas are also changed to semi-colons; single quotation marks change to double quotation marks; and many dashes give way to commas, semi-colons, and periods.

Such accidental variants are perhaps of less interest to those studying Thackeray's methods of composition than to someone examining the imposition of the publisher's house style on the MS version. There are, however, three longer entries showing sections of the manuscript not cancelled by Thackeray but omitted from the first edition, ostensibly representing changes made in the intervening proof stage(s) about which nothing is known. The first, from the end of "What Sometimes Happens in Our Street" is obviously omitted from the published version because it is redundant: Thackeray apparently decided to save Miss Clapperclaw's musings on Miss Jones Hunkington's moral responsibilities regarding her inheritance to close the chapter. The last entry, from Titmarsh's description of the Fairfaxes in "Jolly Newboy, Esq., M.P.," is a digression on Titmarsh's preference for things small, which is mildly humorous but irrelevant.

The most interesting variant of the three appears early in the final chapter, where Titmarsh concludes a paragraph with a paean to "Lovely, lovely Diana White!" whom he, characteristically, would pursue were he not distracted by multiple love interests. In the MS version, this begins a new paragraph in which Titmarsh admits to his previous lack of success with the young lady. He goes on to philosophize about the futility of pursuing the fair sex when the field is overcrowded (ostensibly with better prospects) and concludes with an apparent endorsement of polygamy. Much of this seems uncharacteristically morose for Titmarsh, and perhaps too personal for an author estranged from his wife because of her mental illness and unable to remarry. Unfortunately for those studying the manuscript, this section is written in a small, cramped hand replete with deletions and insertions. A frustrating number of key words are indecipherable; without them much of the paragraph remains an enigma.

Two sections of the last chapter, the "Comte de Montefiasco" scene and the final two paragraphs of the first edition, may never have existed in MS form. Changes to several lines (177.15-17) of the paragraph preceding the Montefiasco scene appear in the first edition and suggest an attempt to fit it into the text. It is unclear whether the book's final paragraphs were also an addition at the proof stage or if that portion of the MS has been lost. The abruptness with which the book would end without them would seem to indicate that Thackeray did not intend the book to conclude with a description of Tom Fairfax's dressing-gown, as the Berg MS fragment does.

I have attempted to reduce the vast number of accidental variants by omitting from the table those consistently changed in the first edition. Thackeray almost always uses "w^h." for "which" and an ampersand (&) or plus sign (+) for "and"; he routinely leaves out the point after "Miss C" when abbreviating Miss Clapperclaw's name and seldom remembers to use quotation marks (using only a single mark when he does). In the MS, French words as well as characters' names and stage directions in dramatic dialogues are never italicized and sometimes enclosed in parentheses; all these are regularized in the first edition. Also, all variants listed in "Emendations" and discussed in "Notes on Adopted Readings" are not repeated here.

In the table, the first reading is from the first edition and the second from the MS; when entries run to more than two lines, a @ symbol indicates the beginning of the second reading.

[Huntington MS fragment from 144.1-156.14]

144.4	jolly-looking mute;	jolly looking mute:
144.6	The	the
144.7	Our Street.	our street.
144.7	typhus fever	typhus-fever
144.8	lie	lies
144.8	houses	houses:
144.10	Those	those
144.11	beadles,	beadles
144.12	They	they
144.18	Punch,	Punch
145.1	show;	show,
145.3	people, I remark,	people I remark
145.3	now	now,
145.6	Jones, a	Jones--a
145.7	Hunkington's property,	@ Hunkingtons property
145.7	name,	name

145.8	Nobody ever heard Nobody heard
145.9	Hunkington, Hunkington
145.9	Hunkington, Hunkington
145.10	the lucky young the the lucky young
145.13	uncle, uncle
145.14	Hunkington (the Captain)
@	Hunkington, the Captain,
145.16	expense, expense
145.18	"It is a punishment on those Hunkingtons,"
@	Will Miss Jones-Hunkington give 'em back? Miss Clapperclaw asks--She wouldn't Miss C. says, and between ourselves I don't think she would. It is punishment on those Hunkingtons,
145.19	remarks; "upon remarks, upon
145.23	afford, afford
145.23	want. It want--it
145.24	plate," Miss C. plate Miss C
146.1	chests-full; and chests full--and
146.2	everything every thing
146.2	Jones Hunkington. Jones-Hunkington.
146.4	asks. "I wouldn't." asks--I wouldn't.
147.2	Square, Square
147.3	lady lady.
147.4	mantle, or over-jacket mantle or over jacket
147.6	garment); garment)
147.6	pelisse, pelisse
147.6	shawl, shawl
147.7	bonnet; bonnet,
147.7	dress, dress
147.9	buy--and buy and
147.10	ringlets, ringlets
147.11	complexion,--No. complexion--no
147.11	Square, I say, was Square I say was
147.12	named by the name of
147.14	Molyneux Molineux
147.15	Brougham, Brougham
147.15	horse, horse
147.16	(mark, (mark
147.16	please, please
147.16	respectability), and respectability)--and
147.17	moment's moments

147.18	parasol, &c.,	parasol &c.
147.19	opera-glass	opera glass
148.3	pretty," said I,	pretty said I
148.6	tongue, sir,"	tongue Sir
148.9	carriage,	carriage
148.9	foot."	foot
148.10	fellow-lodger's	fellow-lodgers
148.12	hours; we	hours. We
148.12	Broughams,	Broughams
148.13	eyes,	eyes
148.13	darkness; we	darkness. We
148.15	groceries, French plums	groceries French plums
148.18	time;	time,
148.19	pastry-cook's	pastry cook's
148.21	Square--dinners	Square dinners
148.24	riding-habit,	riding habit
149.1	feather,	feather
149.2	street,	street
149.3	won't last long--it	wont last long. It
149.3	humiliation,"	humiliation
149.5	Stafford	Spencer
149.8	maid,	maid &
149.11	well-disposed	well disposed
149.12	passed;	passed:
149.13	K., her daughter,	K her daughter
149.14	Stafford Molyneux,	Stafford Molineux
149.16	woman, meanwhile,	woman meanwhile
149.17	*is*	is
149.18	judge?) has	judge?)--has
149.18	conscious,	conscious
149.19	Street. You could	street--you could
149.19	beauty,	beauty
149.22	Trampoline,	Trampoline
149.22	maid,	maid
149.23	countenance. One	countenance--one
149.24	windows	window
151.1	fire-place	fire place
151.3	children, however,	children however
151.4	Once her boy,	once her boy
151.4	tartan, went	tartan what
151.5	Lacy,	Lacy
151.6	friends,	friends

151.8	Roderick's maid, rushing up,
@	Rodericks maid rushing up
151.9	arms, arms
151.9	away, away
151.11	me, mamma?" me Mamma?
151.14	"Ah--Heaven Ah, Heaven
151.14	I; but I--but
151.15	child; child"
151.16	up, up
151.17	balcony, balcony;
151.19	pastry-/cooks pastry cooks
151.20	Brougham brougham
151.21	cabs, cabs
151.24	right!" right,
151.24	C.; C,
152.5	poor; is poor, is, if
152.6	tongue--kind-hearted tongue, kind-hearted
152.6	main; but main--but
153.2	Our Street our street
153.3	Dixon, Dixon
153.4	biscuits, biscuits
153.5	cupboard, cupboard
153.6	Dixon's Dixons
153.7	nose, nose
153.10	(No. 16, opposite 96), (no 16 opposite 96)
153.12	weight, weight
153.13	marriage, marriage
153.13	fat; fat,
153.14	florid, contented, florid contented
153.15	pink, pink
153.16	too, too
153.17	dress, dress
153.18	Lord Comandine's lord Comandines
154.1	theatricals, theatricals
154.2	ballads, "Know'st ballads 'Know'st
154.3	balcony," or "The balcony' or The
154.4	Honey-bee" (far superior in *my* judgment,
@	Honey-beer'(far superior in my judgment
154.5	*some good judges* likewise, some good judges likewise
154.6	her, I say, sing these, her I say sing these
154.7	Dear, dear, Dear dear

154.7	she	She
154.11	the dragoons,	dragoons
154.12	do,	do
154.12	income,	income
154.13	time,	time
154.14	Director	director
154.17	boots,	boots
154.19	intolerable;	intolerable,
154.20	sundry very dubious	sundry dubious
154.21	piano	piano,
154.24	Kirby,	Kirby
156.1	regiment,	regiment
156.2	coachman, footman,	coachman footman
156.3	house,	house
156.7	company; the engineer	Company; the Engineer
156.7	Little	little
156.8	pounds--the	pounds, the
156.9	weeks' labour	weeks labour
156.11	nowhere;	nowhere
156.11	Mizzlington,	Mizzlington
156.11	rest,	rest
156.13	open--there	open. There

[Berg MS fragment from 156.14-157.24]

156.14	dining-room,	dining room
156.14	noon-day	noon day
156.16	indeed,	indeed
156.16	parlour,	parlour
156.17	Dixon's	Dixons
156.18	Kirby, the ex-dragoon,	Kirby the Ex-dragoon
156.18	fellow,	fellow
156.20	Kirby, his wife,	Kirby his wife
156.22	up stairs	upstairs
156.22	fear,	fear
156.23	bankrupt,	bankrupt
157.1	sent wine	sent down wine
157.2	down stairs,"	downstairs"
157.3	heart,	heart
157.4	paid,	paid
157.6	tears,	tears
157.6	entreaties,	entreaties
157.7	cost	costs
157.8	action	actions

157.9 Boulogne,
Boulogne
157.11 furniture,
furniture
157.11 plate;
plate.
157.12 linen, "the
linens ‘the
157.12 abroad;"
abroad’
157.13 maker;
maker
157.15 neighbour's;
neighbours’
157.18 Mrs. Fanny--she
Mrs. Fanny. She
157.18 settlement; and
settlement. And
157.20 Stairs,
stairs,
157.23 fortune,
fortune
157.24 Our Street
our street

[UTX MS fragment 158.1-42.6]

158.2 Clarence
Tom
158.3 Our Street,
our street
158.5 merit,"
merit
158.6 says; but hang it,
says--but hang it.
158.6 everybody
every body
158.7 book? I
book?--I
158.7 anybody
any body
158.9 book, forsooth! My Lord
book forsooth My lord
158.10 one; my Lord Youngent
another--an amusing one;
my Lord
@ one My lord Youngent
another an amusing one
my lord
158.11 one; there is "The
one--there is The
158.12 Cabob"--a sentimental
one; "Timbuctoothen"--a
humourous one, all
ludicrously overrated,
@ Cabob a sentimental
one + Timbuctoothen
a humourous one--all
ludicrously overrated
158.13 opinion,
opinion--
158.14 book,
book
158.15 Well, then,
Clarence Bulbul,
@ Well then
Clarence Bulbul
158.16 know,
know
158.17 airs, forsooth,
airs forsooth
158.20 courier,
courier
159.1 describe,
describe
159.2 ante-room,
anteroom
159.3 or, "Monsieur
or Monsieur
159.4 serail,"
serail,’
159.5 Yes, the
Yes--the
159.6 ground-floor
ground floor

159.6	house,
	house
159.12	Spitfire, the groom,
	Spitfire the groom
159.12	drawing-room,
	drawing room,
159.14	Clarence Bulbul
	Clarence
159.16	everybody.
	every body.
159.17	Bowly, his college-tutor,
@	Bowly his college.tutor
159.19	hand,
	hands;
159.23	Bulbul's dinners are, I own, very good;
@	Bulbuls dinners are I own very good,
159.24	fingers,
	fingers
159.24	true;
	true:
161.2	practice,
	practice
161.4	remarkable;
	remarkable,
161.5	would, I own, be odious,
	would I own be odious
161.5	delightful,
	delightful
161.7	him. "Confounded impostor," says one;"Impudent jackass," says another; "Miserable puppy,"
@	him--'Confounded impostor' says one 'The impudent jackass' says another 'Miserable puppy'
161.8	third; "I'd
	third. I'd
161.9	neck," says Bruff,
	neck says Bruff
161.10	nods, winks, smiles, and patronises
@	nods winks smiles and patronizes
161.11	good-humour.
	good humour.
161.12	duke
	Duke
161.13	shoulder,
	shoulder
161.14	night,
	night
161.17	Miss Pim,
	Miss Pim
161.18	Bulbul's feet rested,
	Bulbuls feet rested
161.20	me, Miss Pim,"
	me Miss Pim,'
161.20	cushion
	cushions
161.22	Circassia--Ameena,
	Circassia Ameena
161.22	of Schamyle
	Schamyle
161.23	know, Miss Pim,
	know Miss Pim
161.24	Constantinople?"
	Constantinople
162.1	"Law, Mr. Bulbul!"
	Law Mr. Bulbul,'
162.1	ejaculate;
	ejaculate:
162.2	houri,
	Houri
162.5	Pacha
	Pasha
162.6	drowned;
	drowned
162.7	poor little silly
	poor silly

162.8	Ambassador's, Ambassadors
162.8	mufti. Mufti.
164.2	Lion, Young lion, young
164.3	The Dove the dove
164.3	Colony. colony.
164.3	pasha Pasha
164.7	namby-pamby namby pamby
164.7	sermons, sermons
164.8	girls' girls
164.9	Chauntry's, Chauntrys
164.11	on, on
164.12	room, but room--that
164.12	Oratory. oratory.
164.16	room.] room)
164.17	Guards, Guards
164.18	Oriel? Oriel.
165.3	Guards, dear sister? The church
@	Guards. dear Sister? The Church
165.4	Saint St.
165.5	army; Saint Louis was in the army; Saint Waltheof, our patron,
@	army. Saint Waltheof our patron
165.6	Wamba, Wamba
165.7	captain Captain
165.8	guard Guard
165.8	Boadicea; Boadicea
165.8	major Major
165.9	cavalry. The Cavalry--the
165.10	pike, pike
165.10	know; know
165.11	tea, tea
165.12	days, days
165.14	The Young Ladies. The young ladies
165.15	sisters, Sisters
165.15	*You* You
165.15	list; but I am strong (*with a heart-broken* *sigh*); don't
@	like, I am--strong (with a heart broken sigh)--dont
165.18	To-morrow Tomorrow
165.18	day, day

165.22	sister; it	Sister. It
165.24	fever.	fever--
166.1	De Boots	de Boots
166.3	sackcloth	sack cloth
166.5	to-night he	to night he'
166.6	lord,	lord
166.9	Thus, you see,	Thus you see
166.10	Our	our
166.11	pointed Gothic school,	Pointed Gothic school:
166.12	port-wine school;	Port-wine school
166.13	Gronow, at Ebenezer,	Gronow at Ebenezer
166.14	Gronow,	Gronow
166.16	purgatory,	Purgatory
166.17	Ebenezer; while	Ebenezer--while
166.18	humbugs;	humbugs:
166.19	Mole,	Mole
166.19	beetle-browed	black-browed
166.22	which, my friends,	wh. my friends
166.23	agreed. Slocum likes port,	agreed--Slocum like Port
166.24	Gronow,	Gronow
166.24	neighbour's congregation,	neighbours congregation
167.1	own. Oriel,	own--Oriel
167.2	breakfast,	breakfast
167.3	poor; and	poor. And
167.3	Mole,	Mole
167.4	ground,	ground
167.4	doctor	Doctor
167.4	bed-/sides	bed sides

[Huntington MS from 168.1-177.18]

168.2	No. 6	6.
168.2	Gardens	Gardens__
168.3 @	entrance), George Bumpsher, Esquire,	entrance) George Bumpsher Esquire
168.4	Beanstalks, Kent).	Beanstalks. Kent)
168.8	on	in
168.8	windows,	windows
168.8	himself	himself,
168.10	wig;	wig:
168.13	neighbourhood;	neighbourhood,

168.15	is,	is
168.15	City	city
168.16	Street;	Street:
168.17	bill-broking	bill broking
169.2	carriages;	carriages,
169.2	country-house	country house
169.7	coronation	Coronation
169.8	both. On	both--On
169.9	Bumpsher	Bump
169.9	drawing-room	drawing room
169.10	Majesty's;	Majesty's,
169.12	one,	one
169.14	full-sized	full sized
169.14	rubies, ribbons,	rubies ribbons
169.15	lace,	lace
169.18	her, representing	her--representing
169.18	eighteen,	eighteen
169.19	lap,	lap
169.20	vulgar	vulgar,
169.20	Blues,	blues,
169.21	cherub,	cherub
171.1	anything	any thing
171.2	skeleton)--I remember, I say, Mrs. B.	@ skeleton) I remember I say Mrs. B
171.3	costume,	costume
171.4	the artist	he
171.5	gingerbread,	gingerbread
171.6	Pinkney, indeed,	(Pinkney indeed
171.6	humbug,	humbug
171.7	of the great	of of the great
171.10	sure,	sure
171.10	part,	part
171.11	woman.	man--
172.1	NEWBOY, ESQ.,	NEWBOY ESQ.
172.2	Newboys, now,	Newboys now
172.3	entrée--(having	entrée, having
172.4	ladies)	ladies
172.6	furnish.	@ furnish, the whole city cannot show.
172.7	degrees,	degrees

172.9	man, the Right Honourable Lord Comandine,
@	man the Rt. Honourable Lord Comandine
172.11	lordship's
	Lordship's
172.13	statesmen, poets,
	statesmen poets
172.14	Bulbul,
	Bulbul
172.15	that Pinkney--but to
	Pinkney--but
172.17	singing a deep-toned ballad,
	singing in a deep-toned ballad
173.3	Ireland;
	Ireland,
173.4	Laws; I
	laws--I
173.5	Short;
	Short,
173.6	prig,
	prig
173.6	surprised
	surprized
173.7	anything)
	anything
173.8	Lovely,
	[new par.] Lovely,
173.8	White! were
	White!--were
173.9	engagements,
	engagements
173.10	a T.
@	a T. But how avoid fate?--you yourself when I asked you to dance the polka at Mrs. Hopley's--put me down the 17th on your list: and were whisked off by your aunt before a dozen dances. We find ourselves tenth or twelfth on many a lady's |<illeg. 5>| list--and she is soon(?) fourteenth or fifteenth on ours(?). |Thus it is in life. <It is only [illeg. wd.] the Grand Turk(?) that>| Death whisks her off & the dance is over before we can meet. It is only the [illeg. 4] of Grand Turk(?) that could satisfy some(?) numerous maids(?) now adays--and I am sure just to prevent disappointment to a crowd of female candidates (?) I would resign myself to the alternative of that law(?) of monogamy under w^h we groan at present.
173.12	prosperity,
	prosperity
173.12	man; for
	man--for
173.13	cousin,
	cousin
173.14	----shire, dying, Fred--
	---shire dying. Fred
173.15	Gray's Inn Road--found
	Grays Inn road found
173.16	fortune,
	fortune
173.17	tired,
	tired

173.18	London,
	London
173.19	Gardens.
	gardens.
173.19	Parliament,
	parliament
173.22	speak,
	speak
173.22	rich, sensible, and
	lazy,
	rich sensible & lazy;
173.24	blue books,
	blue-books,
174.4	for, between ourselves,
	his wife, Maria Newboy,
@	for between ourselves
	his wife Maria Newboy
174.5	sister, Clarissa,
	sister Clarissa
174.7	neighbours,
	neighbours
174.12	bachelor's hall. They
	bachelors hall: they
174.12	fun,
	fun
174.12	word;
	word,
174.13	good-natured Newboy
	acquiesces,
@	good natured Newboy
	acquiesces
174.15	that,
	that
174.16	honour
	honor
174.16	when, after dinner,
	after dinner
174.17	books,
	books
174.19	December,
	December
174.20	boudoir, whither
	Newboy,
@	small boudoir whither
	Newboy
174.21	hand,
	hand
174.22	House
	his house
174.23	arm-chair,
	armchair
174.23	books, when
	books--when
174.24	apartment,
	apartment
176.1	Frederic,
	Frederic
176.3	Sowerby's.
	Sowerbys
176.5	Besides, this Sanitary
	Report
@	Besides this sanitary
	report
176.5	most interesting
	the most interesting
176.7	Well;
	Well,
176.10	paletôt,
	paletot
176.10	swansdown--looking
	swans down--looking
176.12	parts,
	parts
176.13	by-play.
	by play.
176.14	Good night, Frederic.
	Good night Frederic
176.15	me, I daresay; and
	you don't
@	me I daresay--and
	you dont
176.17	you, it's
	you--its

176.18	bed, bed
176.19	say, Frederic dear, say Frederic dear--
176.20	YOUR CHUBB KEY? This astonishing proposal,
@	your Chubb key? This astounding proposal
176.21	recognised recognized
176.23	things--this things, this
176.23	door-key, door key
176.24	describe, and describe--and
177.1	door-/key! door key!
177.3	suburb, suburb
177.3	now, now
177.4	latch-key? latch key?
177.6	long, long
177.7	everybody every body
177.8	Our Street our street
177.8	(34) 34
177.8	homoeopathic homeopathic
177.10	line; line,
177.11	loan-contractors, loan-contractors
177.12	comes come
177.13	evenings, evenings
177.15	of conversation. Mrs. Brumby
@	of conversation. At Mrs. Maskelyn's they are mad for charades and theatricals.
177.16	bassoon, bassoon
177.17	with Handel. At Mrs. Maskleyn's they are mad for charades and theatricals.
@	with Handel.
177.18	Maskleyn's Maskelyn's

[Berg MS fragment begins 179.25]

179.25	assemblies, feastings, junkettings, déjeunes, soirées, conversaziones, dinner-parties, in Our Street,
@	assemblies feastings junkettings déjeuners soirées conversaziones, dinner parties in our street
179.27	Fairfax's; Fairfax's--
180.1	provision-consumer provision consumer
180.1	a-week. a week.
180.3	quarter, Quarter,
180.6	income, income
180.7	house, yet house--yet
180.7	twelve to dinner every day of his life; these twelve consisting
@	twelve consisting
180.8	Fairfax, Fairfax

180.10	twopence-halfpenny a-year.	twopence halfpenny a year.
180.12	this; because,	this, because
180.12	welcome, we	welcome--we
180.13	table--an unlucky number,	table, an unlucky number
180.14	temporary,	temporary
180.14	presently,	presently
180.15	*without*	without
180.17	rises,	rises
180.18	eight;	eight--
180.19	graces	Graces
180.20	moment,	moment
180.21	picture,	picture--
180.22	mamma.	Mamma.
182.2	of the others. She,	She
182.3	front, is Elizabeth,	front is Elizabeth
182.3	Clapperclaw,	Clapperclaw
182.4	family;	family +
182.5	writer, and it is agreed that we are to be married as soon as she is as tall as my stick.	
@	writer. I confess my taste is a small one. I like little women short sermons little pictures small poems, and almost all children before they have attained the height of my stick.	
182.10	Office;	office;
182.10	daily,	daily
182.11	shoemaker's	shoemakers
182.12	shoes,	shoes
182.15	breakfast.	breakfast--
182.16	and exchanges	to exchange
182.17	dressing-gown	dressing gown
182.18	you,	you

SUBSTANTIVE VARIANTS IN SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS OF OUR STREET

There are relatively few substantive variations between the first edition text and the three subsequent authorial versions of Our Street I examined. Determining the authority of these variations is difficult; many are minor changes and it seems possible that at least some may have originated with an editor or compositor. In the Christmas Books (1857) edition, for example, several variations involve articles (such as "the" for "a") and prepositions ("at" for "in") and have little impact on tone or meaning. However, other minor variations are subtle refinements, as when Mrs. Grimsby's page, Fipps, no longer walks behind "and protects her" but "to protect her"--a nice distinction since protection is Fipps's ostensible duty but not one he is called on to perform, given that his mistress "is as big as an ogress" (138.23). And in the opening paragraph of the book, the "strange motley scene" presented by Our Street becomes a "strangely motley scene" (116.4), for the scene is not odd but unusually motley, with its residents and residences in a state of flux. Bearing in mind Shillingsburg's observation in the "General Textual Principles" that publishers tend to alter accidentals rather than substantives (408), I have classified most of the 1857 verbal variants as probably authorial.

The 1848 second edition (1848c) shows signs of definite authorial revisions, in eight places restoring original MS readings to the text. These variants are included in the "List of Emendations" and some are discussed in the "Notes on Adopted Readings." The most likely source of such restored readings would be Thackeray himself (or, as seems unlikely, an editor who had retained the manuscript). Thus, other second edition readings gain credibility as well. Admittedly, some might be the work of a skilled editor, substituting "Our house" for the vague "it" at 117.18 and changing the awkward "she pointed me out" to "she showed me" (141.16). But re-naming Pocklington Chapel "Waddilove Chapel" (118.10) suggests the author's awareness that the chapel would predate the re-naming of the neighborhood, and surely only the author would have reason to change the description of "The Cutlet and the Cabob" from "sentimental" to "eloquent" (158.12).

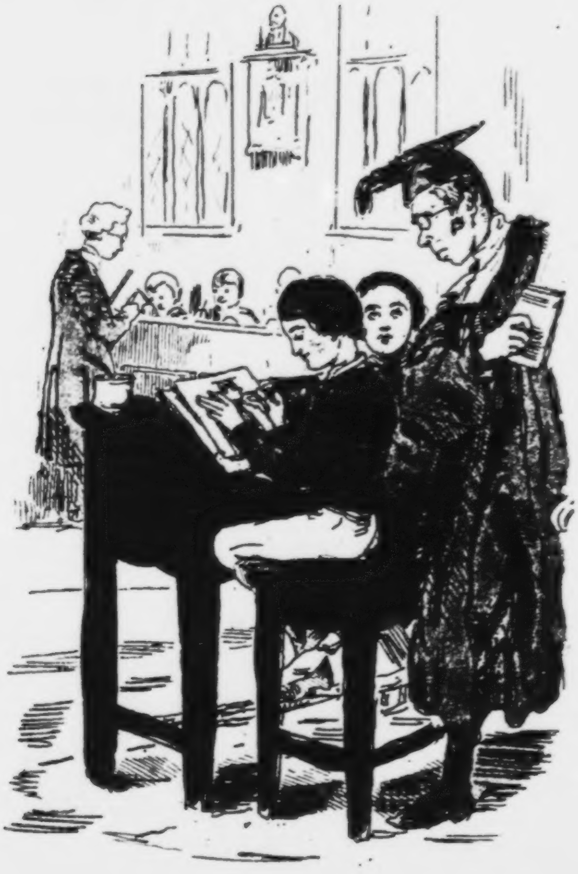
In the table below, page and line numbers correspond to the present edition. The first reading is from the first edition, first issue; the second reading is the variant with the initials of the version(s) in which it appears. Substantive variants included in the "List of Emendations" are not repeated here.

A List of Symbols Used

SE = *Our Street*. Second Edition. London: Chapman and Hall, 1848.
CHR = *Our Street* in *Christmas Books. Mrs. Perkins's Ball. Our Street. Doctor Birch and his Young Friends.* London: Chapman and Hall, 1857.
@ = beginning of second reading when reading exceeds one line
A = probably authoritative

116.4	strange motley
A	strangely motley (CHR)
117.13	forms part
	forms a part (SE)
117.18	It belongs
A	Our house belongs (SE)
118.10	Pocklington Chapel
A	Waddilove Chapel (SE)

	118.20	on a part
A		on the part (CHR)
	120.8	On the 18th of December, 1837, for instance, coming gently
A	@	For instance, madam, on the 18th of December, coming (SE)
	120.12	M.A. Titmarsh
A		Mr. M. A. Titmarsh (CHR)
	121.2	verses
		verse (SE, CHR)
	122.2	in in the same
		in the same (CHR)
	123.2	when poor Molly
A		when Molly (SE)
	125.4	a sight
A		the sight (CHR)
	134.22	when there is a man
A		when a man (CHR)
	136.1	SERVANTS IN
A		SERVANTS OF (CHR)
	137.10	let him out
		lent him out (CHR)
	138.21	and protects her
A		to protect her (CHR)
	141.16	pointed me out
A		also showed me (SE)
	145.12	they will have
A		they have (CHR)
	153.5	Miss C. had
A		Miss C. always had (CHR)
	157.18	Fanny. She (SE)
		Fanny--she
	158.12	Cabob"--a sentimental
A		Cabob"--an eloquent (SE)
	166.14	it will. [new par.] And
		it will: and as (SE)
	169.20	son;
A		son. Bryanstone is (SE)
	171.11	doors
		door (CHR)
	172.16	the sketch in the frontispiece
	@	this sketch (CHR)
	173.22	being a great deal too
A		being too (CHR)
	174.15	that, having had
A		that I, having (SE)
	176.4	in Calcutta
		at Calcutta (CHR)
	182.10	refusing even
		refusing (CHR)



A young Raphael.

DOCTOR BIRCH
& his young friends.

by

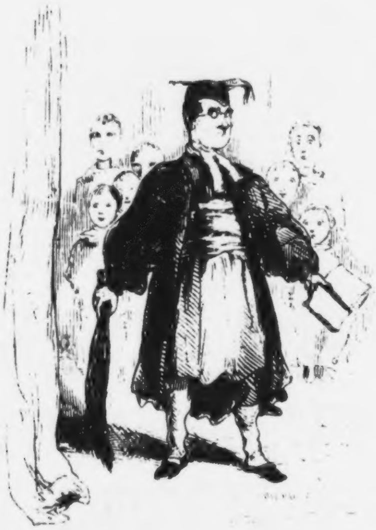
Mr. M. A. Titmarsh

London: Chapman & Hall, 186, Strand.
1849.

DOCTOR BIRCH

AND

HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.



BY

MR. M. A. TITMARSH.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.
1849.

DOCTOR BIRCH.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS STAFF.

There is no need to say why I became Assistant Master and Professor of the English and French languages, flower-painting, and the German flute, in Doctor Birch's Academy, at Rodwell Regis. Good folks may depend on this that there was good reason for my leaving lodgings near London, and a genteel society, for an under-master's desk in that old school. I promise you, the fare at the Usher's table, the getting up at five o'clock in the morning, the walking out with little boys in the fields (who used to play me tricks, and never could be got to respect my awful and responsible character as teacher in the school), Miss Birch's vulgar insolence, Jack Birch's glum condescension, and the poor old Doctor's patronage, were not matters in themselves pleasurable: and that patronage and those dinners were sometimes cruel hard to swallow. Never mind--my connexion with the place is over now, and I hope they have got a more efficient under-master.

Jack Birch (Rev. J. Birch, of St. Neot's Hall, Oxford,) is partner with his father the Doctor, and takes some of the classes. About his Greek I can't say much; but I will construe him in Latin any day. A more supercilious little prig (giving himself airs, too, about his cousin, Miss Raby, who lives with the Doctor), a more empty pompous little coxcomb I never saw. His white neckcloth looked as if it choked him. He used to try and look over that starch upon me and Prince the assistant, as if we were a couple of footmen. He didn't do much business in the school; but occupied his time in writing sanctified letters to the boys' parents, and in composing dreary sermons to preach to them.

The real master of the school is Prince, an Oxford man too: shy, haughty, and learned; crammed with Greek and a quantity of useless learning; uncommonly kind to the small boys; pitiless with the fools and the braggarts; respected of all for his honesty, his learning, his bravery (for he hit out once in a boat-row in a way which astonished the boys and the bargemen), and for a latent power about him, which all saw and confessed somehow. Jack Birch could never look him in the face. Old Miss Z. dared not put off any of *her* airs upon him. Miss Rosa made him the lowest of curtsies. Miss Raby said she was afraid of him. Good old Prince! many a pleasant night we have smoked in the Doctor's harness-room, whither we retired when our boys were gone to bed, and our cares and canes put by.

After Jack Birch had taken his degree at Oxford--a process which he effected with great difficulty--this place, which used to be called "Birch's," "Dr. Birch's Academy," and what not, became suddenly "Archbishop Wigsby's College of Rodwell Regis." They took down the old blue board with the gold letters, which has been used to mend the pig-stye since. Birch had a large school-room run up in the Gothic taste, with statuettes, and a little belfry, and a bust of Archbishop Wigsby in the middle of the school. He put the six senior boys into caps and gowns, which had rather a good effect as the lads sauntered down the street of the town, but which certainly provoked the contempt and hostility of the bargemen; and so great was his rage for academic costumes and ordinances, that he would have put me myself into a lay gown, with red knots and fringes, but that I flatly resisted, and said that a writing-master had no business with such paraphernalia.

By the way, I have forgotten to mention the Doctor himself. And what shall I say of him? Well, he has a very crisp gown and bands, a solemn air, a tremendous loud voice, and a grand and solemn air with the boys' parents, whom he receives in a study, covered round with the best bound books, which imposes upon many--upon the women especially--and makes them fancy that this is a Doctor indeed. But, Law bless you! He never reads the books; or opens one of them, except that in which he keeps his bands--and a Dugdale's Monasticon, which looks like a book, but is in reality a cupboard, where he has his almond cakes, and decanter of port wine. He gets up his classics with translations, or what the boys call cribs. They pass wicked tricks upon him when he hears the forms. The elder wags go to his study, and ask him to help them in hard bits of Herodotus or Thucydides: he says he will look over the passage, and flies for refuge to Mr. Prince, or to the crib.

He keeps the flogging department in his own hands; finding that his son was too savage. He has awful brows and a big voice. But his roar frightens nobody. It is only a lion's skin, or, so to say, a muff.

Little Mordant made a picture of him with large ears, like a well-known domestic animal, and had his own justly boxed for the caricature. The Doctor discovered him in the fact, and was in a flaming rage, and threatened whipping at first; but in the course of the day an opportune basket of game arriving from Mordant's father, the Doctor became mollified, and has burnt the picture with the ears. However I have one wafered up in my desk by the hand of the same little rascal: and the frontispiece of this very book is drawn from it.

THE COCK OF THE SCHOOL.

I am growing an old fellow--and have seen many great folks in the course of my travels and time--Louis Philippe coming out of the Tuileries, His Majesty the King of Prussia and the Reichsverweser accolading each other, at Cologne, at my elbow; Admiral Sir Charles Napier (in an omnibus once), the Duke of Wellington, the immortal Goethe at Weimar, the late benevolent Pope Gregory XVI., and a score more of the famous in this world--the whom, whenever one looks at, one has a mild shock of awe and tremor. I like this feeling and decent fear and trembling with which a modest spirit salutes a GREAT MAN.

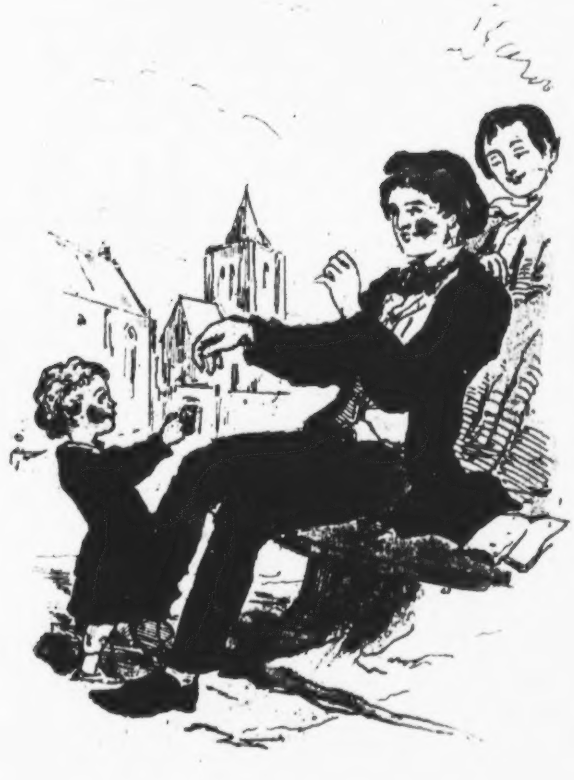
Well, I have seen Generals capering on horseback at the head of their crimson battalions; Bishops sailing down cathedral aisles, with downcast eyes, pressing their trencher caps to their hearts with their fat white hands; College heads when her Majesty is on a visit; the Doctor in all his glory at the head of his school on Speech-day, a great sight,--and all great men these.

I have never met the late Mr. Thomas Cribb, but I have no doubt should have regarded him with the same feeling of awe with which I look every day at George Champion, the cock of Dr. Birch's school.

When, I say, I reflect as I go up and set him a sum, that he could whop me in two minutes, double up Prince and the other assistant, and pitch the Doctor out of window, I can't but think how great, how generous, how magnanimous a creature this is, that sits quite quiet and good-natured, and works his equation, and ponders through his Greek play. He might take the schoolroom pillars and pull the house down if he liked. He might close the door, and demolish every one of us like Antar, the lover of Ibla; but he lets us live. He never thrashes anybody without a cause, when woe betide the tyrant or the sneak!

I think that to be strong, and able to whop everybody--(not to do it, mind you, but to feel that you were able to do it)--would be the greatest of all gifts. There is a serene good humour which plays about George Champion's broad face, which shows the consciousness of this power, and lights up his honest blue eyes with a magnanimous calm.

He is invictus. Even when a cub there was no beating this lion. Six years ago the undaunted little warrior actually stood up to Frank Davison--(the Indian officer now--poor little Charley's brother, whom Miss Raby nursed so affectionately)



The Lion and the little Cubs.

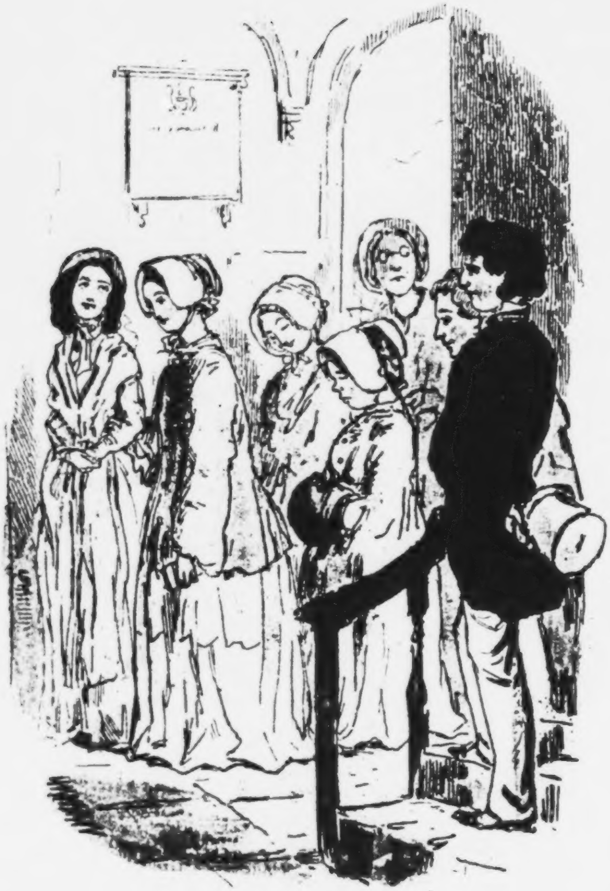
--then seventeen years old, and the cock of Birch's. They were obliged to drag off the boy, and Frank, with admiration and regard for him, prophesied the great things he would do. Legends of combats are preserved fondly in schools; they have stories of such at Rodwell Regis, performed in the old Doctor's time, forty years ago.

Champion's affair with the Young Tutbury Pet, who was down here in training,--with Black the Bargeman,--with the three head boys of Doctor Wapshot's academy, whom he caught maltreating an outlying day-boy of ours, &c.,--are known to all the Rodwell Regis men. He was always victorious. He is modest and kind, like all great men. He has a good, brave, honest understanding. He cannot make verses like young Pinder, or read Greek like Lawrence the Prefect, who is a perfect young abyss of learning, and knows enough, Prince says, to furnish any six first-class men; but he does his work in a sound, downright way, and he is made to be the bravest of soldiers, the best of country parsons, an honest English gentleman wherever he may go.

Like all great men, George is good-humoured and lazy. There is a particular bench in the play-ground on which he will loll for hours on half-holidays, and is so affable that the smallest boys come and speak to him. It is pleasant to see the young cubs frisking round the honest lion. His chief friend and attendant, however, is young Jack Hall, whom he saved when drowning, out of the Miller's Pool. The attachment of the two is curious to witness. The smaller lad gambolling, playing tricks round the bigger one, and perpetually making fun of his protector. They are never far apart, and of holidays you may meet them miles away from the school. George sauntering heavily down the lanes with his big stick, and little Jack larking with the pretty girls in the cottage windows.

George has a boat on the river, in which, however, he commonly lies smoking, whilst Jack sculls him. He does not play at cricket, except when the school plays the county, or at Lord's in the holidays. The boys can't stand his bowling, and when he hits, it is like trying to catch a cannon-ball. I have seen him at tennis. It is a splendid sight to behold the young fellow bounding over the court with streaming yellow hair, like young Apollo in a flannel jacket.

The other head boys are Lawrence the Captain, Bunce, famous chiefly for his magnificent appetite, and Pitman, surnamed Roscius, for his love of the drama. Add to these Swanky, called Macassar, from his partiality to that condiment, and who has varnished boots, wears white gloves on Sundays, and looks out for Miss Pinkerton's school (transferred from Chiswick to Rodwell Regis, and conducted by the nieces of the late Miss Barbara Pinkerton, the friend of Our Great Lexico-



Rival forces.

grapher, upon the principles approved by him and practised by that admirable woman) as it passes into church.

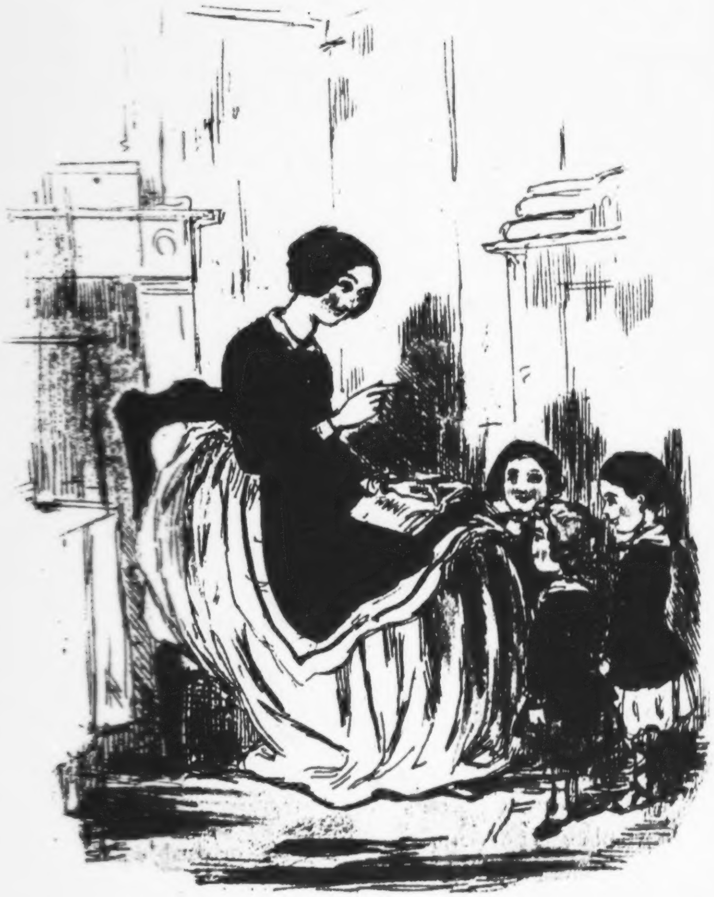
Representations have been made concerning Mr. Horace Swanky's behaviour; rumours have been uttered about notes in verse. conveyed in three-cornered puffs by Mrs. Ruggles, who serves Miss Pinkerton's young ladies on Fridays--and how Miss Didow, to whom the tart and enclosure were addressed, tried to make away with herself by swallowing a ball of cotton. But I pass over these absurd reports, as likely to affect the reputation of an admirable Seminary conducted by irreproachable females. As they go into church (Miss P. driving in her flock of lambkins with the crook of her parasol) how can it be helped if her forces and ours sometimes collide, as the boys are on their way up to the organ-loft? And I don't believe a word about the three-cornered puff, but rather that it was the invention of that jealous Miss Birch, who is jealous of Miss Raby, jealous of everybody who is good and handsome, and who has *her own ends* in view, or I am very much in error.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-ROOM.

What they call the little school-room is a small room at the other end of the great school; through which you go to the Doctor's private house, and where Miss Raby sits with her pupils. She has a half-dozen very small ones over whom she presides and teaches them in her simple way, until they are big or learned enough to face the great school-room. Many of them are in a hurry for promotion, the graceless little simpletons, and know no more than their elders when they are well off.

She keeps the accounts, writes out the bills, superintends the linen and sews on the general shirt-buttons. Think of having such a woman at home to sew on one's shirt-buttons! But peace, peace, thou foolish heart!

Miss Raby is the Doctor's niece. Her mother was a beauty (quite unlike old Zoe therefore); and she married a pupil in the old Doctor's time, who was killed afterwards, a Captain in the East India service, at the siege of Bhurtpore. Hence a



The little school room

number of Indian children come to the Doctor's, for Raby was very much liked, and the uncle's kind reception of the orphan has been a good speculation for the school-keeper.

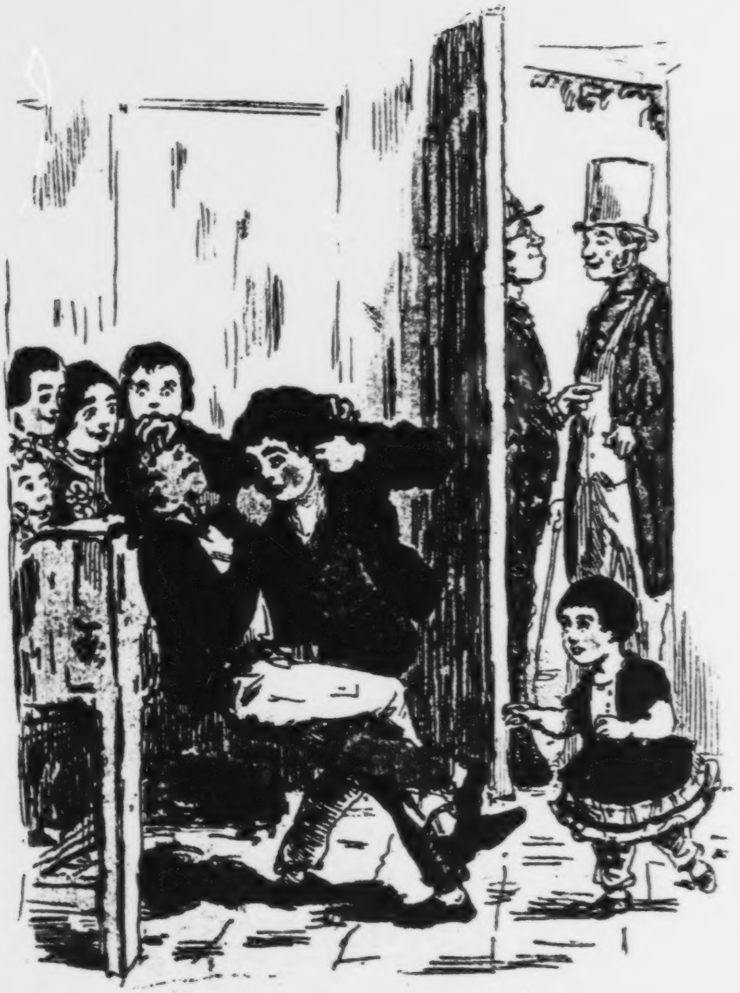
It is wonderful how brightly and gaily that little quick creature does her duty. She is the first to rise, and the last to sleep, if any business is to be done. She sees the other two women go off to parties in the town without even so much as wishing to join them. It is Cinderella, only contented to stay at home--content to bear Zoe's scorn and to admit Rosa's superior charms,--and to do her utmost to repay her uncle for his great kindness in housing her.

So, you see, she works as much as three maid-servants for the wages of one. She is as thankful when the Doctor gives her a new gown, as if he had presented her with a fortune: laughs at his stories most good-humouredly, listens to Zoe's scolding most meekly, admires Rosa with all her heart, and only goes out of the way when Jack Birch shows his sallow face: for she can't bear him, and always finds work when he comes near.

How different she is when some folks approach her! I won't be presumptuous; but I think, I think, I have made a not unfavourable impression in some quarters. However, let us be mum on this subject. I like to see her because she always looks good-humoured; because she is always kind, because she is always modest, because she is fond of those poor little brats--

orphans some of them,--because she is rather pretty, I dare say, or because I think so, which comes to the same thing.

Though she is kind to all, it must be owned she shows the most gross favouritism towards the amiable children. She brings them cakes from dessert, and regales them with Zoe's preserves; spends many of her little shillings in presents for her favourites, and will tell them stories by the hour. She has one very sad story about a little boy, who died long ago; the younger children are never weary of hearing about him; and Miss Raby has shown to one of them a lock of the little chap's hair, which she keeps in her work-box to this day.



The Dear Brothers.

THE DEAR BROTHERS.

A Melodrama in several Rounds.

The DOCTOR.
Mr. TIPPER, Uncle to the Masters Boxall.
BOXALL MAJOR, BOXALL MINOR, BROWN, JONES,
SMITH, ROBINSON, TIFFIN MINIMUS.

B. Go it old Boxall.

J. Give it him young Boxall.

R. Pitch into him old Boxall.

S. Two to one on young Boxall.

[*Enter TIFFIN MINIMUS, running.*

Tiffin Minimus. Boxalls! you're wanted.

(*The Doctor to Mr. Tipper.*) Every boy in the school loves them, my dear sir; your nephews are a credit to my establishment. They are orderly, well-conducted, gentleman-like boys. Let us enter and find them at their studies.

[*Enter THE DOCTOR AND MR. TIPPER.*

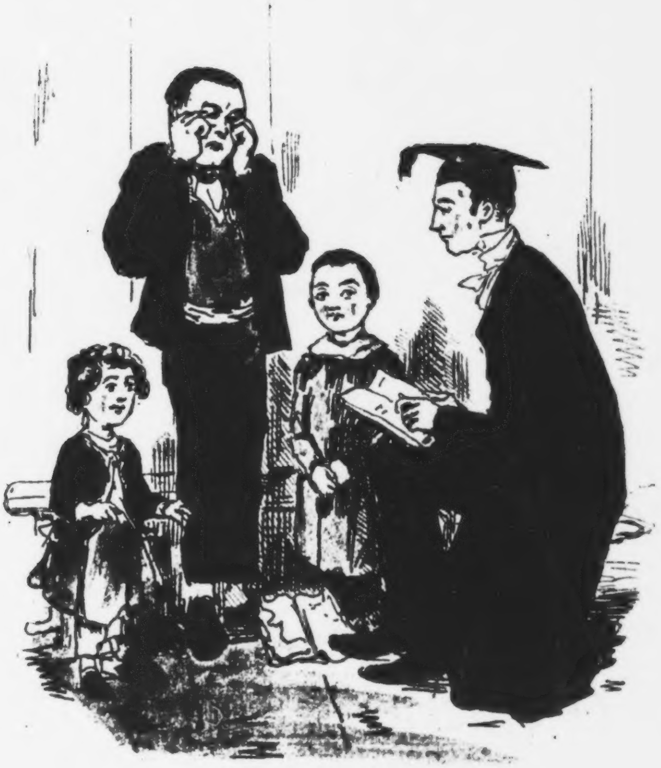
GRAND TABLEAU.

A HOPELESS CASE.

Let us, people who are so uncommonly clever and learned, have a great tenderness and pity for the poor folks who are not endowed with the prodigious talents which we have. I have always had a regard for dunces;--those of my own school-days were amongst the pleasantest of the fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life; whereas many a youth who could turn off Latin hexameters by the yard, and construe Greek quite glibly, is no better than a feeble prig now, with not a pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew.

Those poor dunces! Talk of being the last man, ah! what a pang it must be to be the last boy--huge, misshapen, fourteen years of age,--and "taken up" by a chap who is but six years old, and can't speak quite plain yet!

Master Hulker is in that condition at Birch's. He is the most honest, kind, active, plucky, generous creature. He can



The last boy of all.

do many things better than most boys. He can go up a tree, jump, play at cricket, dive and swim perfectly--he can eat twice as much as almost any lady (as Miss Birch well knows), he has a pretty talent at carving figures with his hack-knife, he makes and paints little coaches, he can take a watch to pieces and put it together again. He can do everything but learn his lesson; and there he sticks at the bottom of the school, hopeless. As the little boys are drafted in from Miss Raby's class (it is true she is one of the best instructresses in the world), they enter and hop over poor Hulker. He would be handed over to the governess only he is too big. Sometimes I used to think, that this desperate stupidity was a stratagem of the poor rascal's; and that he shammed dulness so that he might be degraded into Miss Raby's class: if she would teach *me*, I know, before George, I would put on a pinafore and a little jacket--but no, it is a natural incapacity for the Latin Grammar.

If you could see his grammar, it is a perfect curiosity of dog's ears. The leaves and cover are all curled and ragged. Many of the pages are worn away, with the rubbing of his elbows as he sits poring over the hopeless volume, with the blows of his fists as he thumps it madly, or with the poor fellow's tears. You see him wiping them away with the back of his hand, as he tries and tries, and can't do it.

When I think of that Latin Grammar, and that infernal As in Praesenti, and of other things which I was made to learn in my youth: upon my conscience I am surprised that we ever survived it. When one thinks of the boys who have been caned because they could not master that intolerable jargon! Good Lord, what a pitiful chorus these poor little creatures send up! Be gentle with them, ye schoolmasters, and only whop those who *won't* learn.

The Doctor has operated upon Hulker (between ourselves), but the boy was so little affected you would have thought he had taken chloroform. Birch is weary of whipping now, and leaves the boy to go his own gait. Prince, when he hears the lesson, and who cannot help making fun of a fool, adopts the sarcastic manner with Master Hulker, and says, "Mr. Hulker, may I take the liberty to inquire if your brilliant intellect has enabled you to perceive the difference between those words which grammarians have defined as substantive and adjective nouns?--if not, perhaps Mr. Ferdinand Timmins will instruct you." And Timmins hops over Hulker's head.

I wish Prince would leave off girding at the poor lad. He's an only son, and his mother is a widow woman, who loves him with all her might. There is a famous sneer about the suckling of fools and the chronicling of small beer; but remember it was a rascal who uttered it.

A WORD ABOUT MISS BIRCH.

"The Gentlemen, and especially the younger and more tender of the Pupils, will have the advantage of the constant superintendence and affectionate care of Miss Zoe Birch, sister of the Principal: whose dearest aim will be to supply (as far as may be) the absent maternal friend."--*Prospectus of Rodwell Regis School.*

This is all very fine in the Doctor's circulars, and Miss Zoe Birch--(a sweet birch blossom it is, fifty-five years old, during two score of which she has dosed herself with pills; with a nose as red and a face as sour as a crab-apple)--may do mighty well in a prospectus. But I should like to know who would take Miss Zoe for a mother, or would have her for one?

The only persons in the house who are not afraid of her are Miss Rosa and I--no, I am afraid of her, though I *do* know the story about the French usher in 1830--but all the rest tremble before the woman, from the Doctor down to poor Francis the knife-boy, and whom she bullies into his miserable blacking-hole.

The Doctor is a pompous and outwardly severe man--but inwardly weak and easy: loving a joke and a glass of port wine. I get on with him, therefore, much better than Mr. Prince, who scorns him for an ass, and under whose keen eyes the worthy Doctor writhes like a convicted impostor; and many a sunshiny afternoon would he have said, "Mr. T., Sir, shall we try another glass of that yellow sealed wine which you seem to like?" (and which he likes even better than I do), had not the old harridan of a Zoe been down upon us, and insisted on turning me out with her miserable weak coffee. She a mother indeed! A sour milk generation she would have nursed. She is always croaking, scolding, bullying,--yowling at the housemaids, snarling at Miss Raby, bowwowing after the little boys, barking after the big ones. She knows how much every boy eats to an ounce; and her delight is to ply with fat the little ones who can't bear it, and with raw meat those who hate underdone. It was she who caused the Doctor to be eaten out three times; and nearly created a rebellion in the school because she insisted on his flogging Goliah Longman.

The only time that woman is happy is when she comes in of a morning to the little boys' dormitories with a cup of hot Epsom salts, and a sippet of bread. Boo!--the very notion makes me quiver. She stands over them. I saw her do it to young Byles only a few days since--and her presence makes the abomination doubly abominable.

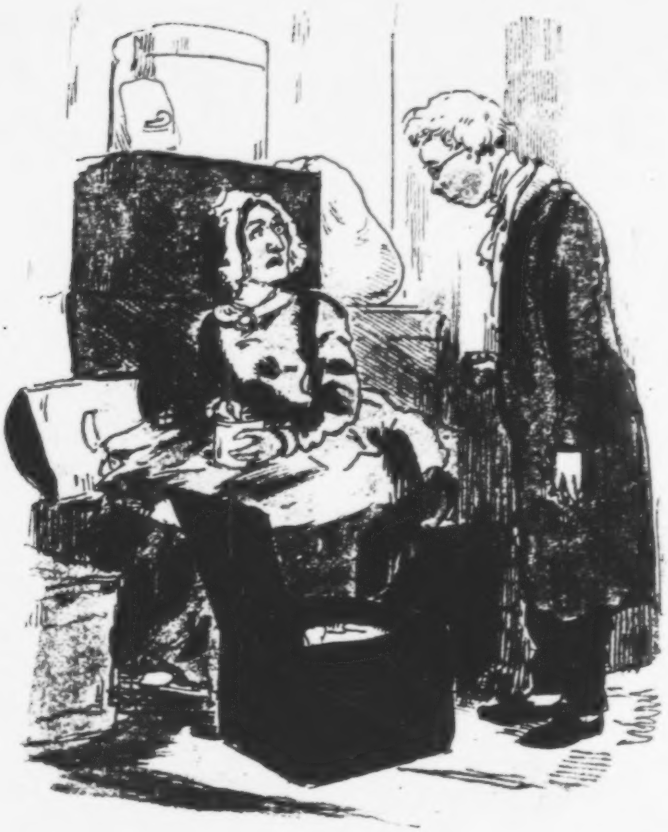
As for attending them in real illness, do you suppose that she would watch a single night for any one of them? Not she. When poor little Charley Davison (that child, a lock of whose soft hair I have said how Miss Raby still keeps) lay ill of scarlet fever in the holidays--for the Colonel, the father of these boys, was in India--it was Anne Raby who tended the child, who watched him all through the fever, who never left him while it lasted, or until she had closed the little eyes that were never to brighten or moisten more. Anny watched and deplored him, but it was Miss Birch who wrote the letter announcing his demise, and got the gold chain and locket which the Colonel ordered as a memento of his gratitude. It was through a row with Miss Birch that Frank Davison ran away. I promise you that after he joined his regiment in India, the Ahmednuggar Irregulars, which his gallant father commands, there came over no more annual shawls and presents to Dr. and Miss Birch, and that if she fancied the Colonel was coming home to marry her (on account of her tenderness to his motherless children, which he was always writing about), *that* notion was very soon given up. But these affairs are of early date, seven years back, and I only heard of them in a very confused manner from Miss Raby, who was a girl, and had just come to Rodwell Regis. She is always very much moved when she speaks about those boys, which is but seldom. I take it the death of the little one still grieves her tender heart.

Yes, it is Miss Birch, who has turned away seventeen ushers and second masters in eleven years, and half as many French masters; inconsolable, I suppose, since the departure of her *favourite*, M. Grinche, with her gold watch, &c.; but this is only surmise--and what I gather from the taunts of Miss Rosa when she and her aunt have a tiff at tea.

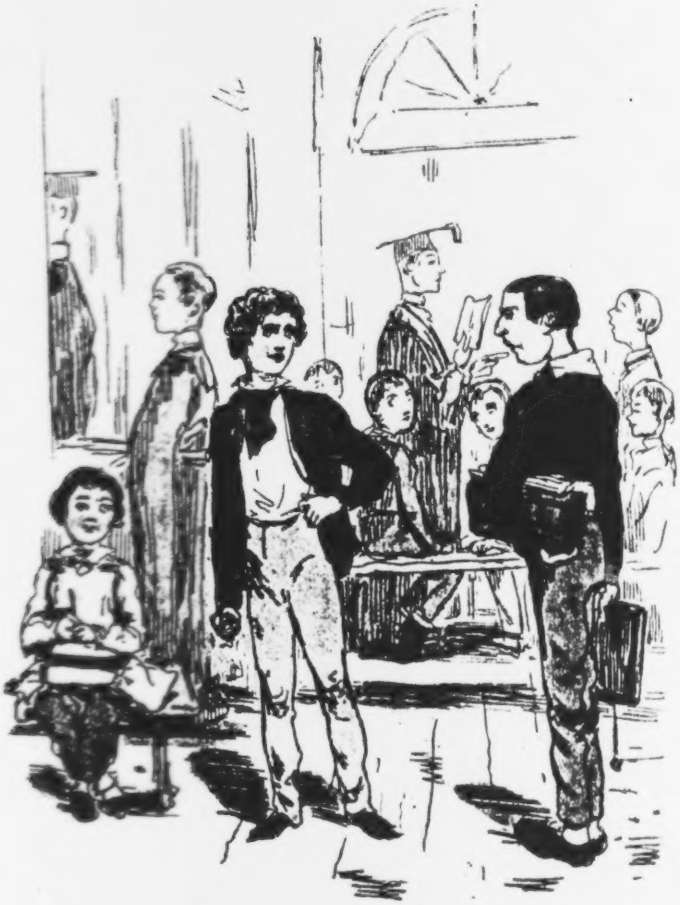
But besides this, I have another way of keeping her in order.

Whenever she is particularly odious or insolent to Miss Raby, I have but to introduce raspberry jam into the conversation, and the woman holds her tongue. She will understand me, I need not say more.

NOTE, 12*th December*.--I *may* speak now. I have left the place and don't mind. I say then at once, and without caring twopence for the consequences, that I saw this woman, this *mother* of the boys, EATING JAM WITH A SPOON OUT OF MASTER WIGGINS'S TRUNK IN THE BOX-ROOM; and of this I am ready to take an affidavit any day.



Who stole the Jam?



A serious case.

A TRAGEDY.

THIS DRAMA OUGHT TO BE REPRESENTED IN ABOUT SIX CUTS.

[*The School is hushed. LAWRENCE the Prefect, and Custos of the rods, is marching after the DOCTOR into the operating-room. MASTER BACKHOUSE is about to follow.*]

Master Backhouse. It's all very well, but you see if I don't pay you out after school--you sneak, you.

Master Lurcher. If you do I'll tell again.

[*Exit BACKHOUSE.*

[*The rod is heard from the adjoining apartment. Hwish--hwish--hwish--hwish--hwish--hwish--hwish.*]

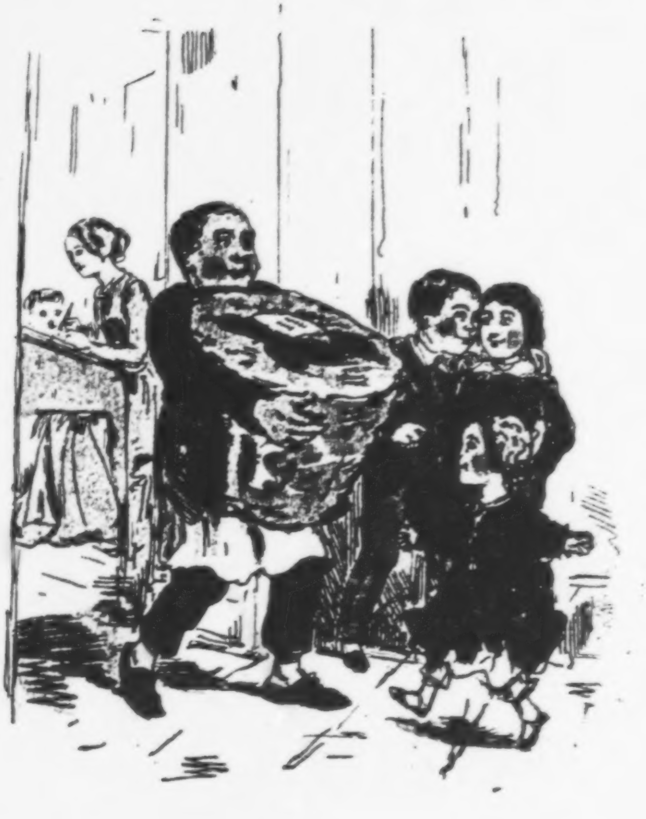
[*Re-enter BACKHOUSE.*

BRIGGS IN LUCK.

Enter the Knife-boy.--Hamper for Briggses!

Master Brown.--Hurray, Tom Briggs! I'll lend you my knife.

If this story does not carry its own moral, what fable does, I wonder? Before the arrival of that hamper, Master Briggs was in no better repute than any other young gentleman of the lower school; and in fact I had occasion myself, only lately, to correct Master Brown for kicking his friend's shins during the writing-lesson. But how this basket directed by his mother's housekeeper, and marked "Glass with care," (whence I conclude that it contains some jam and some bottles of wine probably, as well as the usual cake and game-pie, and half a sovereign for the elder Master B., and five new shillings for Master Decimus Briggs)--how, I say, the arrival of this basket, alters all Master Briggs's circumstances in life, and the estimation in which many persons regard him!



A Hamper for Briggs's.

If he is a good-hearted boy, as I have reason to think, the very first thing he will do, before inspecting the contents of the hamper, or cutting into them with the knife which Master Brown has so considerately lent him; will be to read over the letter from home which lies on the top of the parcel. He does so, as I remark to Miss Raby (for whom I happened to be mending pens when the little circumstance arose), with a flushed face and winking eyes. Look how the other boys are peering into the basket as he reads.--I say to her, "Isn't it a pretty picture?" Part of the letter is in a very large hand. That is from his little sister. And I would wager that she netted the little purse which he has just taken out of it, and which Master Lynx is eyeing.

"You are a droll man, and remark all sorts of queer things," Miss Raby says, smiling, and plying her swift needle and fingers as quick as possible.

"I am glad we are both on the spot, and that the little fellow lies under our guns as it were, and so is protected from some such brutal school-pirates as young Duval for instance, who would rob him probably of some of those good things, good in themselves, and better because fresh from home. See, there is a pie as I said, and which I dare say is better than those which are served at our table (but you never take any notice of these kind of things, Miss Raby), a cake of course, a bottle of currant wine, jam-pots, and no end of pears in the straw.

With this money little Briggs will be able to pay the tick which that imprudent child has run up with Mrs. Ruggles; and I shall let Briggs Major pay for the pencil-case which Bullock sold to him.--It will be a lesson to the young prodigal for the future.

"But, I say, what a change there will be in his life for some time to come, and at least until his present wealth is spent! The boys who bully him will mollify towards him, and accept his pie and sweetmeats. They will have feasts in the bed-room; and that wine will taste more deliciously to them than the best out of the Doctor's cellar. The cronies will be invited. Young Master Wagg will tell his most dreadful story and sing his best song for a slice of that pie. What a jolly night they will have! When we go the rounds at night, Mr. Prince and I will take care to make a noise before we come to Briggs's room, so that the boys may have time to put the light out, to push the things away, and to scud into bed. Doctor Spry may be put in requisition the next morning . . ."

"Nonsense! you absurd creature," cries out Miss Raby, laughing; and I lay down the twelfth pen very nicely mended.

"Yes; after luxury comes the doctor, I say; after extravagance, a hole in the breeches pocket. To judge from his disposition, Briggs Major will not be much better off a couple of days hence than he is now, and, if I am not mistaken, will end life a poor man. Brown will be kicking his shins before a week is over, depend upon it. There are boys and men of all sorts, Miss R.--there are selfish sneaks who hoard until the store they daren't use grows mouldy--there are spendthrifts who fling away, parasites who flatter and lick its shoes, and snarling curs who hate and envy good fortune."--I put down the last of the pens, brushing away with it the quill-chips from her desk first, and she looked at me with a kind wondering face. I brushed them away, clicked the pen-knife into my pocket, made her a bow, and walked off--for the bell was ringing for school.

A YOUNG FELLOW WHO IS PRETTY SURE TO SUCCEED.

If Master Briggs is destined in all probability to be a poor man, the chances are that Mr. Bullock will have a very different lot. He is a son of a partner of the eminent banking firm of Bullock and Hulker, Lombard Street, and very high in the upper school--quite out of my jurisdiction, consequently.

He writes the most beautiful current hand ever seen; and the way in which he mastered arithmetic (going away into recondite and wonderful rules in the Tutor's Assistant, which some masters even dare not approach) is described by the Doctor in terms of admiration. He is Mr. Prince's best algebra pupil; and a very fair classic, too, doing everything well for which he has a mind.

He does not busy himself with the sports of his comrades, and holds a cricket-bat no better than Miss Raby would. He employs the play hours in improving his mind, and reading the newspaper; he is a profound politician, and, it must be owned, on the Liberal side. The elder boys despise him rather; and when Champion Major passes, he turns his head, and looks down. I don't like the expression of Bullock's narrow, green eyes, as they follow the elder Champion, who does not seem to know or care how much the other hates him.

No--Mr. Bullock, though perhaps the cleverest and most accomplished boy in the school, associates with the quite little boys when he is minded for society. To these he is quite affable, courteous, and winning. He never fagged or thrashed one of them. He has done the verses and corrected the exercises of many, and many is the little lad to whom he has lent a little money.

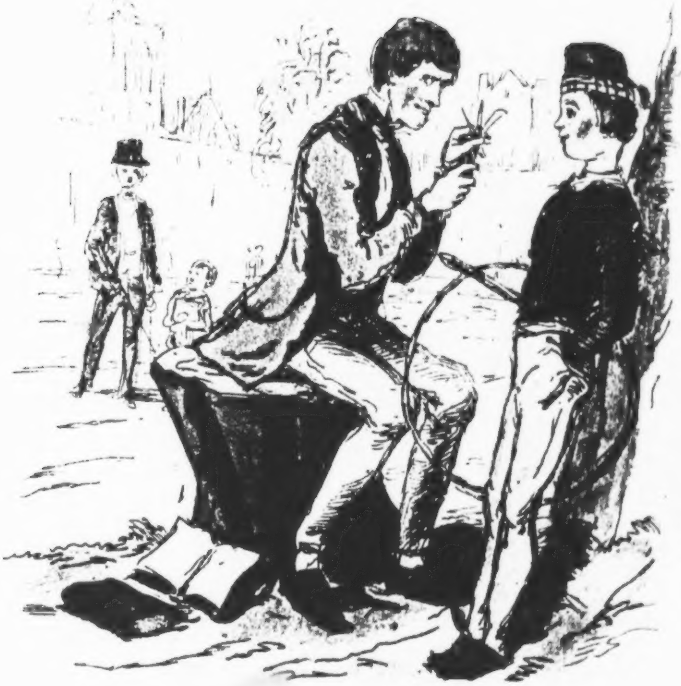
It is true he charges at the rate of a penny a week for every sixpence lent out, but many a fellow to whom tarts are a present necessity is happy to pay this interest for the loan. These transactions are kept secret. Mr. Bullock, in rather a whining tone, when he takes Master Green aside and does the requisite business for him, says, "You know you'll go and talk about it everywhere. I don't want to lend you the money, I want to buy something with it. It's only to oblige you; and yet I am sure you will go and make fun of me." Whereon, of course, Green, eager for the money, vows solemnly that the transaction shall be confidential, and only speaks when the payment of the interest becomes oppressive.

Thus it is that Mr. Bullock's practices are at all known. At a very early period indeed his commercial genius manifested itself; and by happy speculations in toffey; by composing a sweet drink made of stick liquorice and brown sugar, and selling it at a profit to the younger children; by purchasing a series of novels, which he let out at an adequate remuneration; by doing boys' exercises for a penny, and other processes, he showed the bent of his mind. At the end of the half year he always went home richer than when he arrived at school, with his purse full of money.

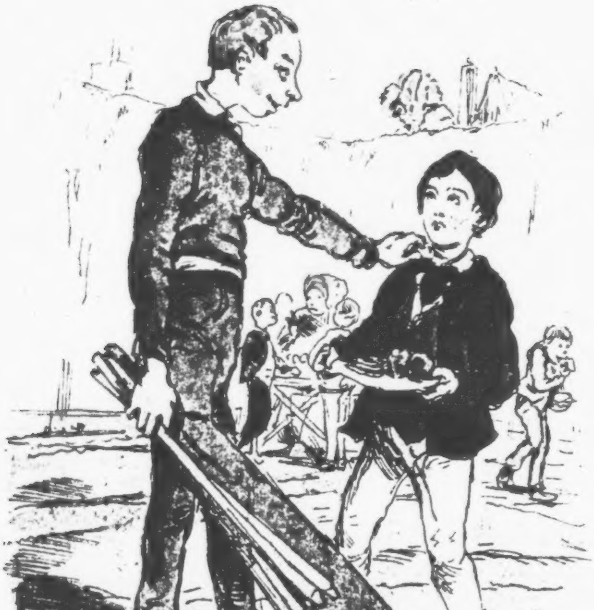
Nobody knows how much he brought: but the accounts are fabulous. Twenty, thirty, fifty--it is impossible to say how many sovereigns. When joked about his money, he turns pale and swears he has not a shilling: whereas he has had a banker's account ever since he was thirteen years old.

At the present moment he is employed in negotiating the sale of a knife with Master Green, and is pointing out to the latter the beauty of the six blades, and that he need not pay until after the holidays.

Champion Major has sworn that he will break every bone in his skin the next time that he cheats a little boy, and is bearing down upon him. Let us come away. It is frightful to see that big peaceful clever coward moaning under well deserved blows and whining for mercy.



Sure to succeed in life



The Pirate.

DUVAL, THE PIRATE.

(JONES MINIMUS *passes, laden with tarts.*)

Duval. Hullo! you small boy with the tarts! Come here, Sir.

Jones Minimus. Please, Duval, they ain't mine.

Duval. O you abominable young story-teller.

[*He confiscates the goods.*

I think I like young Duval's mode of levying contributions better than Bullock's. The former's, at least, has the merit of more candour. Duval is the pirate of Birch's, and lies in wait for small boys laden with money or provender. He scents plunder from afar off: and pounces out on it. Woe betide the little fellow when Duval boards him!

There was a youth here whose money I used to keep, as he was of an extravagant and weak disposition; and I doled it out to him in weekly shillings, sufficient for the purchase of the necessary tarts. This boy came to me one day for half a sovereign, for a very particular purpose, he said. I afterwards found he wanted to lend the money to Duval.

The young ogre burst out laughing, when in a great wrath and fury I ordered him to refund to the little boy: and proposed a bill of exchange at three months. It is true Duval's father does not pay the Doctor, and the lad never has a shilling, save that which he levies; and though he is always bragging about the splendour of Freenystown, Co. Cork, and the fox-hounds his father keeps, and the claret they drink there--there comes no remittance from Castle Freeny in these bad times to the honest Doctor, who is a kindly man enough, and never yet turned an insolvent boy out of doors.

THE DORMITORIES.

MASTER HEWLETT AND MASTER NIGHTINGALE.

(*Rather a cold winter night.*)

Hewlett (flinging a shoe at Master Nightingale's bed, with which he hits that young gentleman). Hullo! You! Get up and bring me that shoe.

Nightingale. Yes, Hewlett. (*He gets up.*)

Hewlett. Don't drop it, and be very careful of it, Sir.

Nightingale. Yes, Hewlett.

Hewlett. Silence in the Dormitory! Any boy who opens his mouth I'll murder him. Now, Sir, are not you the boy what can sing?

Nightingale. Yes, Hewlett.

Hewlett. Chaunt then till I go to sleep, and if I wake when you stop, you'll have this at your head.

[MASTER HEWLETT *lays his Bluchers on the bed, ready to shy at Master Nightingale's head in the case contemplated.*

Nightingale (timidly). Please, Hewlett?

Hewlett. Well, Sir.

Nightingale. May I put on my trowsers, please?

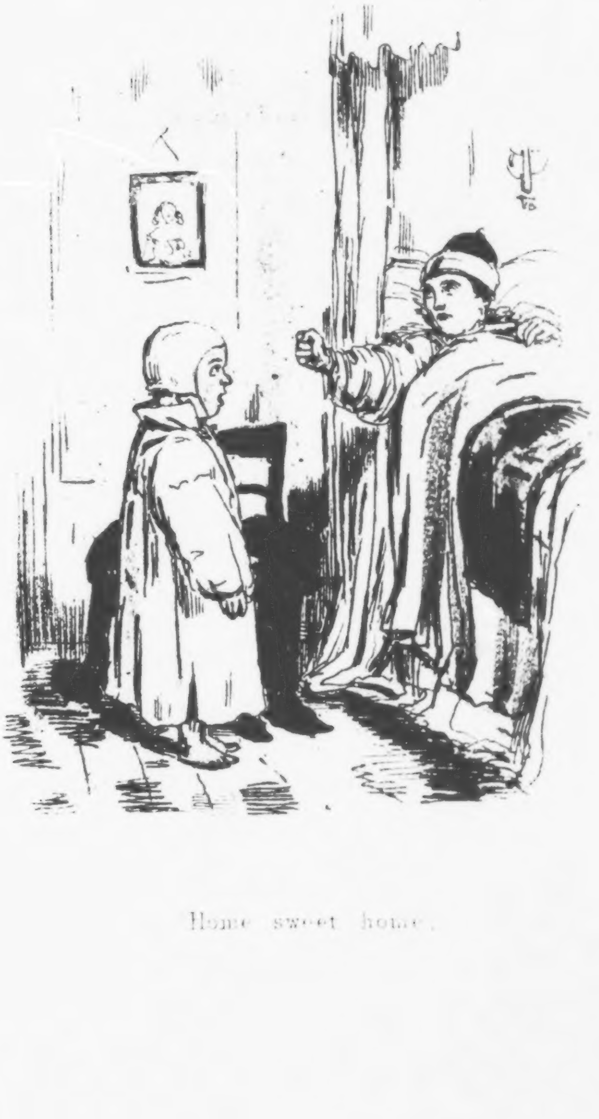
Hewlett. *No,* Sir. Go on, or I'll--

Nightingale,

"Through pleasure and palaces
    Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
    There's no place like home.

"Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
    There's no place like ho-ome!
    There's no place like home!"

(Da Capo.)



Home sweet home.

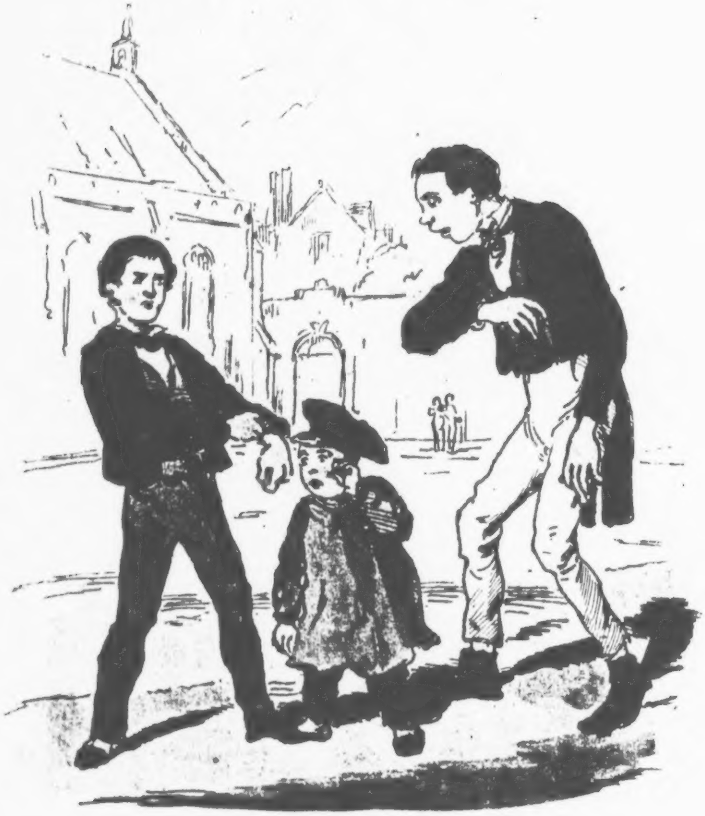
A CAPTURE AND A RESCUE.

My young friend, Patrick Champion, George's younger brother, is a late arrival among us; has much of the family quality and good-nature; is not in the least a tyrant to the small boys, but is as eager as an Amadis to fight. He is boxing his way up the school, emulating his great brother. He fixes his eye on a boy above him in strength or size, and you hear somehow that a difference has arisen between them at football, and they have their coats off presently. He has thrashed himself over the heads of many youths in this manner; for instance, if Champion can lick Dobson, who can thrash Hobson, how much more, then, can he thrash Hobson. Thus he works up and establishes his position in the school. Nor does Mr. Prince think it advisable that we ushers should walk much in the way when these little differences are being settled, unless there is some gross disparity, or danger is apprehended.

For instance, I own to having seen the row depicted here as

I was shaving at my bed-room window. I did not hasten down to prevent its consequences. Fogle had confiscated a top, the property of Snivins, the which, as the little wretch was always pegging it at my toes, I did not regret. Snivins whimpered; and young Champion came up, lusting for battle. Directly he made out Fogle, he steered for him, pulling up his coat-sleeves, and clearing for action.

"Who spoke to *you*, young Champion?" Fogle said, and he flung down the top to Master Snivins. I knew there would be no fight; and perhaps Champion, too, was disappointed.



A Rescue.

THE GARDEN,
WHERE THE PARLOUR-BOARDERS GO.

Noblemen have been rather scarce at Birch's--but the heir of a great Prince has been living with the Doctor for some years.--He is Lord George Gaunt's eldest son, the noble Plantagenet Gaunt Gaunt, and grandson of the Most Honourable the Marquis of Steyne.

They are very proud of him at the Doctor's--and the two Misses and Papa, whenever a stranger comes down whom they want to dazzle, are pretty sure to bring Lord Steyne into the conversation, mentioning the last party at Gaunt House, and cursorily remarking that they have with them a young friend who will be in all human probability Marquis of Steyne and Earl of Gaunt, &c.

Plantagenet does not care much about these future honours: provided he can get some brown sugar on his bread and butter, or sit with three chairs and play at coach and horses, quite quietly by himself, he is tolerably happy. He saunters in and out of school when he likes, and looks at the masters and other boys with a listless grin. He used to be taken to church, but he laughed and talked in odd places, so they are forced to leave him at home now. He will sit with a bit of string and play cats-cradle for many hours. He likes to go and join the very small children at their games. Some are frightened at him, but they soon cease to fear, and order him about. I have seen him go and fetch tarts from Mrs. Ruggles for a boy of eight years old; and cry bitterly if he did not get a piece. He cannot speak quite plain, but very nearly; and is not more, I suppose, than three-and-twenty.

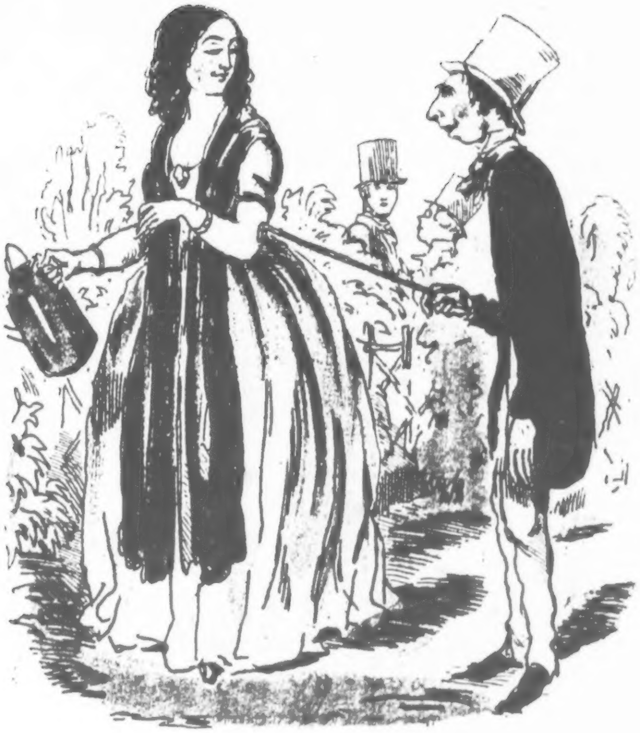
Of course at home they know his age, though they never come and see him. But they forget that Miss Rosa Birch is no longer a young chit as she was ten years ago, when Gaunt was brought to the school. On the contrary, she has had no small experience in the tender passion, and is at this moment smitten with a disinterested affection for Plantagenet Gaunt.

Next to a little doll with a burnt nose, which he hides away in cunning places, Mr. Gaunt is very fond of Miss Rosa too. What a pretty match it would make! and how pleased they would be at Gaunt House, if the grandson and heir of the great Marquis of Steyne, the descendant of a hundred Gaunts and Tudors, should marry Miss Birch, the schoolmaster's daughter! It is true she has the sense on her side, and poor Plantagenet is only an idiot: but there he is, a zany, with such expectations and such a pedigree!

If Miss Rosa would run away with Mr. Gaunt, she would leave off bullying her cousin, Miss Anny Raby. Shall I put her up to the notion, and offer to lend her the money to run away? Mr. Gaunt is not allowed money. He had some once, but Bullock took him into a corner, and got it from him. He has a moderate tick opened at the tart-woman's. He stops at Rodwell Regis through the year, school-time and holiday time; it is all the same to him. Nobody asks about him, or thinks about him, save twice a year, when the Doctor goes to Gaunt House, and gets the amount of his bills, and a glass of wine in the steward's room.

And yet you see somehow that he is a gentleman. His manner is different to that of the owners of that coarse table and parlour at which he is a boarder, (I do not speak of Miss R. of course, for *her* manners are as good as those of a Duchess). When he caught Miss Rosa boxing little Fiddes's ears, his face grew red, and he broke into a fierce, inarticulate rage. After that, and for some days, he used to shrink from her; but they are reconciled now. I saw them this afternoon in the garden, where only the parlour-boarders walk. He was playful, and touched her with his stick. She raised her handsome eyes in surprise, and smiled on him very kindly.

The thing was so clear, that I thought it my duty to speak to old Zoe about it. The wicked old catamaran told me she wished that some people would mind their own business, and hold their tongues--that some people were paid to teach writing, and not to tell tales and make mischief: and I have since been thinking whether I ought to communicate with the Doctor.



Miss Birchs flower garden.

THE OLD PUPIL.

As I came into the play-grounds this morning, I saw a dashing young fellow, with a tanned face and a blonde moustache, who was walking up and down the green, arm-in-arm with Champion Major, and followed by a little crowd of boys.

They were talking of old times evidently. "What had become of Irvine and Smith?"--"Where was Bill Harris and Jones, not Squinny Jones, but Cocky Jones?"--and so forth. The gentleman was no stranger; he was an old pupil evidently, come to see if any of his old comrades remained, and to revisit the *cari luogi* of his youth.

Champion was evidently proud of his arm-fellow. He espied his brother, young Champion, and introduced him. "Come here, Sir," he called. "The young'un wasn't here in your time, Davison." "Pat, Sir," said he, "this is Captain Davison, one of Birch's boys. Ask him who was among the first in the lines at Sobraon?"

Pat's face kindled up as he looked Davison full in the face, and held out his hand. Old Champion and Davison both blushed. The infantry set up a "Hurray! hurray! hurray!" Champion leading, and waving his wide-awake. I protest that the scene did one good to witness. Here was the hero and cock of the school come back to see his old haunts and cronies. He had always remembered them. Since he had seen them last, he had faced death and achieved honour. But for my dignity I would have shied up my hat too.

With a resolute step, and his arm still linked in Champion's, Captain Davison now advanced, followed by a wake of little boys, to that corner of the green where Mrs. Ruggles has her tart-stand.

"Hullo, Mother Ruggles! don't you remember me?" he said, and shook her by the hand.

"Lor, if it ain't Davison Major!" she said. "Well, Davison Major, you owe me fourpence for two sausage-rolls from when you went away."

Davison laughed, and all the little crew of boys set up a similar chorus.

"I buy the whole shop," he said. "Now, young'uns--eat away!"

Then there was such a "Hurray! hurray!" as surpassed the former cheer in loudness. Everybody engaged in it except

Piggy Duff, who made an instant dash at the three-cornered puffs, but was stopped by Champion, who said there should be a fair distribution. And so there was, and no one lacked, neither of raspberry open-tarts, nor of mellifluous bull's-eyes, nor of polonies, beautiful to the sight and taste.

The hurraying brought out the Doctor himself, who put his hand up to his spectacles and started when he saw the old pupil. Each blushed when he recognised the other; for seven years ago they had parted not good friends.

"What--Davison?" the Doctor said, with a tremulous voice. "God bless you, my dear fellow!"--and they shook hands. "A half-holiday, of course, boys," he added, and there was another hurray: there was to be no end to the cheering that day.

"How's--how's the family, Sir?" Captain Davison asked.

"Come in and see. Rosa's grown quite a lady. Dine with us, of course. Champion Major, come to dinner at five. Mr. Titmarsh, the pleasure of your company?" The Doctor swung open the garden-gate: the old master and pupil entered the house reconciled.

I thought I would just peep into Miss Raby's room, and tell her of this event. She was working away at her linen there, as usual, quiet and cheerful.

"You should put up," I said with a smile; "the Doctor has given us a half-holiday."

"I never have holidays," Miss Raby replied.

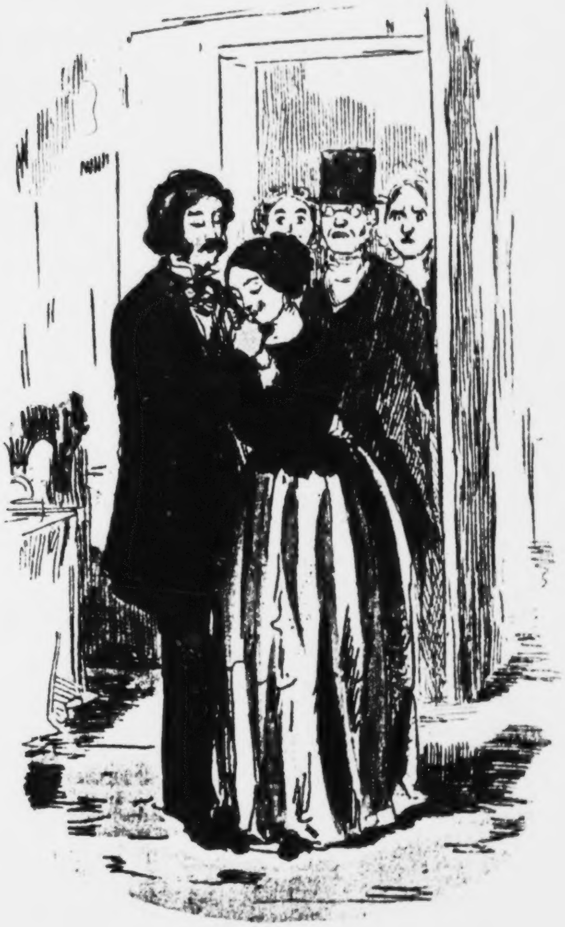
Then I told her of the scene I had just witnessed, of the arrival of the old pupil, the purchase of the tarts, the proclamation of the holiday, and the shouts of the boys of "Hurray, Davison."

"*Who* is it?" cried out Miss Raby, starting and turning as white as a sheet.

I told her it was Captain Davison from India, and described the appearance and behaviour of the Captain. When I had finished speaking, she asked me to go and get her a glass of water; she felt unwell. But she was gone when I came back with the water.

I know all now. After sitting for a quarter of an hour with the Doctor, who attributed his guest's uneasiness no doubt to his desire to see Miss Rosa Birch, Davison started up and said he wanted to see Miss Raby. "You remember, Sir, how kind she was to my little brother," he said. Whereupon the Doctor, with a look of surprise that anybody should want to see Miss Raby, said she was in the little school-room, whither the Captain went, knowing the way from old times.

A few minutes afterwards, Miss B. and Miss Z. returned from a drive with Plantagenet Gaunt in their one-horse fly, and



Wanted a Governess

being informed of Davison's arrival, and that he was closeted with Miss Raby in the little school-room, of course made for that apartment at once. I was coming into it from the other door. I wanted to know whether she had drunk the water.

This is what both parties saw. The two were in this very attitude. "Well, upon my word!" cries out Miss Zoe. But Davison did not let go his hold; and Miss Raby's head only sank down on his hand.

"You must get another governess, Sir, for the little boys," Frank Davison said to the Doctor. "Anny Raby has promised to come with me."

You may suppose I shut to the door on my side. And when I returned to the little school-room, it was blank and empty. Everybody was gone. I could hear the boys shouting at play in the green, outside. The glass of water was on the table where I had placed it. I took it and drank it myself, to the health of Anny Raby and her husband. It was rather a choker.

But of course I wasn't going to stop on at Birch's. When his young friends re-assemble on the 1st of February next, they will have two new masters. Prince resigned too, and is at present living with me at my old lodgings at Mrs. Cammysole's. If any nobleman or gentleman wants a private tutor for his son, a note to the Rev. F. Prince will find him there.

Miss Clapperclaw says we are both a couple of old fools; and that she knew, when I set off last year to Rodwell Regis, after meeting the two young ladies at a party at General Champion's house in our street, that I was going on a goose's errand. Well, well, that journey is over now; and I shall dine at the General's on Christmas-day, where I shall meet Captain and Mrs. Davison, and some of the old pupils of Birch's; and I wish a merry Christmas to them, and to all young and old boys.

EPILOGUE.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling, to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas-time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play;

Good night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good night!--I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen,
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve, in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven, that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.

The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?*
We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

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* C.B., ob. 29 Nov. 1848, aet. 42.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,--
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter-snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman,

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas-days:
The shepherds heard it overhead--
The joyful angels raised it then:

Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still--
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

THE END.

TEXTUAL INTRODUCTION TO DOCTOR BIRCH

In a letter to his publisher, Edward Chapman, dated 25 October, 1848, Thackeray notes that "the events abroad make Lady Kickleburys Tour much too serious -- We must have Doctor Birch and his young friends or some such title" (Letters 2: 444). Revolutions in Germany that year caused the author to shelve his plans for The Kickleburys on the Rhine until 1850 and look for a suitably humourous topic closer to home. A visit to Eton that spring may have been the inspiration for Doctor Birch and his Young Friends, as a comment to his mother suggests ("I shall go down again and get it up for a novel probably" [Letters 2: 379]). Both Gordon Ray and Catherine Peters point out parallels between Thackeray's youthful experiences at Dr. Turner's school and Charterhouse and the persons and events at Doctor Birch's academy.[1]

With publication planned for the Christmas season of 1848 (although the title-page is dated 1849) Thackeray had relatively little time in which to write Doctor Birch. This was an intensely busy period when the author was, as he noted, occupied with "3 books to launch & make pictures for" (the others being Pendennis and The Book of Snobs) and "2 papers to write in constantly"

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[1] In "Dickensian Echoes in a Thackeray Christmas Book," Katherine Carolan finds several similarities between Doctor Birch and Dickens's Dombey and Son, the latter well on in serial publication when the former was published. She suggests these are signs that Thackeray recollected Dickens's story as he wrote, although he "was largely if not wholly unconscious of his course, for it is unlikely that he would knowingly draw attention to the influence of his greatest rival" (198).

(Punch and the Morning Chronicle) (Letters 2: 459). Thackeray's acquaintance with the world of the schoolboy as well as his reliance on the now-familiar Titmarsh to narrate must have facilitated the writing process. Certainly though, this, like its predecessors, was intended as a picture-book accompanied by text. In his October letter to Chapman, Thackeray's outline of the story is no more than "I am drawing & French master in the school & will make some fun of it"; yet the same letter notes that "I have some doz designs of Dr. Birch done, & think them good odd & new" (Letters 2: 445). The author would literally seem to have formed a clear picture of Doctor Birch and his Young Friends early on.

Compared to the plates for his two previous Christmas books and those for the sort of Christmas books Titmarsh reviewed, the illustrations for Doctor Birch appear distinctly odd and new. Saintsbury deals at length with Thackeray's inability to draw a pretty female face, but there are necessarily fewer of these at a boys' school, and Thackeray's renderings of the boys are first-rate. There are few caricatures, the notable exceptions being Duval (the pirate) and Miss Zoe Birch, and virtually every pupil is recognizably individual. Faces are expressive and alive; the figures cower, threaten, dance excitedly when the hamper from home arrives--the nature of boys lending itself to more dynamic compositions than were possible in the staid, adult worlds of Mrs. Perkins and Our Street. Just as Our Street's illustrations expanded on Mrs. Perkins's simple character sketches, in Doctor Birch the plates move beyond characters and settings to convey specific incidents and actions. Illustrations like "The Dear Brothers" (243), "Who Stole the Jam" (253) and "The Last Boy of All" (246) tell the story almost without assistance from the written text.

The original drawing in pencil with pen and ink for "The Lion and the little Cubs" is in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library.[2] It differs in small details from the first edition plate: the little pugilist has only one fist up and appears poised to release a blow (rather than leaning back daintily), while a better-looking Champion is leaning forward with his fists clenched rather than drooping. Such changes may have occurred in the engraving of the drawing on the steel plate, a process delegated for the most part to Thackeray's friend, Louis Marvy. The French artist-engraver was in exile after the French Revolution of 1848 and living that winter with the Thackerays; Thackeray considered him "one of the very best creatures I ever knew of that or any nation" (Letters 2: 454). Thackeray apparently intended at first to do woodcuts for Doctor Birch ("I have brought a lot of blocks into the country to the country to do them") then decided against them, having Marvy to assist with engraving ("I am sure we shall do them better than the wood--I could do 4 of a day easily, & he would have them bitten in no time") [Letters 2: 445].

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[2] I recently learned that an additional five drawings for Doctor Birch from Van Duzer's collection may be in the Berg. According to A Thackeray Library (157), these would be: (1.) "The Dear Brothers," with five lines in pencil, in which the brothers are named Slogger rather than Boxall, and a line omitted in the printed version ("This is the hour of preparing for class") is included; (2.) "The Pirate"; (3.) "Home, Sweet Home"; (4.) preliminary sketch for "Miss Birch's Flower Garden"; and (5.) "Miss Birch's Flower Garden" with ten lines in Thackeray's hand, in which the characters are named Miss Joper and The Honorable Fulke Plantagenet. The last would suggest that when the drawing was made, Thackeray had not incorporated the allusion to Vanity Fair's Lord Steyne.

The plates in the first edition are unsigned except for the cover illustration of Doctor Birch, repeated on the second title-page, which is signed "Pierdon." In his article on "Illustrating Pendennis," Nicholas Pickwoad identifies Francois Pierdon as the other French engraver who worked on Doctor Birch. According to Pickwoad both Pierdon and Marvy brought considerable technical expertise to the project, with Pierdon's work characterized by "the careful rendering of tonal effects" (400). The use of "a darker and stronger line" than was seen in plates for previous works was "the result of Louis Marvy's assistance" (402). In plates such as "A Rescue" the strong outlines of the characters in the foreground give them added emphasis. Marvy's assistance undoubtedly improved the quality of Thackeray's illustrations, although it may have been the engraver's improvements rather than the author's forgetfulness that eliminated the donkey-ears Titmarsh claims were in Mordant's caricature of Doctor Birch, used in the frontispiece.

One of two letters from Thackeray to Chapman dated only "December 1848" indicates Doctor Birch and his Young Friends was near completion, with Thackeray marking the plates to face pages of text and noting the absence of two plates, "the little school room & the Hamper for Briggs," followed by an imperative "they must go in" (Letters 2: 466). Thackeray's second letter to

Chapman begins "Ingrate! here is your book" (Letters 2:466). It must have accompanied copy and/or plates to the publisher along with a request, "send me the plates with the copy set up in pages"; a last-minute instruction, "the frontispiece is the boy drawing the caricature"; and an excuse, "I kept it back a day because I was engaged on the ballad wh. ends it" (Letters 2:466). This ballad was the book's "Epilogue," also known as "The End of the Play." In the poem--vastly different in tone from the story preceding it--Thackeray commemorates the death of his friend, Charles Buller, on November 29, 1848. There is no knowing whether Buller's death inspired the "ballad," whether it was added because the book had come up a bit short (ten pages shorter than Our Street although about the same length as Mrs. Perkins's Ball), or whether it was an attempt to explicate the seasonal message of the story. Given that Thackeray was still working on the poem almost as the book was going to press he may not have begun it until after Buller's death. His pride in it is evident in the accompanying note to Chapman: "the ballad . . . w^h -- but ask Foster ask posterity what they think of it" (Letters 2: 466).

Thackeray appears to have been disappointed by Chapman's promotion of the book and his feelings may have been justified. Dudley Flamm's compendium of contemporary criticism includes only five reviews of Doctor Birch, with a sixth mentioned by Thackeray (Letters 2: 482). Flamm lists eight for Mrs. Perkins and ten for Our Street. Writing to Chapman on Christmas Day Thackeray complains that "The D[aily] N[ews] says theyve not had one--an article spoiled" and asks, "Is there one at the Weekly Chronicle? John Bull? Observer?" (Letters 2: 480). Of these, John Bull printed a brief but favorable notice of the book on December 30 (Flamm 59). What Peter Shillingsburg characterizes as Chapman's "decidedly genteel, informal, and occasionally sloppy business practices" (Pegasus 72) seem to have irritated Thackeray, who is forced in the same letter to inquire "would it be too great a liberty to request a few copies of my book w^{h} seems to have a pretty good success should be sent to the Author," noting "my mother & children have seen it for some days past at a friend's house, but not at my own" (2:480). Thackeray sounds more pleased in a later note: "I hope the book goes well," and then, knowing it is, "for *foughs* see Britannia (the last sentence) 'Tator, Chronicle" (Letters 2: 482).

The number of first edition copies published and sold is unknown, but Doctor Birch was reviewed favorably and Thackeray considered it "a pretty good success." The pink covers of the first edition show a scowling Doctor Birch in academic cap and gown holding a switch in one hand and a book in the other, an assortment of schoolboys filling the background. As with the two previous Christmas books, Mr. M. A. Titmarsh is listed as author and Chapman and Hall as the publisher. However, the third Christmas book bears the imprint of Bradbury and Evans, the printers of Punch, Vanity Fair and Pendennis, rather than of Vizetelly. Although the price is five shillings "plain," or seven shillings, sixpence "coloured," the same as a first edition of

Our Street, this cover includes "WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR" under Titmarsh's name.

An advertisement in Thackeray's Rebecca and Rowena (1850) offers a "second edition" of Doctor Birch, but I could not locate a copy, nor does Peter Shillingsburg list one in his "Census of Imprints to 1865" (Pegasus 247). I do not know whether a bona fide second edition was printed or whether, as was sometimes the case, a new title-page was tipped in to generate interest in remaining stock of the first edition (Pegasus 11). A verifiable new edition does not seem to have been published until Chapman and Hall issued the one-volume Christmas Books in 1857. However, two foreign editions followed the first edition, an 1849 edition published in Paris by A. and W. Galignani and an 1853 edition published in New York by D. Appleton and Company.

Thackeray had "worked in Galignani's newspaper for 10 francs a day very cheerily 10 years ago" (2: 475) and Shillingsburg speculates that this connection to the French publisher "makes it possible that he was paid" (Pegasus 136). Be that as it may, the edition is of questionable authority, lacking as it does any illustrations. Its text follows that of the first edition faithfully for the most part, even in one instance failing to eliminate a reference to an illustration that is not there (271.17). The 1853 New York edition would also seem to lack authority. A known pirate, Appleton had reprinted nine volumes of Thackeray's works in its Popular Library series before offering in 1852 to pay him for a preface to the tenth and last volume in the series (Ray, Wisdom 202). Doctor Birch was issued in 1853 and no record exists of any payment from Appleton. Both the text and illustrations vary little from the first edition (this is discussed further in "Substantive Variants"). Appleton reprinted Doctor Birch in 1856 and in 1857, in what is sometimes called the second American edition. The title-page of the 1856 reprint bears the words "Third Thousand" under the author's name, here "Wm. M. Thackeray" rather than M. A. Titmarsh. I was unable to examine the 1857 Appleton reprint.

Lacking any manuscript or pre-publication materials other than a fragment of a draft of the "Epilogue," I chose the first edition as copy-text for this edition, with emendations as noted. I collated four versions of the text: a first edition copy from the collection of Juliet McMaster, a copy of the 1857 Christmas Books edition from the Berg Collection, a copy of the 1849 Paris edition from the Fales Library at New York University, a copy of the 1853 New York edition from the Boston Public Library's Rare Book Department. I also examined a photocopy of the 1856 New York reprint from the Stanford University Library. Resulting variants are discussed in "Substantive Variants." A list of accidental variants which do not affect the meaning or tone of the text are not included.

Illustrations for this edition are also from the first edition; the originals were hand-colored. This edition has retained the chapter titles and illustration placement of the first edition as well as its page and line breaks. In addition to the "Substantive Variants," a "List of Emendations" and "Notes on Adopted Readings" are given to clarify changes made to the text. The textual apparatus also includes a diplomatic transcription of the "Epilogue" manuscript fragment along with a fair copy and a comparison of this draft to the published version.

LIST OF EMENDATIONS FOR DOCTOR BIRCH

In the entries below, the first reading is the emended text of this edition with the symbol(s) for other versions also having this reading. The second reading is from the copy text, in this case the first edition. Unless otherwise indicated, the Paris and 1857 readings are the same as those in the first edition. Where given, a third reading indicates another variant and the version of the text in which it appears. The page and line numbers are from this edition.

A List of Symbols Used

CHR = Christmas Books. Mrs. Perkins's Ball. Our Street. Doctor Birch and his Young Friends. London: Chapman and Hall, 1857.
AP = Doctor Birch and his Young Friends. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1853.
MS = "Epilogue" manuscript fragment, Berg Collection, NYPL
* = Explanation or discussion in "Notes on Adopted Readings" (Simple emendations of punctuation and compositor's errors are deemed self-explanatory.)

*228.10	fields fields,
228.12	school), school,)
*228.15	that that that
229.7	prig prig,
229.8	Doctor), Doctor,)
229.15	Prince, Prince;
229.18	braggarts; (CHR) braggarts:
229.19	bravery bravery,

229.20	bargemen), bargemen,)
233.15	everybody-- everybody,--
233.16	do it) do it,)
233.23	Davison-- Davison,--
233.24	affectionately) affectionately,)
238.2	woman) (CHR) woman,)
*238.5	puffs puffs,
238.12	parasol) parasol,) parasol, (CHR)
*241.9	Rosa's Flora's
*241.16	Rosa Flora
241.22	her her,
241.23	good-humoured, good-humoured;
247.9	class class,
247.10	world), world,)
*249.15	Rosa Flora
255.10	hwish (AP) Hhwish
*258.16	possible. [new par.] "I possible. "I
260.7	envy envy,
261.4	are are,
263.7	boys' (CHR, AP) boys
268.5	*gentleman*). (CHR) *gentleman*.)
269.1	timidly). timidly.)
*274.6	grandson nephew
*281.15	Rosa's Flora's
*282.15	Rosa Laura
*289.7	head (MS) heart

NOTES ON ADOPTED READINGS FOR DOCTOR BIRCH

These notes explain why certain variant readings were adopted or rejected for this edition. Most refer to entries marked with an asterisk (*) in the "List of Emendations" and "Substantive Variants" tables. Page and line numbers are those of this edition.

228.10, 228.12 and thereafter: Emendation of the punctuation surrounding parenthetical comments in the copy text, usually one comma before the parenthesis and a second immediately before the closing parenthesis. In the "Textual Introduction" to Henry Esmond, Edgar Harden notes the presence in that manuscript of "cases where parentheses (often inserted) follow punctuation marks, like commas" (417); he emends this by putting the punctuation mark after the parenthesis. Having commas before and after the parenthetical clauses in Doctor Birch suggests that here, too, parentheses may have been inserted later. In this edition these commas have been eliminated entirely or replaced, where necessary, by a comma after the parentheses.

228.15: that patronage [Emendation. The double "that" in the first edition is awkward and unnecessary; the noun clause after the colon refers back to "I promise you."]

238.5: puffs [Emendation. The comma is omitted to make clear that Mrs. Ruggles is conveying, rather than writing, the notes in verse.]

241.9 (also 241.16, 249.15, and 281.15): Rosa [Emendation. Titmarsh first refers to Dr. Birch's daughter as "Miss Rosa" (214.23), the name he uses on four occasions. However, another four times she is "Flora" and once "Laura" (282.15). These variations seem attributable to scribal error and have been emended for the sake of consistency.]

255.2: Cuts. [Not emended. Although in the 1857 edition this reads "acts," "cuts" seems more fitting both as an expression of the narrator's wish for several woodcuts to illustrate this scene and as a pun on the whipping taking place.]

258.16: possible. [Begin new paragraph.] "I [Emendation. Without the new paragraph, Miss Raby still seems to be speaking when clearly this is now Titmarsh.]

274.6: grandson [Emendation of scribal error. Plantagenet Gaunt Gaunt is the Marquis of Steyne's grandson because, according to the more detailed family tree given in Chapter 47 of Vanity Fair, and he is referred to as Steyne's grandson and heir on the following page (275.21).]

288.21: C.B., ob. 29 Nov. 1848, aet. 42. [Not emended. According to the entry on Charles Buller in the third volume of the Dictionary of National Biography, Thackeray's friend died of "erysipelas followed by typhus" (DNB 3:247) on the date given in the first edition. On this date Thackeray wrote to Mrs. Brookfield that he was "very much pained and shocked at the news brought at dinner to day that poor dear Charles Buller is gone" (Letters 2:461). Inexplicably, the date is "Dec. 1843" in subsequent editions, misleading Saintsbury to conclude that Buller's death could not have been an inspiration for the "Epilogue."]

289.7: head [Emendation. This line in Thackeray's holograph draft reads "head" rather than "heart," although the latter (probably a compositor's error) has appeared in all versions of the "Epilogue" until now. "Head" makes more sense when described as "bent" with cares and "whitened with the winter-snow" (289.8).]

VARIANTS IN SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS OF DOCTOR BIRCH

First Edition and 1857 Edition

Of the over 60 substantive variants between the first edition of Doctor Birch and His Young Friends and the 1857 Christmas Books edition, many are the sort of alterations--involving words and word order--that Shillingsburg, in his outline of "General Textual Principles" for the Thackeray edition, suggests publishers would be disinclined to make (408). Knowing that Doctor Birch was published with Mrs. Perkins's Ball and Our Street in the 1857 edition, and having decided that Thackeray probably had a hand in the revisions of those texts, I determined that most of the variants were probably of authorial origin. These include three revisions (at 235.20, 269.10 and 285.5) deleting several words or entire sentences, perhaps to shorten the text for the cheaper edition (eight shillings for all three books in one volume). None of these substantially alters the tone or meaning of the passages, although eliminating the analogy between the small boys playing with George Champion and "young cubs frisking round the honest lion" (235.23) breaks the link between the text and the chapter illustration, "The Lion and the little Cubs."

Two revisions that insert or substitute new text are also ascribed to Thackeray. At 228.6 "there was good reason for my leaving" becomes "it was not for **choice**, that I left," heightening the reader's awareness of Titmarsh's financial woes but down-playing his interest in Miss Raby. The first edition gives Titmarsh a positive motive for leaving Mrs. Cammysole's; the 1857 version emphasizes the negative. The revisions at 252.9 add another source ("hearsay") for Titmarsh's knowledge of Miss Birch's love-life as well as flesh out Miss Rosa's character, now taunting her aunt "in her graceful way."

Other variants are puzzling. Hulker, the "hopeless case," arouses compassion in the first edition as "an only son" of a widow woman (248.20) but seems unremarkable as "a boy" in the 1857 edition. And the substitution of Flora for Zoe at 250.11 is incorrect, as is the changed date of Charles Buller's death in the "Epilogue" footnote (discussed in the "Notes on Adopted Readings"). While the first two alterations are detrimental to the text, they may be Thackeray's: as Peter Shillingsburg comments in his introduction to Pendennis, "one cannot simply assign to [Thackeray] . . . the apparent improvements and to some unknown editor the apparent blunders" (393). But the emended footnote is almost certainly not authorial, suggesting that at least one change was made to the text by an editor or compositor and that Thackeray did not catch it in the proof stage if he saw proofs. A number of minor alterations of both verbal and non-verbal forms may not be authorial. One exception is the emended punctuation in the "Epilogue," especially the three exclamation points changed to colons, which I think represent the author's corrections of a misreading of the original punctuation.

The illustrations for the Christmas Books edition differ from those in the first edition. Although they are similar enough to have been re-drawn from the first edition plates, the 1857 illustrations are heavily shaded and contoured, with far more cross-hatching than the earlier plates. This is fitting for illustrations that were never intended to be colored, while the first edition illustrations leave ample unetched areas for hand-painting. The Christmas Books plate titles are also in another typeface, and two illustrations--"A young Raphael" and "The Lion and the little Cubs"--are necessarily relocated due to the elimination of frontispieces for the individual books and the re-setting of the type which changed the pagination.

First Edition, 1849 Paris Edition and 1853 New York Edition

Lists of substantive variants for the 1849 edition of Doctor Birch and His Young Friends published in Paris by A. and W. Galignani and the 1853 edition published by D. Appleton and Co. of New York are not included because these versions lack any authority. The 1849 Paris edition follows the first edition in almost all accidentals and substantives, with one notable exception. An alert editor or compositor at A. and W. Galignani apparently noted the Rosa-Flora variations and attempted to rectify the error--unfortunately, by changing the Rosas on pp. 275-76 (as well as the Laura on p. 282) to Floras. Editorial zeal also caused an error at 276.16 where "Miss R." becomes "Miss F.," the compositor/editor not realizing that Titmarsh is referring to Miss Raby.

The 1853 New York edition of Doctor Birch contains 27 accidental and 13 substantive variants. Most of the latter are inconsequential (Hulker eats "twice as much almost as any lady" rather than "twice as much as almost any lady" [247.2]), with two that stand out revealing apparent incomprehension on the part of an Appleton compositor or editor. The Appleton version has the valiant Mr. Prince hitting out in "a row-boat" rather than "a boat-row" (229.19), an action more likely to capsize than impress his audience. Also, at 281.14 the significance of Davison's hesitation ("How's-how's the family, Sir?) is lost when the second "how's" disappears in the Appleton version. Like the 1849 Paris edition, the 1853 New York edition follows the first edition text and fails to offer evidence of substantive variants attributable to the author.

In the table that follows, page and line numbers are those of this edition. For each entry, the first reading is from the first edition, the second from the 1857 edition.

A List of Symbols Used

A = probably authorial
@ = beginning of second entry when first is more than one line
* = discussed further in the "Notes on Adopted Readings"

	228.6	there was good reason for my leaving
A	@	it was not for *choice*, that I left
	230.1	Good old Prince! many a pleasant night we have smoked in the
A	@	Good old Prince; we have sat many a night smoking
	231.4	bands--and a bands--a
	231.6	has his almond cakes, and decanter of port wine
A	@	has his port, almond cakes, and decanter of wine
	233.11	liked. like.

233.21	Even when
	When
235.14	Lawrence
	Wells
235.20	may go. Like all great men, George is good-humoured and lazy. There is a particular bench in the playground on which he will loll for hours on half-holidays, and is so affable that the smallest boys come and speak to him. It is pleasant to see the young cubs frisking round the honest lion. His chief friend
A @	may go. Old Champion's chief friend
236.1	attendant, however,
	attendant
239.10	accounts,
	account,
241.6	is
	has
244.7	Go it old Boxall.
	Go it, old Boxall!
244.8	him young Boxall.
	him, young Boxall!
244.9	him old Boxall.
	him, old Boxall!
244.10	Boxall.
	Boxall!
245.6	of the fellows
	of fellows
248.1	and
	of
248.20	He's an only son,
A	He is a boy,
249.3	the
	these
249.8	fine
A	well
249.8	circulars,
A	prospectus,
249.8	sweet birch blossom
A	pretty blossom
249.11	crab-apple)--may do
A	crab-apple)--this is all
250.11	Zoe
A	Flora
250.12	miserable
A	abominable
250.22	that
	the
252.7	masters; inconsolable,
A	masters,
252.9	surmise--and what I gather from the taunts of Miss Rosa when she and her aunt have a tiff at tea. But
A @	surmise--that is from hearsay, and from Miss Rosa taunting her aunt, as she does sometimes, in her graceful way; but
*255.2	CUTS.
	ACTS.
256.8	for
	from
258.22	those which are served
	those served
259.1	this
	their
259.13	jolly night
A	folly-night
259.18	morning. . ."
	morning."
260.2	be kicking
A	kick

263.15	thirteen years old.
A	thirteen.
266.11	scents plunder
	scents the plunder
266.15	disposition;
A	taste;
269.9	home. {#} "Home, home! sweet, sweet home!/ There's no place like ho-ome!/ There's no place like home!" **(Da Capo.)**
A @	home."
271.5	as an Amadis
	as Amadis
274.11	mentioning
	mention
274.12	remarking
	to remark
277.4	people
A	persons
279.12	and to revisit
	and revisit
280.3	"Hurray! hurray! hurray!"
@	"Hurray, hurray, hurray,"
281.6	the Doctor
A	the old Doctor
281.20	just
	first
282.17	brother,"
	brother, Sir,"
284.6	Zoe. But
	Zoe; but
284.13	blank
A	black
285.5	errand. Well, well, that journey is over now; and I shall
A @	errand. I shall
285.5	dine at the General's on Christmas-day, where I shall meet Captain and Mrs. Davison, and some of the old pupils of Birch's; and I wish
A @	dine there on Christmas-day; and so I wish
285.8	to them, and to all
A	to all
288.6	gave!
A	gave:
288.19	in that dust
A	in the dust
*288.21	29 Nov. 1848,
	Dec. 1843,
289.1	mourn,
	mourn
289.3	And longing passion
A	A longing passion
289.5	Amen! whatever fate
A	Amen: whatever Fate
289.17	young!
A	young:
289.18	lays);
	lays),

EARLY HOLOGRAPH DRAFT OF AN "EPILOGUE" FRAGMENT

This MS fragment, thought to be an early draft of the "Epilogue" from Doctor Birch and his Young Friends, is in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library. It is written on one side of a single sheet in two vertical columns. Here Thackeray revised extensively, with substantial changes also being made after this version. Generally, the revisions here are improvements, in particular to lines 289.1-4, which Thackeray re-writes in the draft and where the reader sees the rather drab "And many a longing unfulfilled" metamorphose into "And longing passion unfulfilled."

In this draft Thackeray works to develop two themes central to the "Epilogue." First, the experiences and emotions of youth and age are similar ("The victories and defeats of boys;/Are but repeated in our age") and lessons learned as a schoolboy hold true throughout life. Second, the author makes explicit a connection between the gentlemanly code ("But if you fail, or if you rise/ Be each, pray God, a gentleman") and the moral values of Christmas ("And peace on earth to Gentle Men"). As he works and re-works these themes, Thackeray appears to be looking back at Doctor Birch and seeing it as a Christmas story rather than simply a story to be sold at Christmas ("the kindly mirth/ Befits the joyful Xmastime").

Missing from this draft are the introductory verses developing the motifs of story as drama and author as actor, familiar to Thackeray's readers from "Before the Curtain," the preface to Vanity Fair. The death of Thackeray's friend, Charles Buller, which occurred in late November when the author must have been finishing Doctor Birch, is only hinted at ("dear friends unkindly killed"), without the direct reference to Buller that the first edition provides in a footnote. Four lines are devoted to the need for humble acceptance of "the Awful Will" and whatever fate it decrees; in the published version this idea dominates the second half of the "Epilogue." Another Christian theme -- "To work, to love, to forgive,/ This was the Teacher's blessed rule" -- Thackeray tries twice to incorporate but ultimately must have rejected.

Because this is only a fragment of the "Epilogue," a direct collation would be more confusing than helpful. Instead, in this diplomatic transcription, lines which correspond approximately to sections in the published version are marked with page and line numbers from this edition. These are useful in determining how Thackeray salvaged and reassembled pieces of the draft in the later version. A fair copy of the draft version appears after the diplomatic transcription.

A List of Symbols Used

<illeg.wd.> = completely illegible (obliterated) deletion
< > = words deleted by Thackeray
<< >> = words deleted within a deletion
| | = words inserted by Thackeray

Left column:

What <illeg.wd.> <aspect> |boots the frown that| fortune wears?
|The generous may beat a <heart> |void| may kindly|
[289.6-289.8]
<Or cold or <<illeg.wd.>>, the <<illeg.wd.>> heart may> glow;
Although the head be <bowed> |bent| with cares,
[289.13-289.16]
And whitened with the winter snow;
Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go lose or conquer as you can
But if you fail, or if you rise
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

[289.17-290.2]
A gentleman, or old or young
|(Bear kindly with my humble lay.)|
<For <<illeg.wd.>> and you the <<2 illeg.wds.>>
<It was> The sacred <chorus> |carol first was| sung
Upon the first of Xmas days.
The shepherds heard it overhead,
The <holy> |joyful| angels <sang> |raised| it there;
Glory to heaven on high, <they> |it| said
And peace on earth to Gentle Men.

[Two vertical lines are drawn through the next four lines.]
Be this, kind soul, the blessed rule,
By wh. we strive by wh. live <illeg.wd.>
And labouring through life's long school
To work, to love, and to forgive.

[290.7-290.10]
As <at> |fits| the holy Christmas birth
Be there good friends our <chorus> |carol| still,
<To heaven be glory, and> |Be peace on earth, be peace| on earth
<Be Peace> To men of gentle will.

Right column:
[287.3-287.6]
The <illeg.wd.> |hopes| the fears, the griefs the Joys,
Just hinted in the trivial page--
The victories and defeats of boys;

  Are but repeated in our age.
[287.15-287.18]
<What are the lessons of our> |If in the time of sacred| youth--
  We've learned to love & trust & pray
<Pray> Heaven |grant|, <our> |that| early love & truth
  May never wholly fade away.

[287.1-287.4]
<In youth (2 illeg.wds.)> |You'll know| <however> |ere yet your| years advance
  There's |How| many|'s| a hope untimely kill'd
    |And <2 illeg.wds.> for many a forfeit|
<There's many a (3 illeg.wds.)> chance,
  <There's> |And| many a longing unfulfilled.

[287.9-287.12]
<For rich or poor for> |Come wealth or want come| good or ill,
  And young and old accept their part
And bow <themselves to Heaven's> |before the Awful Will| high will.
  And bear it with an honest heart.

[289.1-289.4]
You'll mourn perhaps, ere years advance
  Dear <fr> hopes, dear friends unkindly killed
<You'll groan> |You'll grieve| For many <a> forfeit |<illeg.wd.>| chance
<And many a> |And| longing passion unfulfilled.

[290.3-290.6]
My song save this is little worth
  I lay the trivial pen aside
And wish you health & love & mirth
  As fits the kindly Christmastide.

[Two vertical lines are drawn through the next six lines.]
To Work, to <suffer,> |love, <to>| to forgive,
  This was the Teacher's blessed rule
My song is but of little worth,
  I lay
It may not shame, the kindly mirth
  Befits the joyful Xmastime.
My

The following is a fair copy of the holograph draft.

What boots the frown that fortune wears?
  The generous may beat a void may kindly glow;
Although the head be bent with cares,
  And whitened with the winter snow;
Who misses or who wins the prize?
  Go lose or conquer as you can
But if you fail, or if you rise
  Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or youg
  (Bear kindly with my humble lay.)
The sacred carol first was sung
  Upon the first of Xmas days.
The shepherds heard it overhead,
  The joyful angels raised it there;
Glory to heaven on high, it said
  And peace on earth to Gentle Men.

[Two vertical lines are drawn through the next four lines.]
Be this, kind soul, the blessed rule,
  By wh. we strive by wh. live
And labouring through life's long school
  To work, to love, and to forgive.

As fits the holy Christmas birth
  Be there good friends our carol still,
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth
  To men of gentle will.

The hopes the fears, the griefs the Joys
  Just hinted in the trivial page--
The victories and defeats of boys;
  Are just repeated in our age.

If in the time of sacred youth--
  We've learned to love & trust & pray
Heaven grant that early love & truth
  May never wholly fade away.

You'll know ere yet your years advance
  There's How many's a hope untimely kill'd
And for many a forfeit chance,

And many a longing unfulfilled.

Come wealth or want come good or ill,
And young and old accept their part
And bow before the Awful Will high will.
And bear it with an honest heart.

You'll mourn perhaps, ere years advance
Dear hopes, dear friends unkindly killed
You'll grieve for many a forfeit chance
And longing passion unfulfilled.

My song save this is little worth
I lay the trivial pen aside
And wish you health & love & mirth
As fits the kindly Christmastide.

[Two vertical lines are drawn through the next six lines.]
To Work, to live, to forgive,
This was the Teacher's blessed rule
My song is but of little worth,
I lay
It may not shame the kindly mirth
Befits the joyful Xmastime.
My

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